Hymns & Sacred Songs

#3416

Hymns and Sacred Songs

E. O. EXCELL, *Editor*

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A Call to Worship

Oh come, let us sing unto the Lord;

Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving; and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms.

Oh come, let us worship and bow down;

Let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker:

For He is our God,

And we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand.

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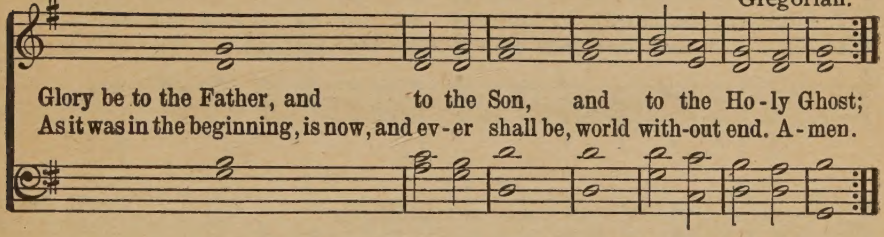
Hymns and Sacred Songs

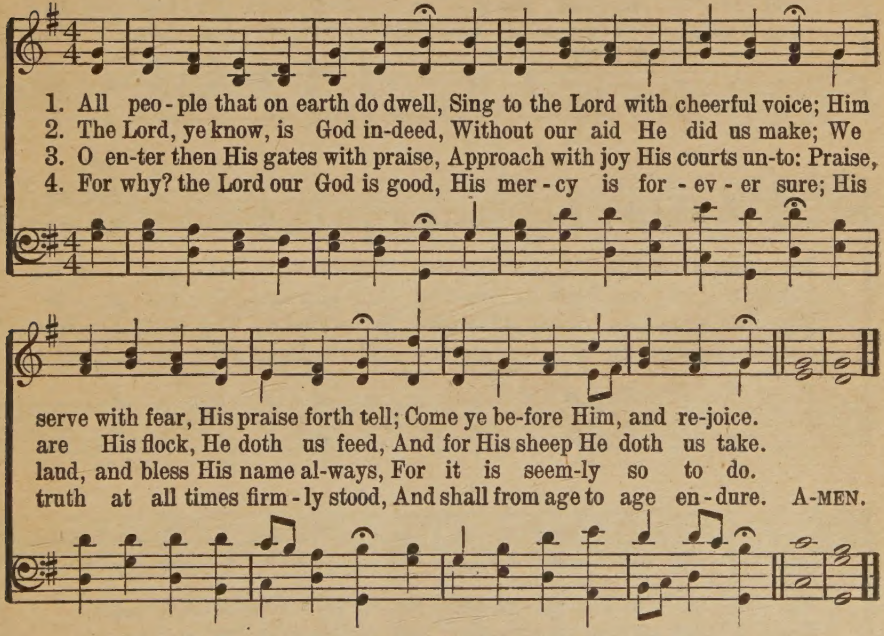
1 Gloria Patri.

Gregorian.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev-er shall be, world with-out end. A-men.

2 All People That On Earth Do Dwell.

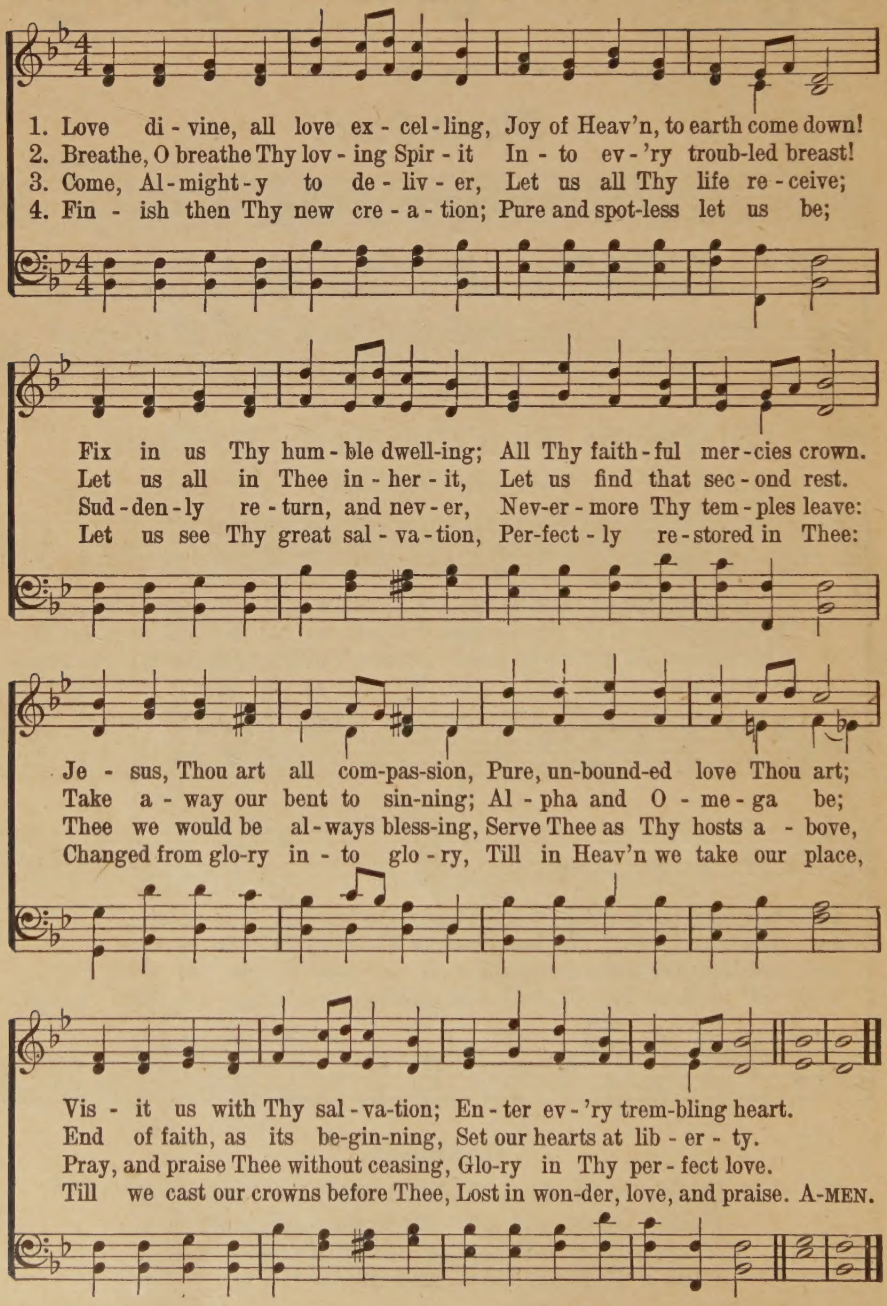
William Kethe. *The Hundredth Psalm.* Genevan Psalter.


1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice; Him
2. The Lord, ye know, is God in-deed, Without our aid He did us make; We
3. O en-ter then His gates with praise, Approach with joy His courts un-to: Praise,
4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer-cy is for-ev-er sure; His
serve with fear, His praise forth tell; Come ye be-fore Him, and re-joice.
are His flock, He doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
laud, and bless His name al-ways, For it is seem-ly so to do.
truth at all times firm-ly stood, And shall from age to age en-dure. A-MEN.

Doxology.

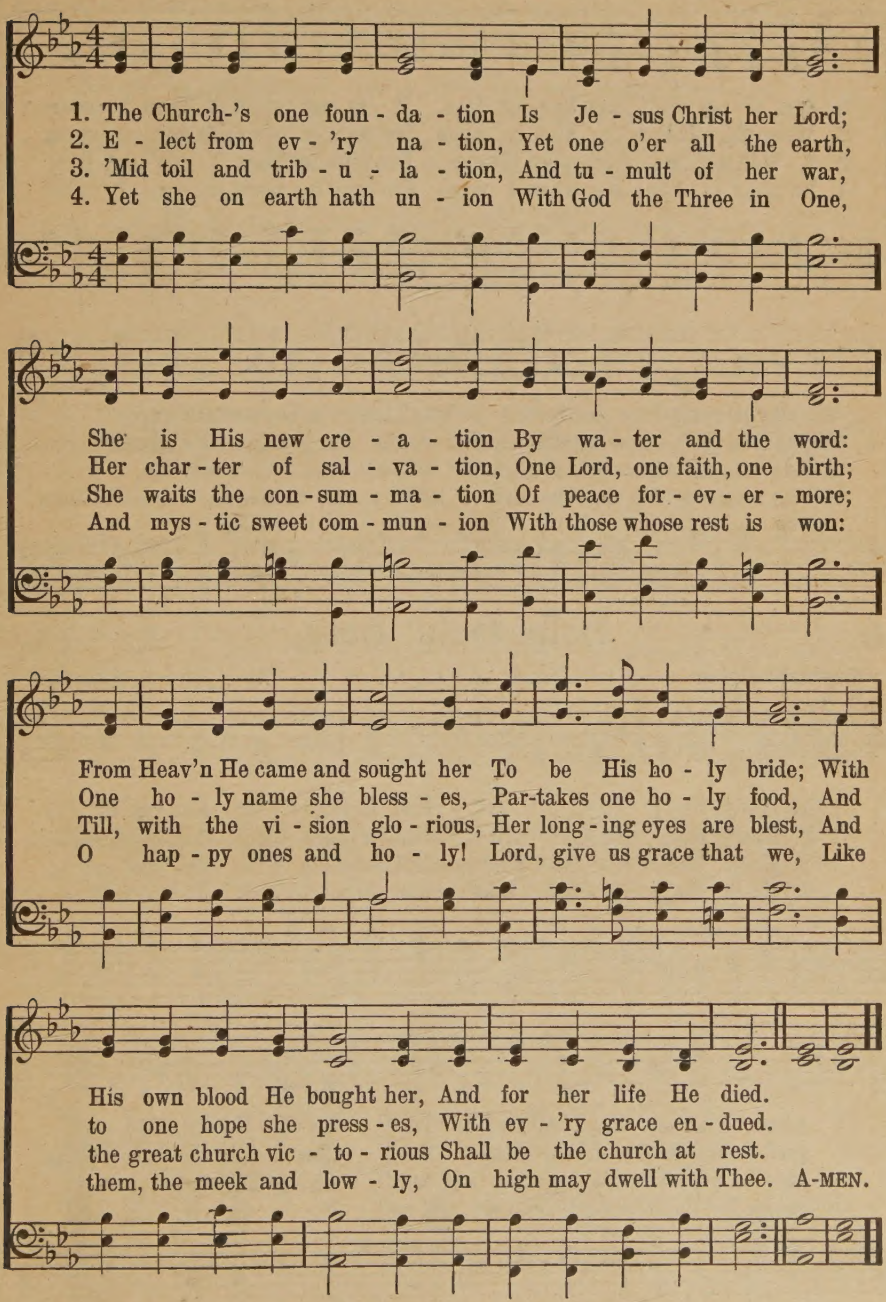
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

3 Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *Love Divine. 8s. 7s. D.* John Zundel.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cel - ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub-led breast!
3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot-less let us be;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev-er - more Thy tem - ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per-fect - ly re - stored in Thee:
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va-tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem-bling heart.
End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo-ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise. A-MEN.

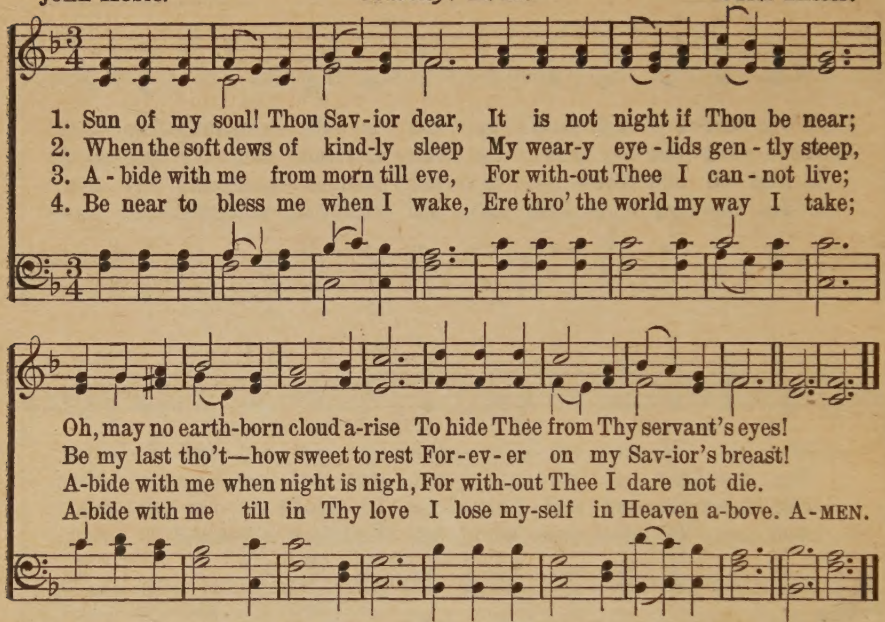
4 The Church's One Foundation.

Samuel J. Stone. *Aurelia. 7s. 6s. D.* Samuel S. Wesley.


1. The Church-'s one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for - ev - er - more;
And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:
From Heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride; With
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-takes one ho - ly food, And
Till, with the vi - sion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest, And
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we, Like
His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A-MEN.

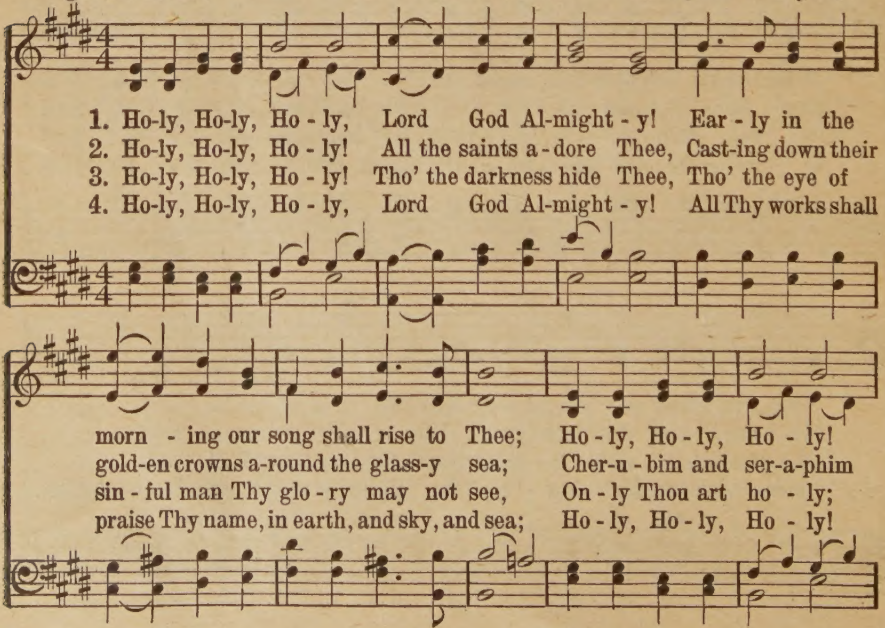
5 Sun of My Soul.

John Keble. *Hursley. L. M.* Peter Ritter.

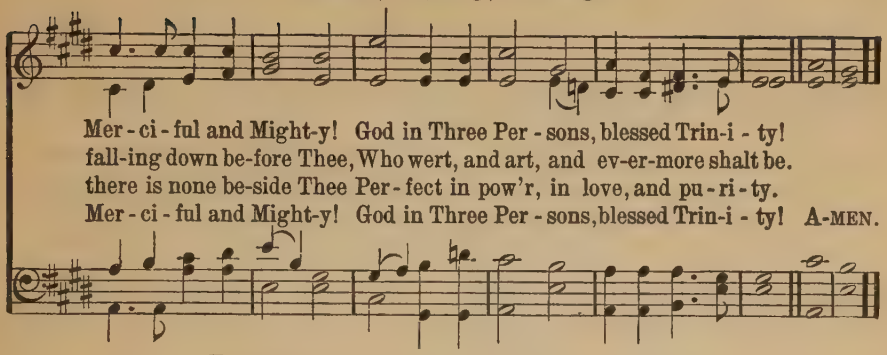

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wear-y eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can-not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!
Be my last tho't—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till in Thy love I lose my-self in Heaven a-bove. A-MEN.

6 Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. *Nicæa. 11. 12. 12. 10.* Rev. John B. Dykes.

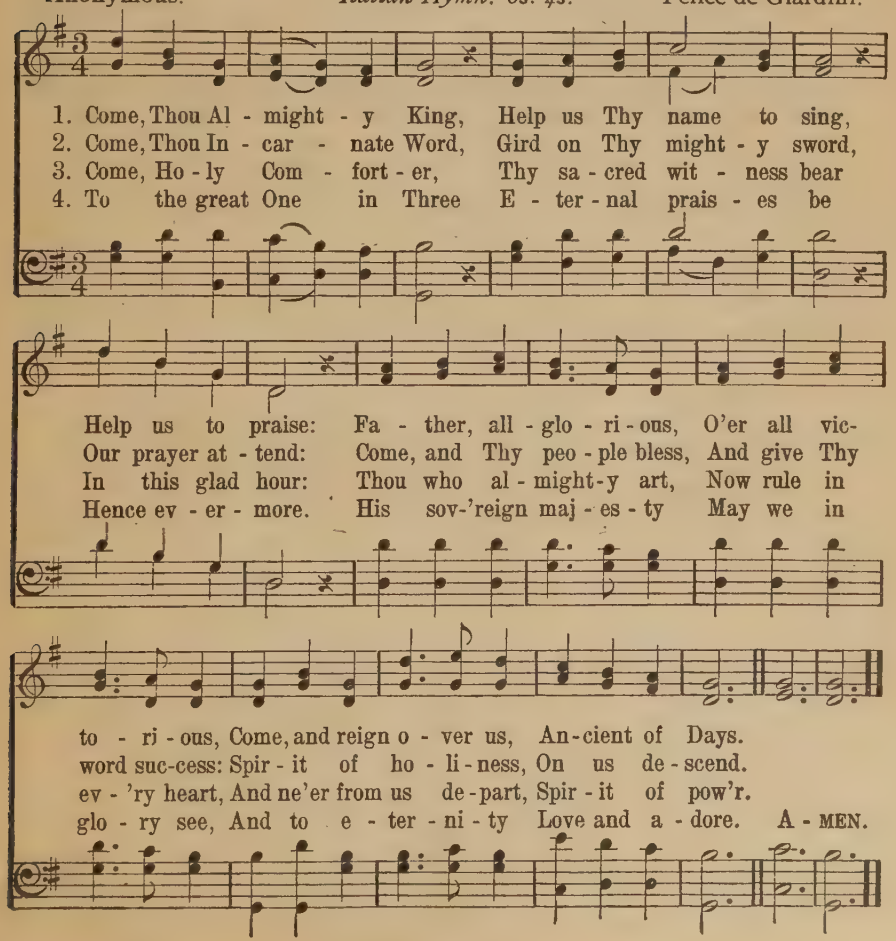

1. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear-ly in the
2. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! All the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly! Tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All Thy works shall
morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!
gold-en crowns a-round the glass-y sea; Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim
sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see, On-ly Thou art ho-ly;
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly!

Holy, Holy, Holy.


Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Who wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee Per-fect in pow'r, in love, and pu-ri-ty.
Mer - ci - ful and Might-y! God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin-i - ty! A-MEN.

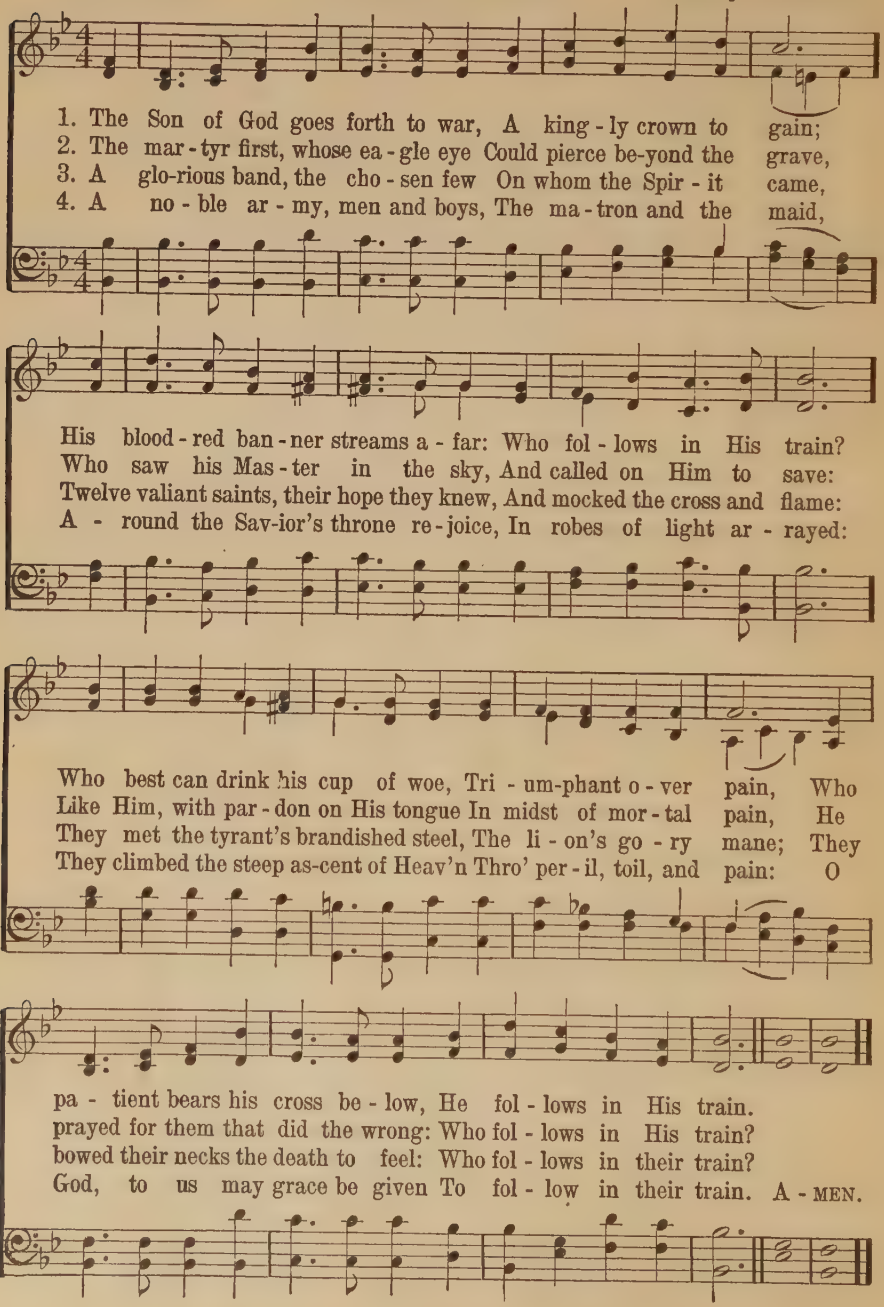
7 Come, Thou Almighty King.

Anonymous. *Italian Hymn. 6s. 4s.* Felice de Giardini.


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be
Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic-
Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might-y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more. His sov-'reign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An-cient of Days.
word suc-cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore. A - MEN.

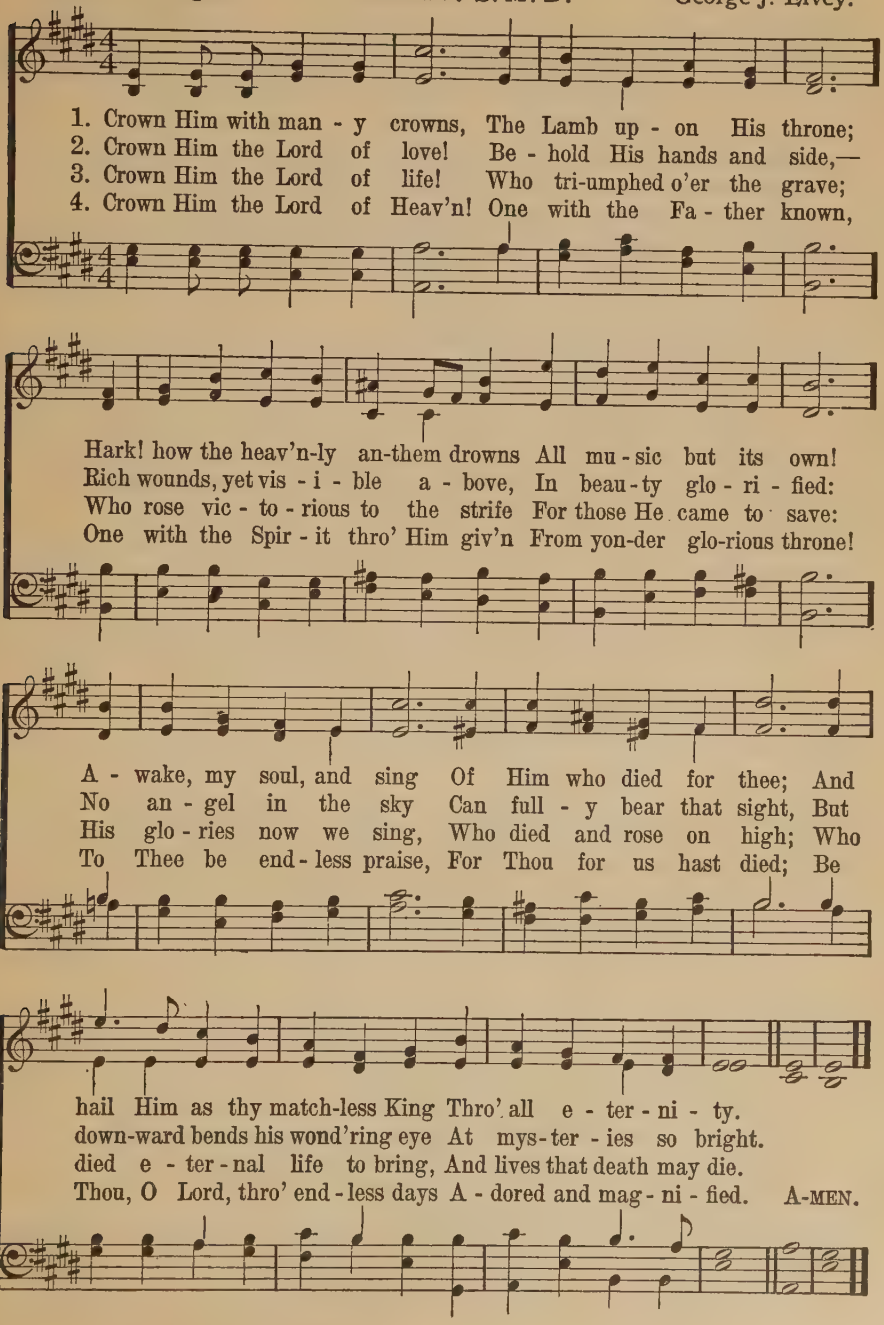
8 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Reginald Heber. *All Saints New. C. M. D.* Henry S. Cutler.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be-yond the grave,
3. A glo-rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A - round the Sav-ior's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - um-phant o - ver pain, Who
Like Him, with par - don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain, He
They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane; They
They climbed the steep as-cent of Heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain: O
pa - tient bears his cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.
prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?
God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train. A - MEN.

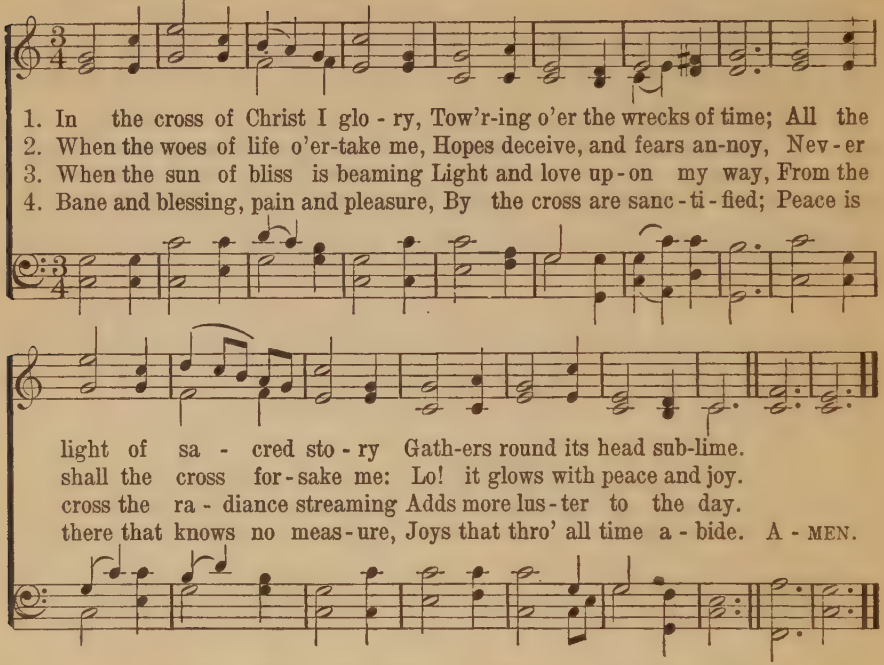
9 Crown Him With Many Crowns.

Matthew Bridges. *Diademata. S. M. D.* George J. Elvey.


1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side,—
3. Crown Him the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave;
4. Crown Him the Lord of Heav'n! One with the Fa - ther known,
Hark! how the heav'n-ly an-them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
Who rose vic - to - rious to the strife For those He came to save:
One with the Spir - it thro' Him giv'n From yon-der glo-rious throne!
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee; And
No an - gel in the sky Can full - y bear that sight, But
His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and rose on high; Who
To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for us hast died; Be
hail Him as thy match-less King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
down-ward bends his wond'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied. A-MEN.

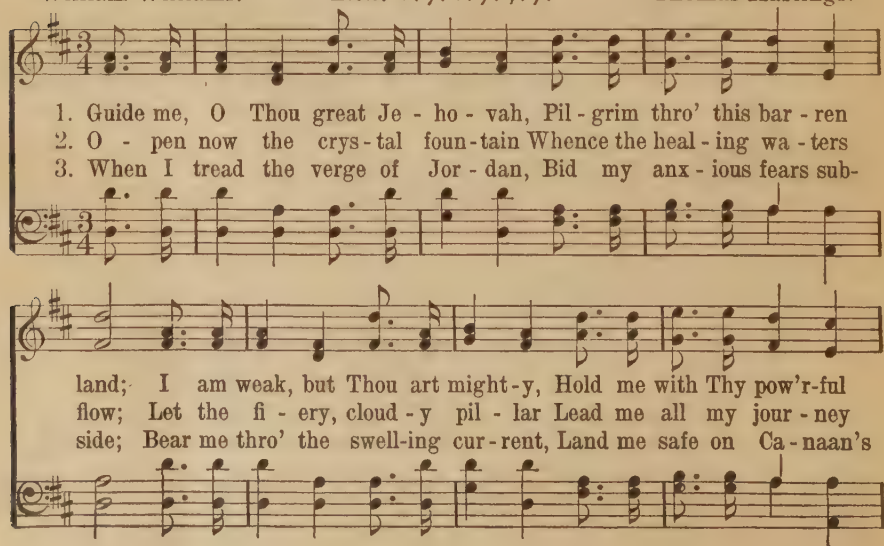
10 In The Cross of Christ.

Sir John Bowring. *Rathbun. 8s. 7s.* Ithamar Conkey.

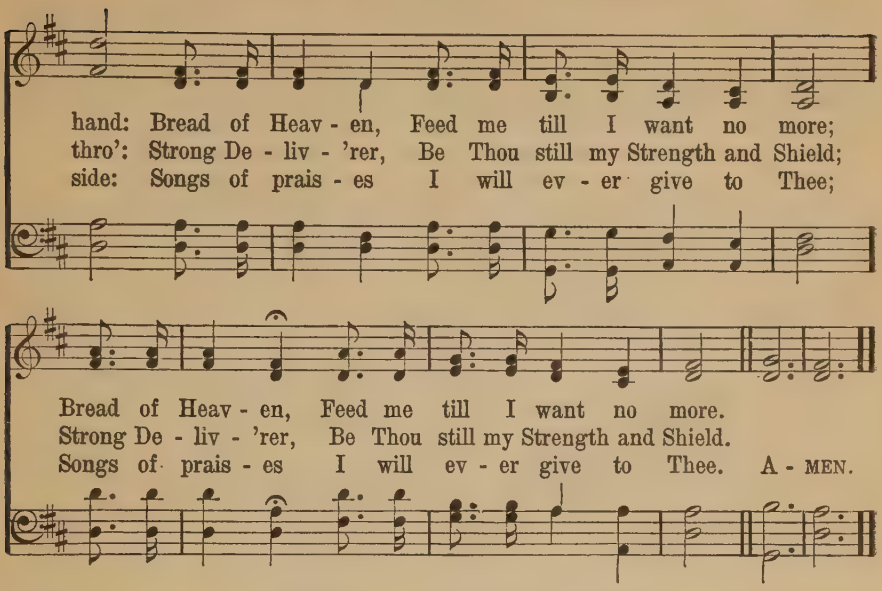

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r-ing o'er the wrecks of time; All the
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears an-noy, Nev - er
3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way, From the
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied; Peace is
light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
cross the ra - diance streaming Adds more lus - ter to the day.
there that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide. A - MEN.

11 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *Zion. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Thomas Hastings.

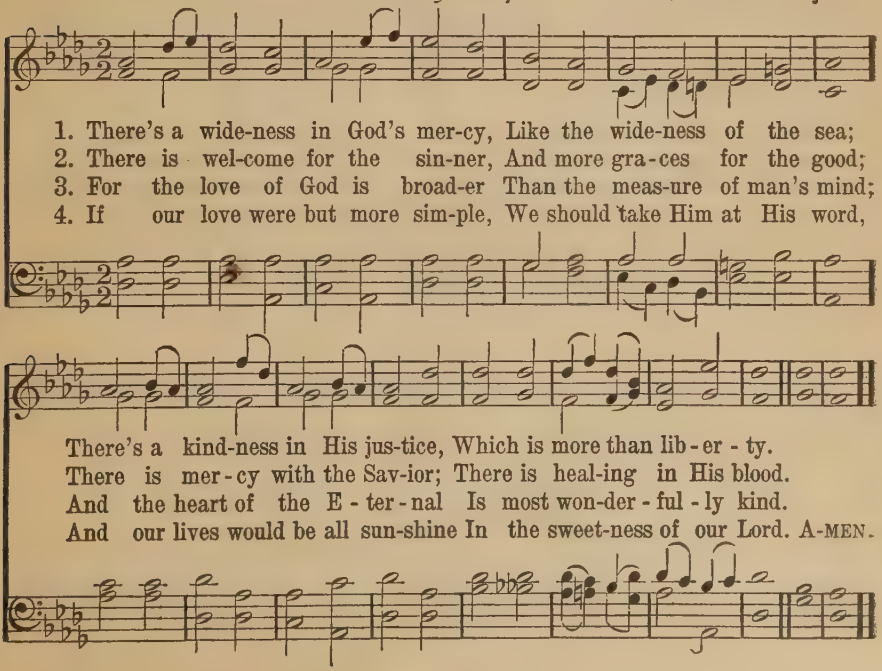

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren
2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain Whence the heal - ing wa - ters
3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub-
land; I am weak, but Thou art might - y, Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful
flow; Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney
side; Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's

Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

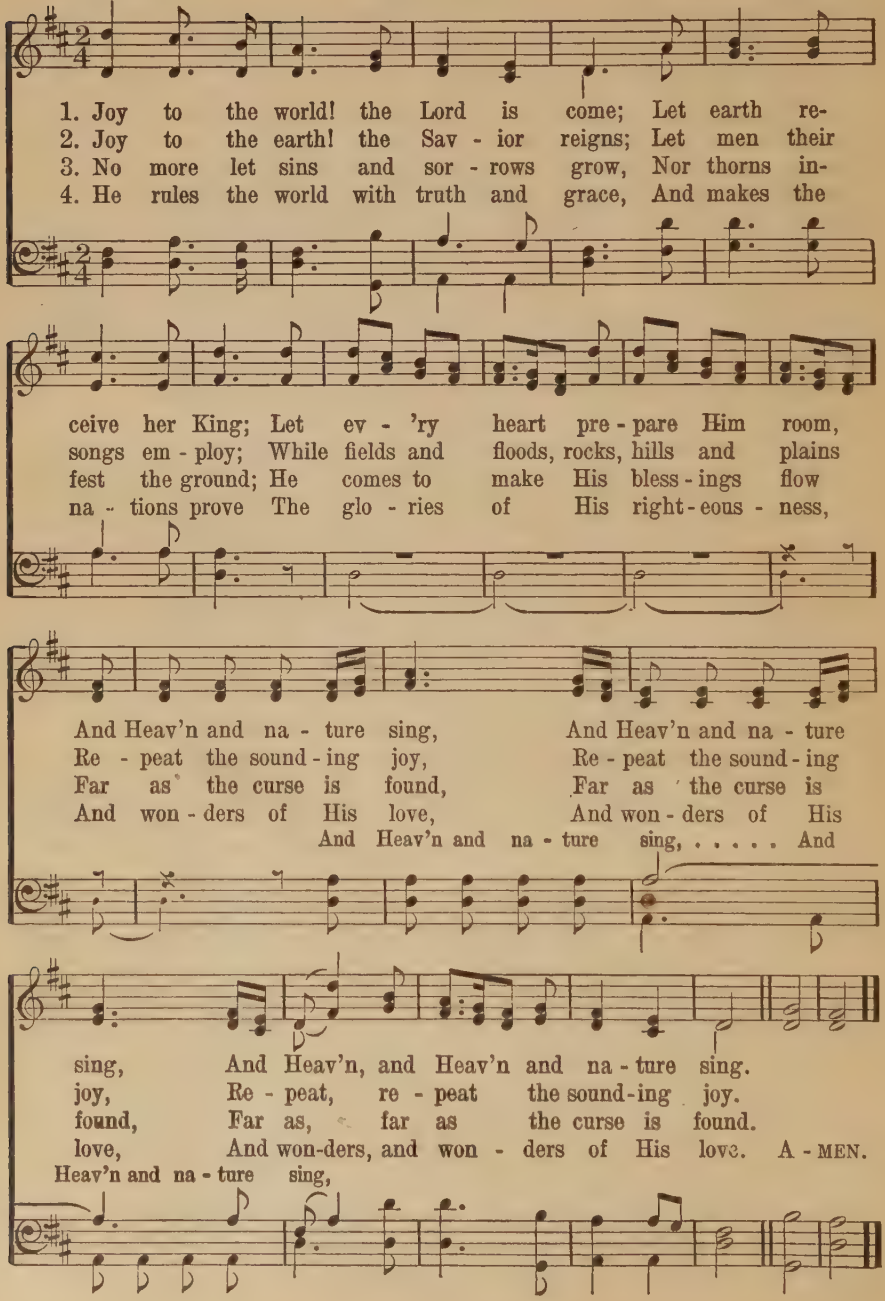

hand: Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more;
thro': Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield;
side: Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee;
Bread of Heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.
Songs of prais - es I will ev - er give to Thee. A - MEN.

12 There's a Wideness.

Frederick W. Faber. *Wellesley. 8s. 7s.* Lizzie S. Tourjée.

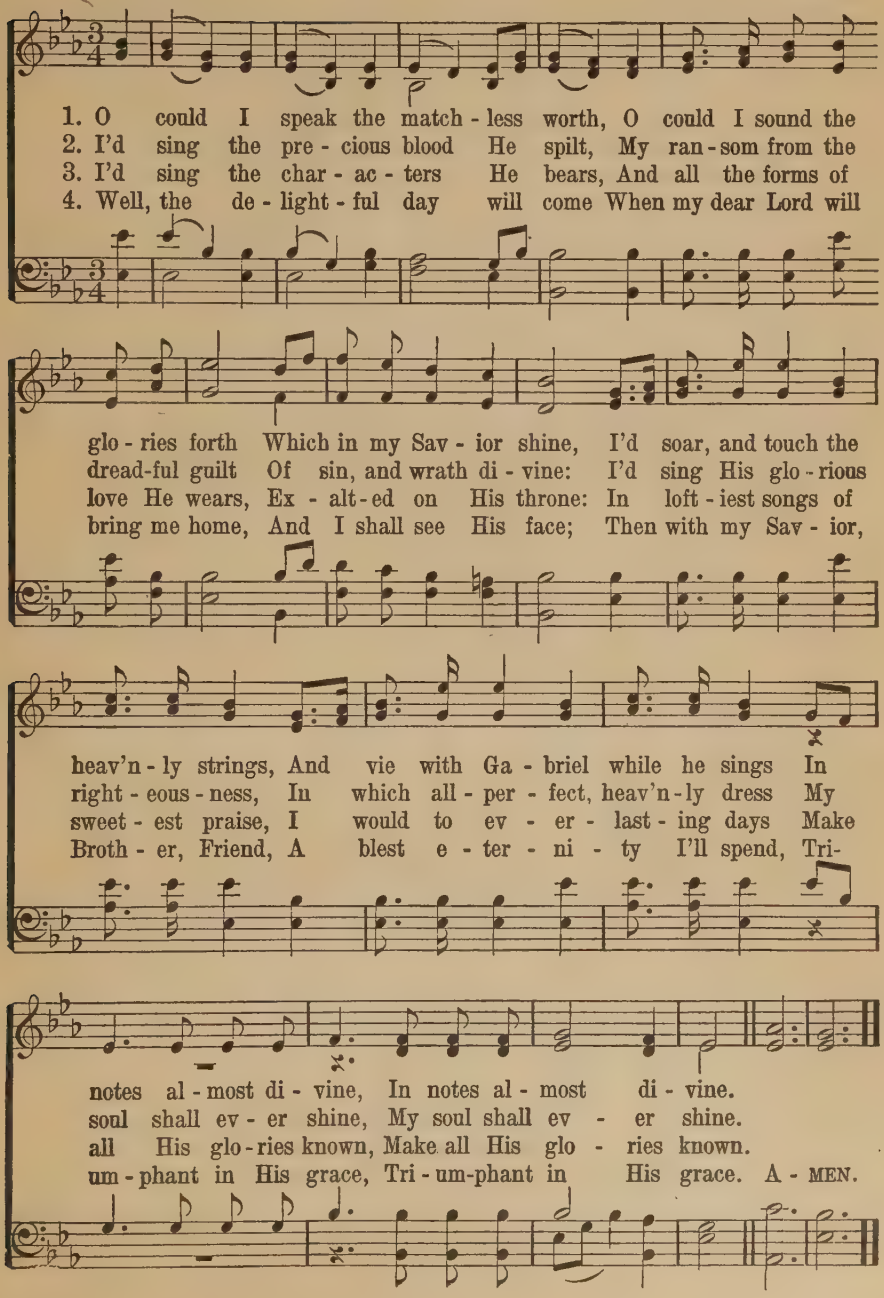

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word,
There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er - ty.
There is mer-cy with the Sav-ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won-der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord. A-MEN.

13 Joy to the World!

Isaac Watts. *Antioch. C. M.* George F. Handel.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,
And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
And Heav'n and na - ture sing, ... And
sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love. A - MEN.
Heav'n and na - ture sing,

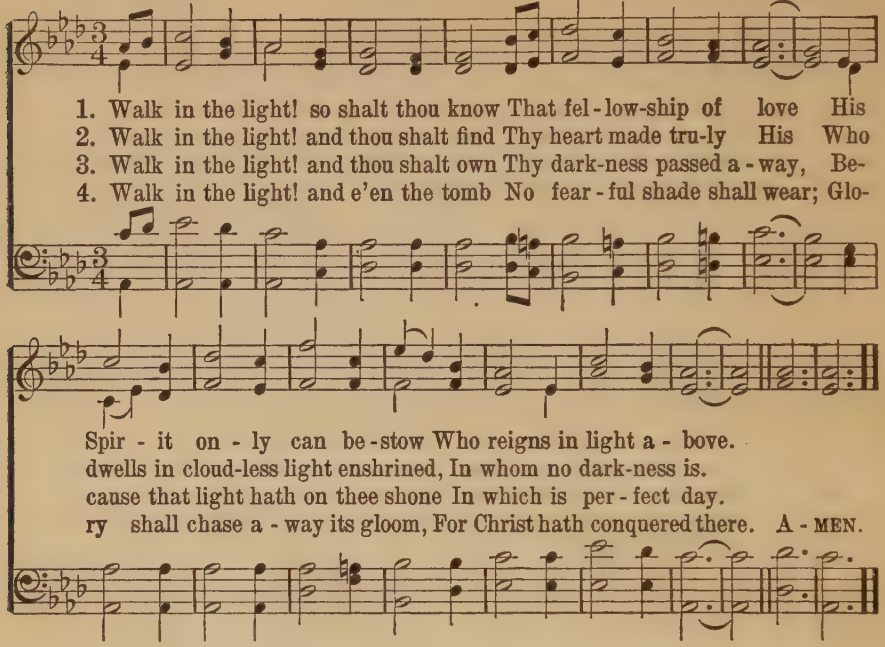
O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. *Ariel. 8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.* Dr. Lowell Mason.


1. O could I speak the match - less worth, O could I sound the
2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My ran - som from the
3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And all the forms of
4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When my dear Lord will
glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - ior shine, I'd soar, and touch the
dread-ful guilt Of sin, and wrath di - vine: I'd sing His glo - rious
love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne: In loft - iest songs of
bring me home, And I shall see His face; Then with my Sav - ior,
heav'n - ly strings, And vie with Ga - briel while he sings In
right - eous - ness, In which all - per - fect, heav'n - ly dress My
sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days Make
Broth - er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend, Tri-
notes al - most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.
soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
all His glo - ries known, Make all His glo - ries known.
um - phant in His grace, Tri - um-phant in His grace. A - MEN.

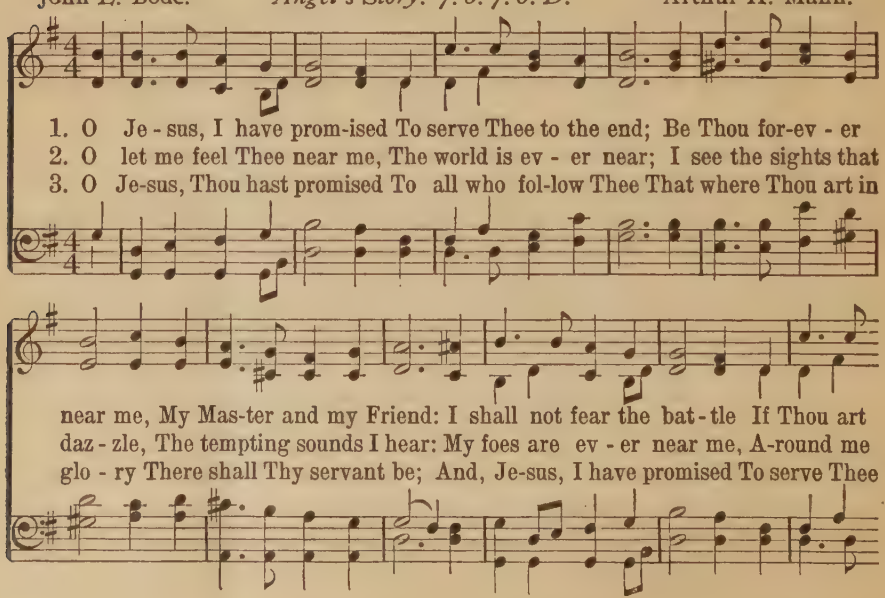
15 Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Manoah. C. M.* From Francis J. Haydn.

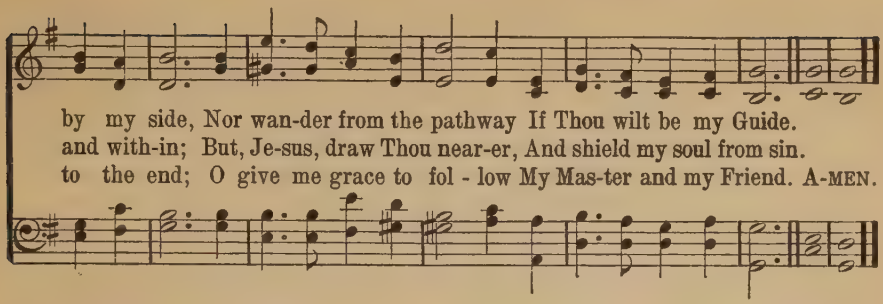

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel - low-ship of love His
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru-ly His Who
3. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy dark-ness passed a - way, Be-
4. Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb No fear - ful shade shall wear; Glo-
Spir - it on - ly can be - stow Who reigns in light a - bove.
dwells in cloud-less light enshrined, In whom no dark-ness is.
cause that light hath on thee shone In which is per - fect day.
ry shall chase a - way its gloom, For Christ hath conquered there. A - MEN.

16 O Jesus, I Have Promised.

John E. Bode. *Angel's Story. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.* Arthur H. Mann.

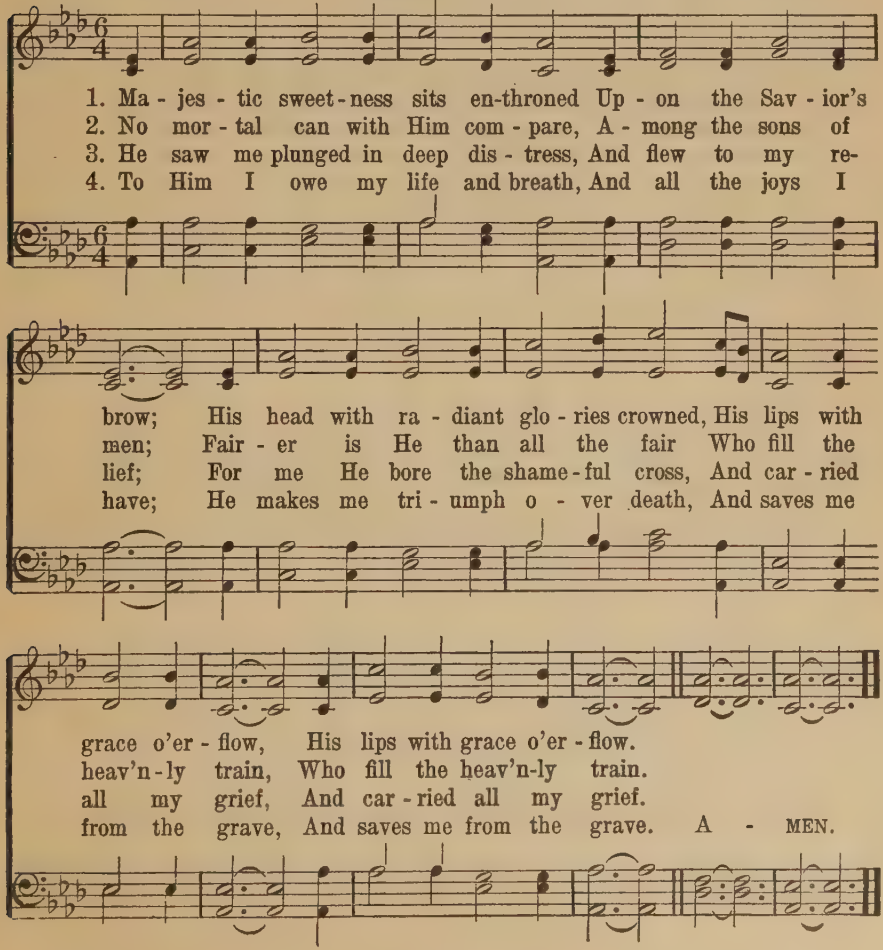

1. O Je - sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be Thou for-ev - er
2. O let me feel Thee near me, The world is ev - er near; I see the sights that
3. O Je-sus, Thou hast promised To all who fol-low Thee That where Thou art in
near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend: I shall not fear the bat - tle If Thou art
daz - zle, The tempting sounds I hear: My foes are ev - er near me, A-round me
glo - ry There shall Thy servant be; And, Je-sus, I have promised To serve Thee

O Jesus, I Have Promised.


by my side, Nor wan-der from the pathway If Thou wilt be my Guide.
and with-in; But, Je-sus, draw Thou near-er, And shield my soul from sin.
to the end; O give me grace to fol - low My Mas-ter and my Friend. A-MEN.

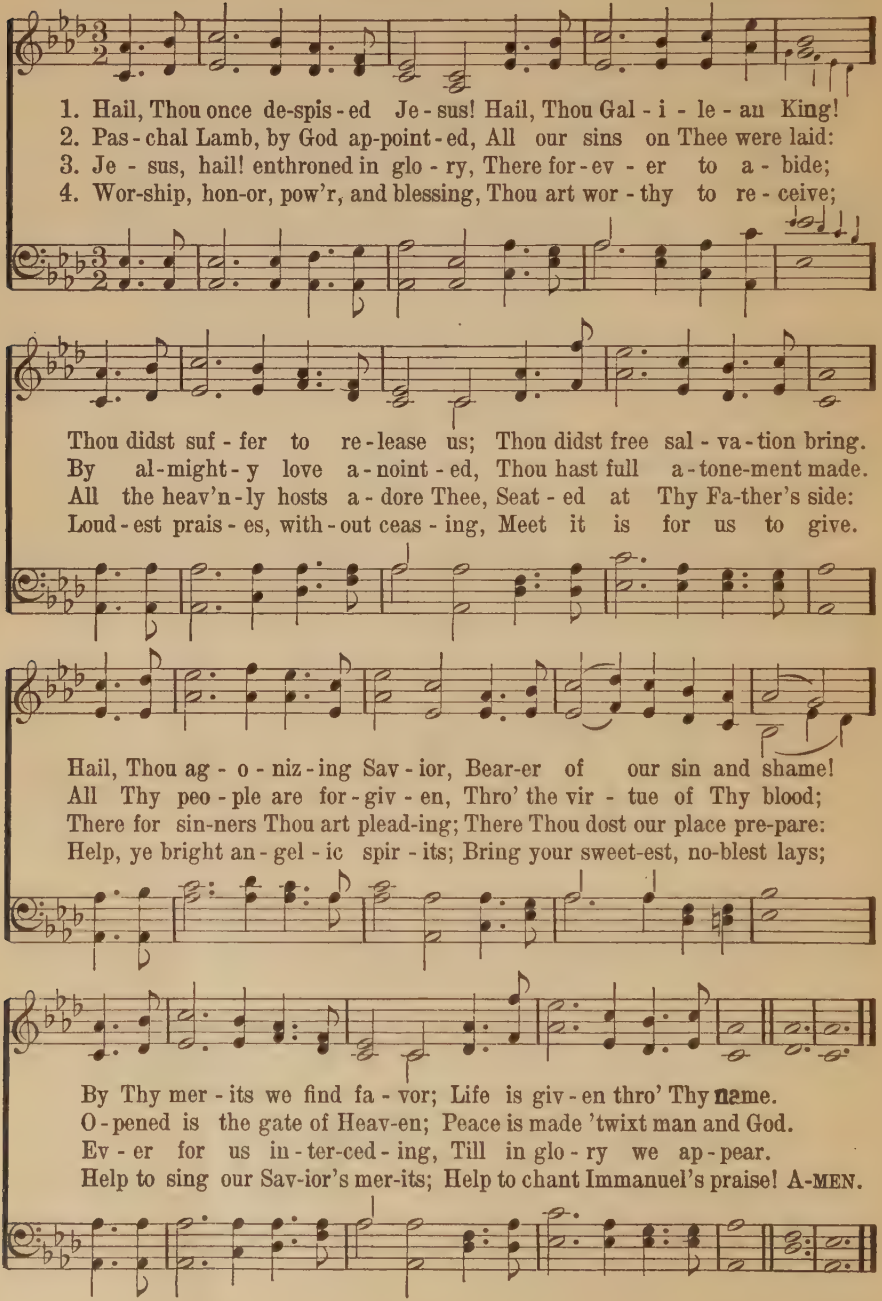
17 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

Samuel Stennett. *Ortonville. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.

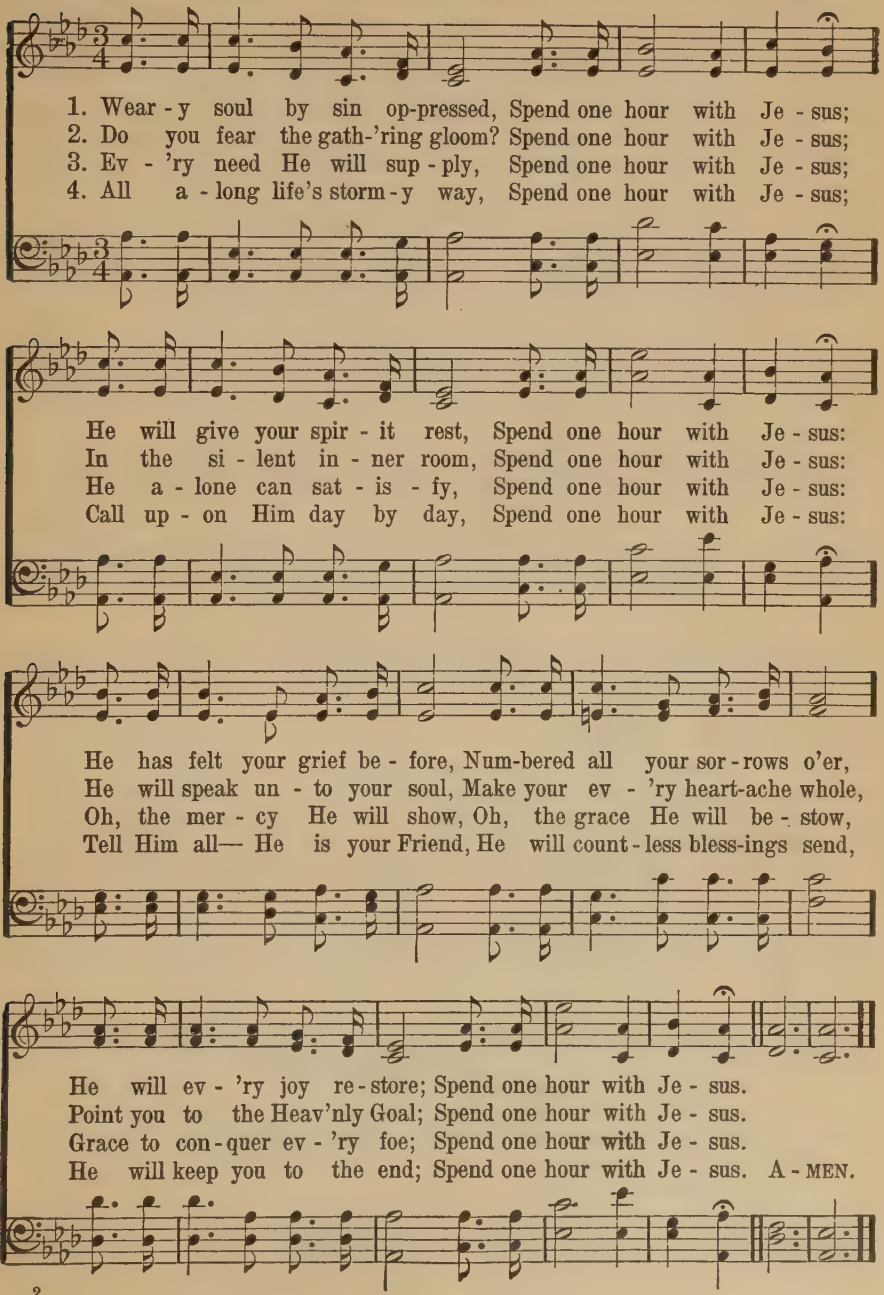

1. Ma - jes - tic sweet - ness sits en-throned Up - on the Sav - ior's brow; His head with ra - diant glo - ries crowned, His lips with
2. No mor - tal can with Him com - pare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair Who fill the
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis - tress, And flew to my re- lief; For me He bore the shame - ful cross, And car - ried
4. To Him I owe my life and breath, And all the joys I have; He makes me tri - umph o - ver death, And saves me
grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.
heav'n - ly train, Who fill the heav'n-ly train.
all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.
from the grave, And saves me from the grave. A - MEN.

18 Hail, Thou Once Despised.

John Bakewell. *Autumn. 8s. 7s. D.* Louis von Esch.

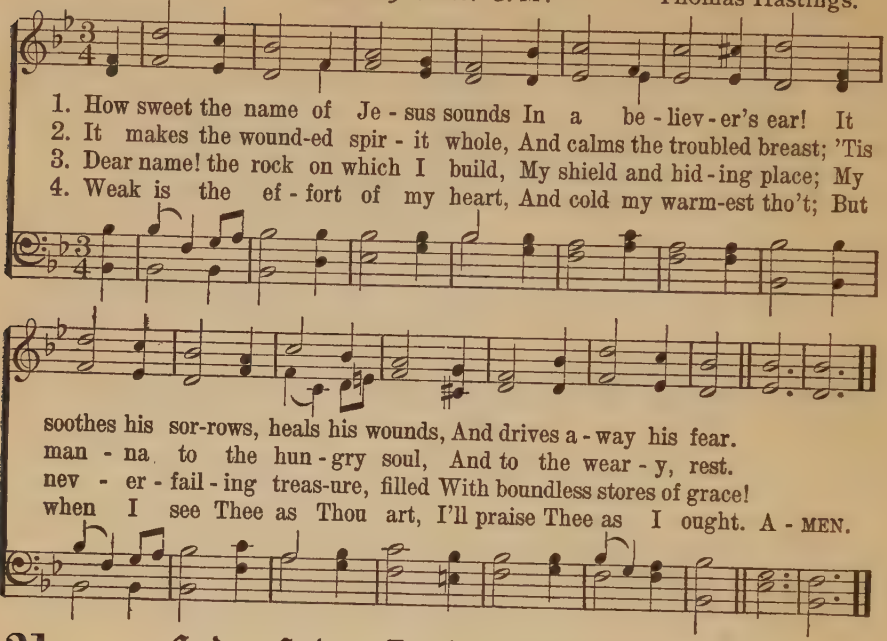

1. Hail, Thou once de-spis-ed Je-sus! Hail, Thou Gal-i-le-an King!
2. Pas-chal Lamb, by God ap-point-ed, All our sins on Thee were laid:
3. Je-sus, hail! enthroned in glo-ry, There for-ev-er to a-bide;
4. Wor-ship, hon-or, pow'r, and blessing, Thou art wor-thy to re-ceive;
Thou didst suf-fer to re-lease us; Thou didst free sal-va-tion bring.
By al-might-y love a-noint-ed, Thou hast full a-tone-ment made.
All the heav'n-ly hosts a-dore Thee, Seat-ed at Thy Fa-ther's side:
Loud-est prais-es, with-out ceas-ing, Meet it is for us to give.
Hail, Thou ag-o-niz-ing Sav-ior, Bear-er of our sin and shame!
All Thy peo-ple are for-giv-en, Thro' the vir-tue of Thy blood;
There for sin-ners Thou art plead-ing; There Thou dost our place pre-pare:
Help, ye bright an-gel-ic spir-its; Bring your sweet-est, no-blest lays;
By Thy mer-its we find fa-vor; Life is giv-en thro' Thy name.
O-pened is the gate of Heav-en; Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
Ev-er for us in-ter-ced-ing, Till in glo-ry we ap-pear.
Help to sing our Sav-ior's mer-its; Help to chant Immanuel's praise! A-MEN.

19 Spend One Hour With Jesus.

Katharine A. Grimes. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Wear - y soul by sin op-pressed, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
2. Do you fear the gath-'ring gloom? Spend one hour with Je - sus;
3. Ev - 'ry need He will sup - ply, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
4. All a - long life's storm - y way, Spend one hour with Je - sus;
He will give your spir - it rest, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
In the si - lent in - ner room, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
He a - lone can sat - is - fy, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
Call up - on Him day by day, Spend one hour with Je - sus:
He has felt your grief be - fore, Num-bered all your sor - rows o'er,
He will speak un - to your soul, Make your ev - 'ry heart-ache whole,
Oh, the mer - cy He will show, Oh, the grace He will be - stow,
Tell Him all— He is your Friend, He will count - less bless-ings send,
He will ev - 'ry joy re - store; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Point you to the Heav'nly Goal; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
Grace to con - quer ev - 'ry foe; Spend one hour with Je - sus.
He will keep you to the end; Spend one hour with Je - sus. A - MEN.

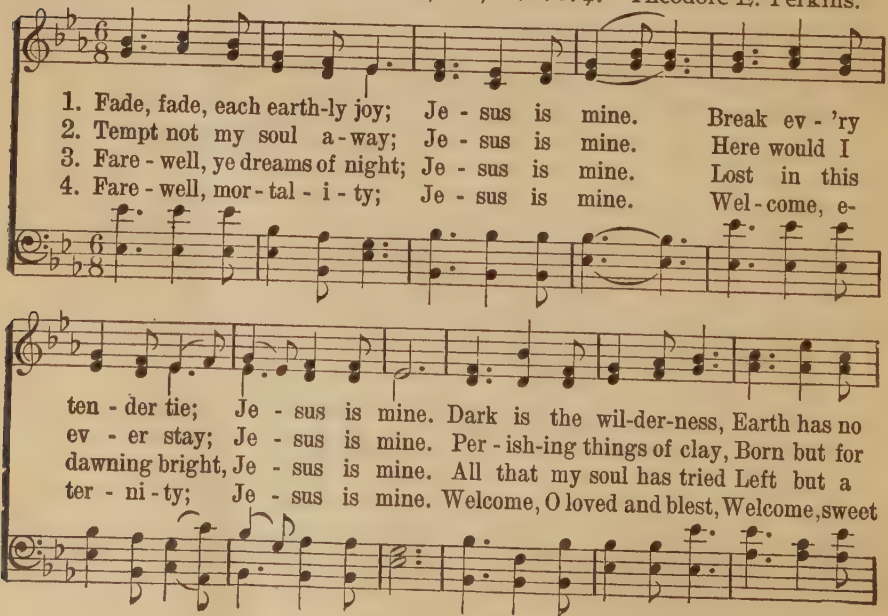
20 How Sweet the Name of Jesus.

John Newton. *Holy Cross. C. M.* Thomas Hastings.

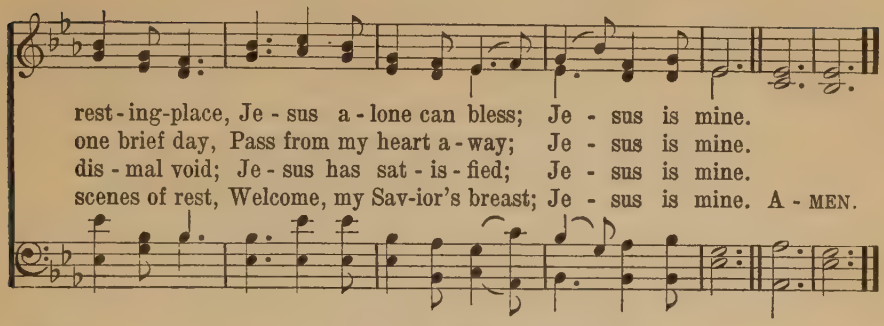

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place; My
4. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est tho't; But
soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wear - y, rest.
nev - er - fail - ing treas-ure, filled With boundless stores of grace!
when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought. A - MEN.

21 Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

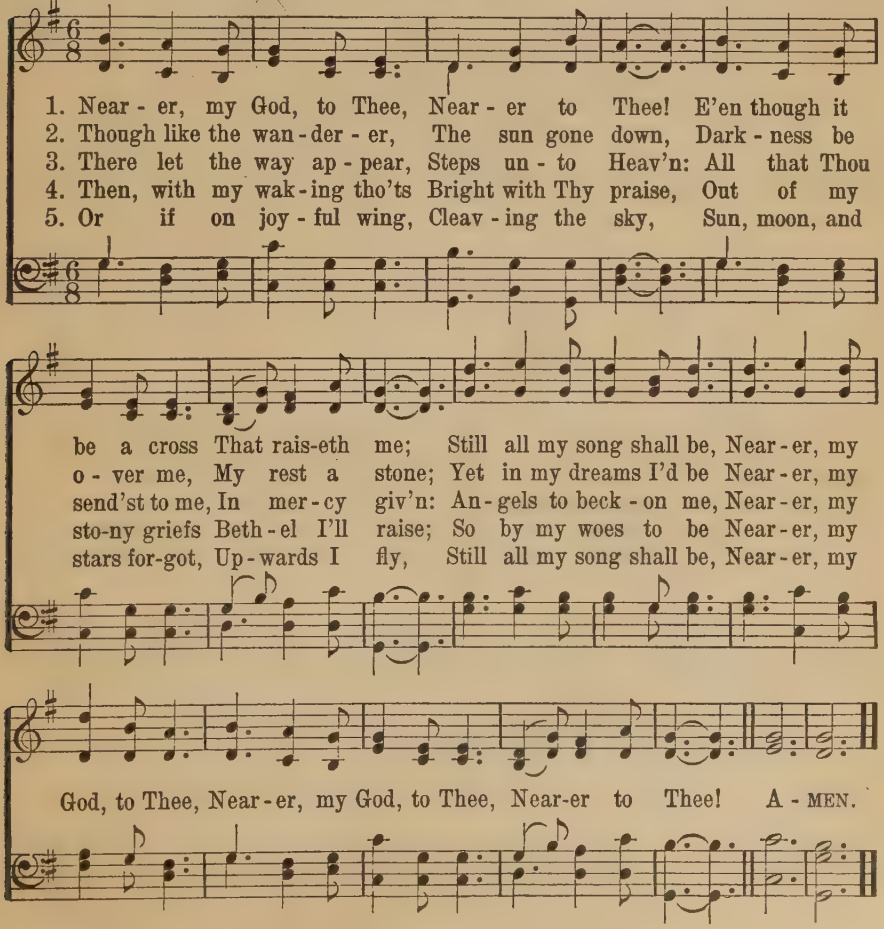
Jane C. Bonar. *Lundie. 6. 4. 6. 4. 6. 6. 6. 4.* Theodore E. Perkins.


1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy; Je - sus is mine. Break ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a - way; Je - sus is mine. Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night; Je - sus is mine. Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty; Je - sus is mine. Wel - come, e-
ten - der tie; Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no
ev - er stay; Je - sus is mine. Per - ish-ing things of clay, Born but for
dawning bright, Je - sus is mine. All that my soul has tried Left but a
ter - ni - ty; Je - sus is mine. Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet

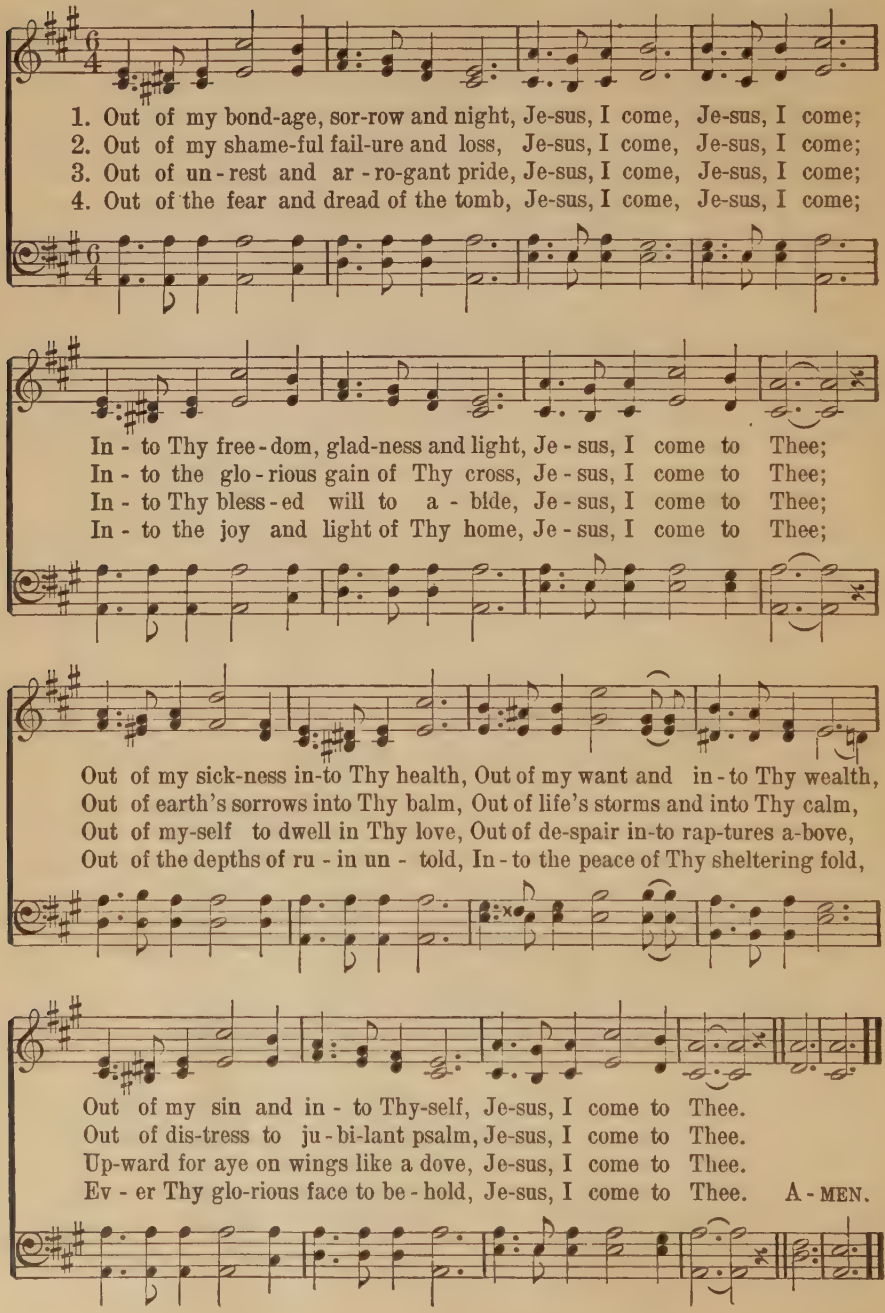
Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.


rest-ing-place, Je-sus a-lone can bless; Je-sus is mine.
one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way; Je-sus is mine.
dis-mal void; Je-sus has sat-is-fied; Je-sus is mine.
scenes of rest, Welcome, my Sav-ior's breast; Je-sus is mine. A-MEN.

22 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

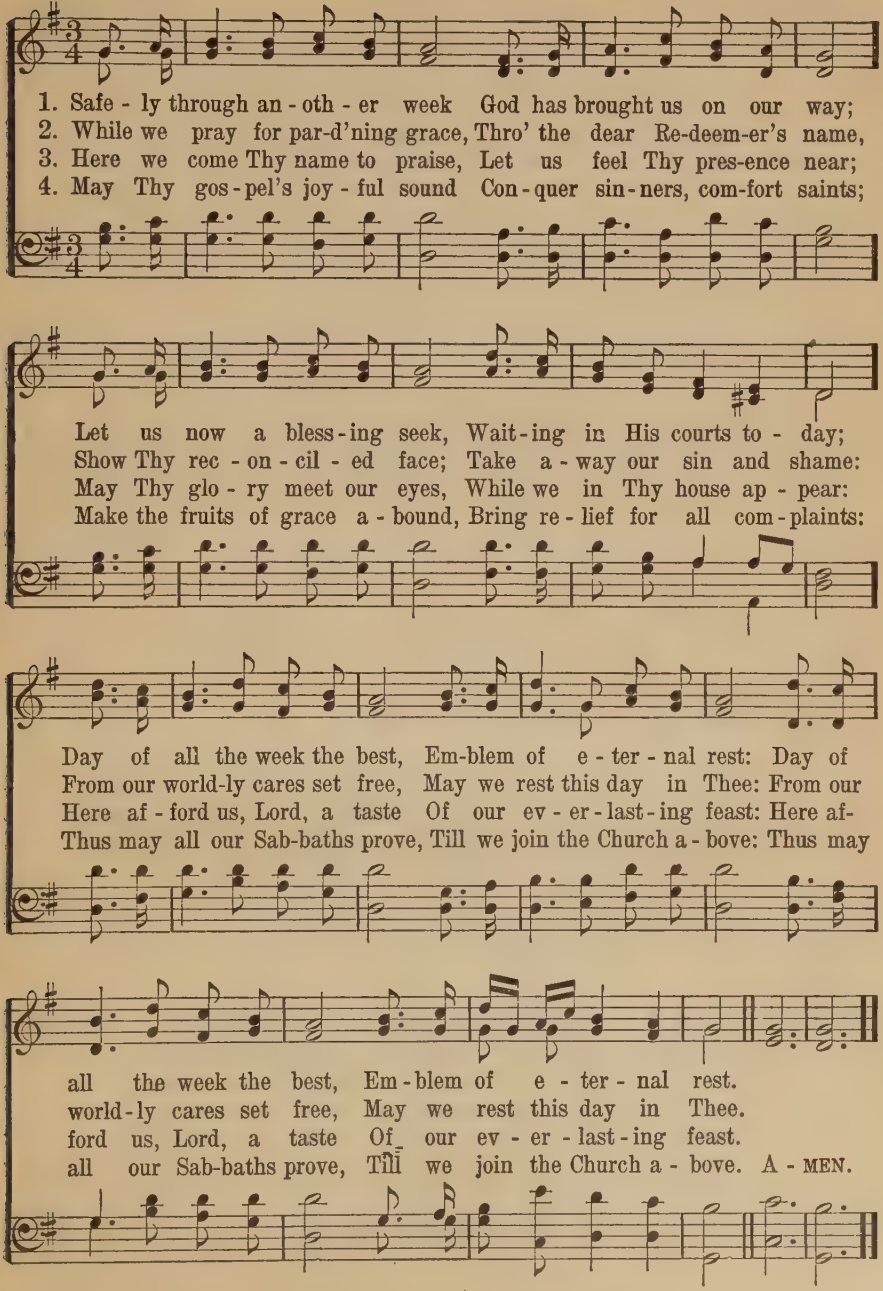
Sarah F. Adams. *Bethany. 6. 4.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.

1. Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! E'en though it
2. Though like the wan-der-er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be
3. There let the way ap-pear, Steps un-to Heav'n: All that Thou
4. Then, with my wak-ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
5. Or if on joy-ful wing, Cleav-ing the sky, Sun, moon, and
be a cross That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
o-ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my
send'st to me, In mer-cy giv'n: An-gels to beck-on me, Near-er, my
sto-ny griefs Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my
stars for-got, Up-wards I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my
God, to Thee, Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee! A-MEN.

23 Jesus, I Come.

W. T. Sleeper. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
In-to Thy free-dom, glad-ness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to rap-tures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee. A-MEN.

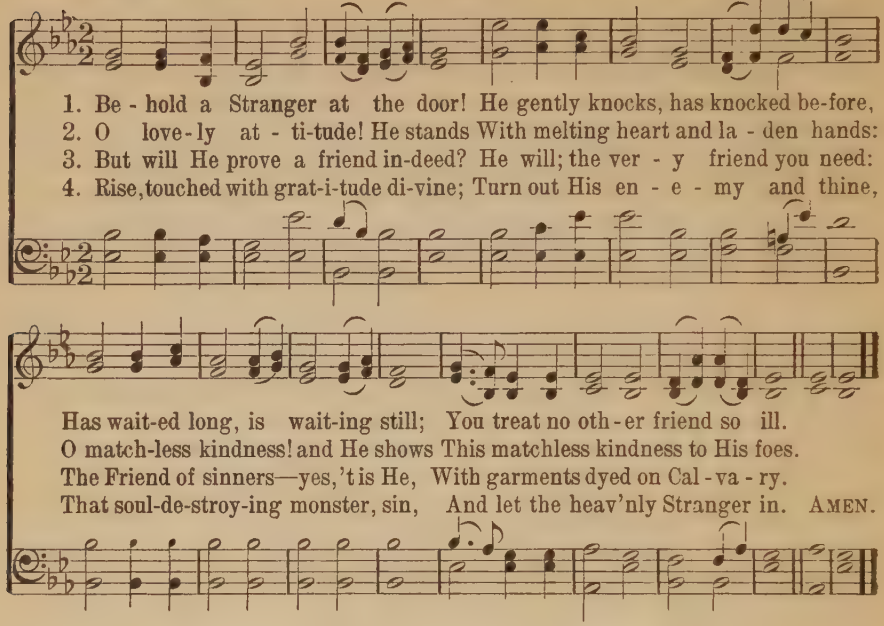
24 Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Sabbath. 7s.* Lowell Mason.


1. Safe - ly through an - oth - er week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we pray for par-d'ning grace, Thro' the dear Re-deem-er's name,
3. Here we come Thy name to praise, Let us feel Thy pres-ence near;
4. May Thy gos-pel's joy - ful sound Con - quer sin - ners, com-fort saints;
Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
Show Thy rec - on - cil - ed face; Take a - way our sin and shame:
May Thy glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear:
Make the fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief for all com - plaints:
Day of all the week the best, Em-blem of e - ter - nal rest: Day of
From our world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee: From our
Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast: Here af-
Thus may all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove: Thus may
all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest.
world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
all our Sab-baths prove, Till we join the Church a - bove. A - MEN.

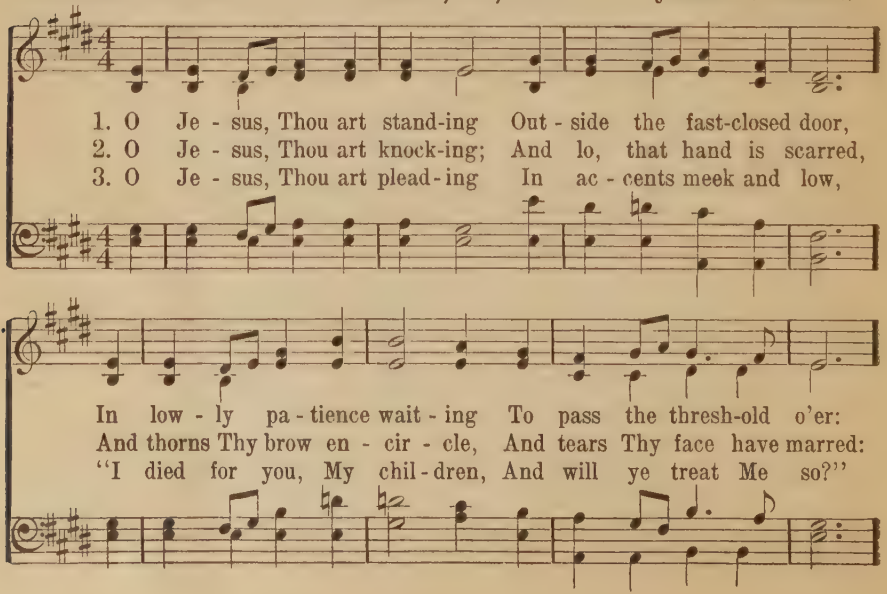
25 Behold a Stranger at the Door!

Rev. Joseph Grigg. *Berla. L. M.* John E. Gould.

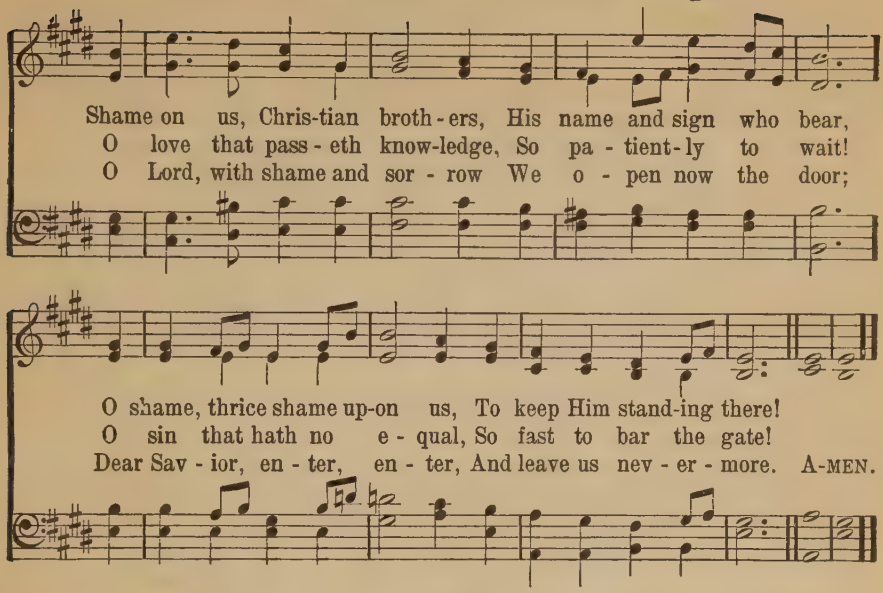

1. Be - hold a Stranger at the door! He gently knocks, has knocked be-fore,
2. O love-ly at - ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and la - den hands:
3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will; the ver - y friend you need:
4. Rise, touched with grat-i-tude di-vine; Turn out His en - e - my and thine,
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O match-less kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sinners—yes, 't is He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
That soul-de-stroy-ing monster, sin, And let the heav'nly Stranger in. AMEN.

26 O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *St. Hilda. 7. 6. 7. 6. D.* Justin H. Knecht.

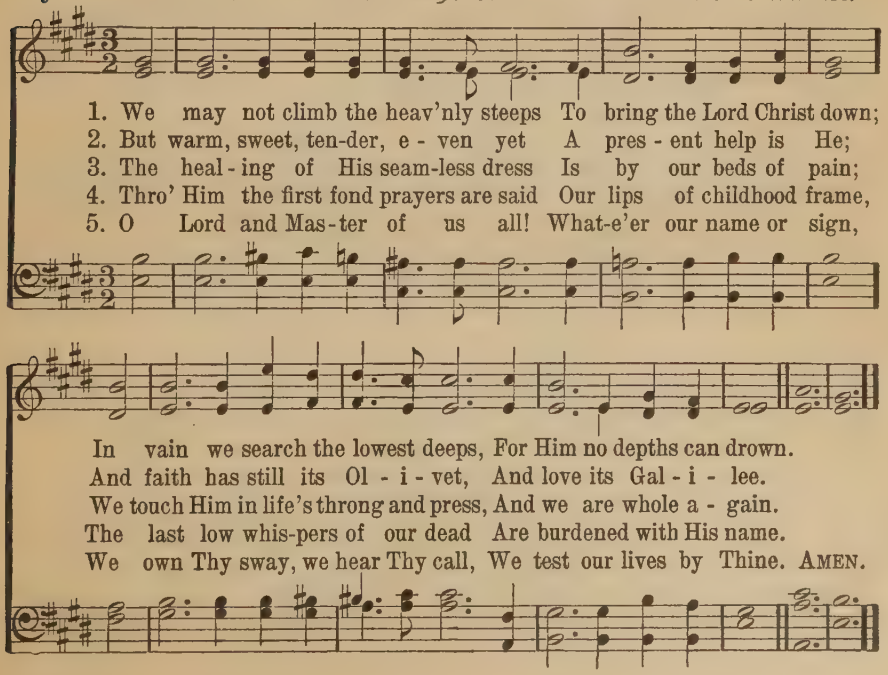

1. O Je - sus, Thou art stand-ing Out - side the fast-closed door,
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knock-ing; And lo, that hand is scarred,
3. O Je - sus, Thou art plead-ing In ac - cents meek and low,
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er:
And thorns Thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred:
"I died for you, My chil-dren, And will ye treat Me so?"

O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.


Shame on us, Chris-tian broth-ers, His name and sign who bear,
O love that pass-eth know-ledge, So pa-tient-ly to wait!
O Lord, with shame and sor-row We o-pen now the door;
O shame, thrice shame up-on us, To keep Him stand-ing there!
O sin that hath no e-qual, So fast to bar the gate!
Dear Sav-ior, en-ter, en-ter, And leave us nev-er-more. A-MEN.

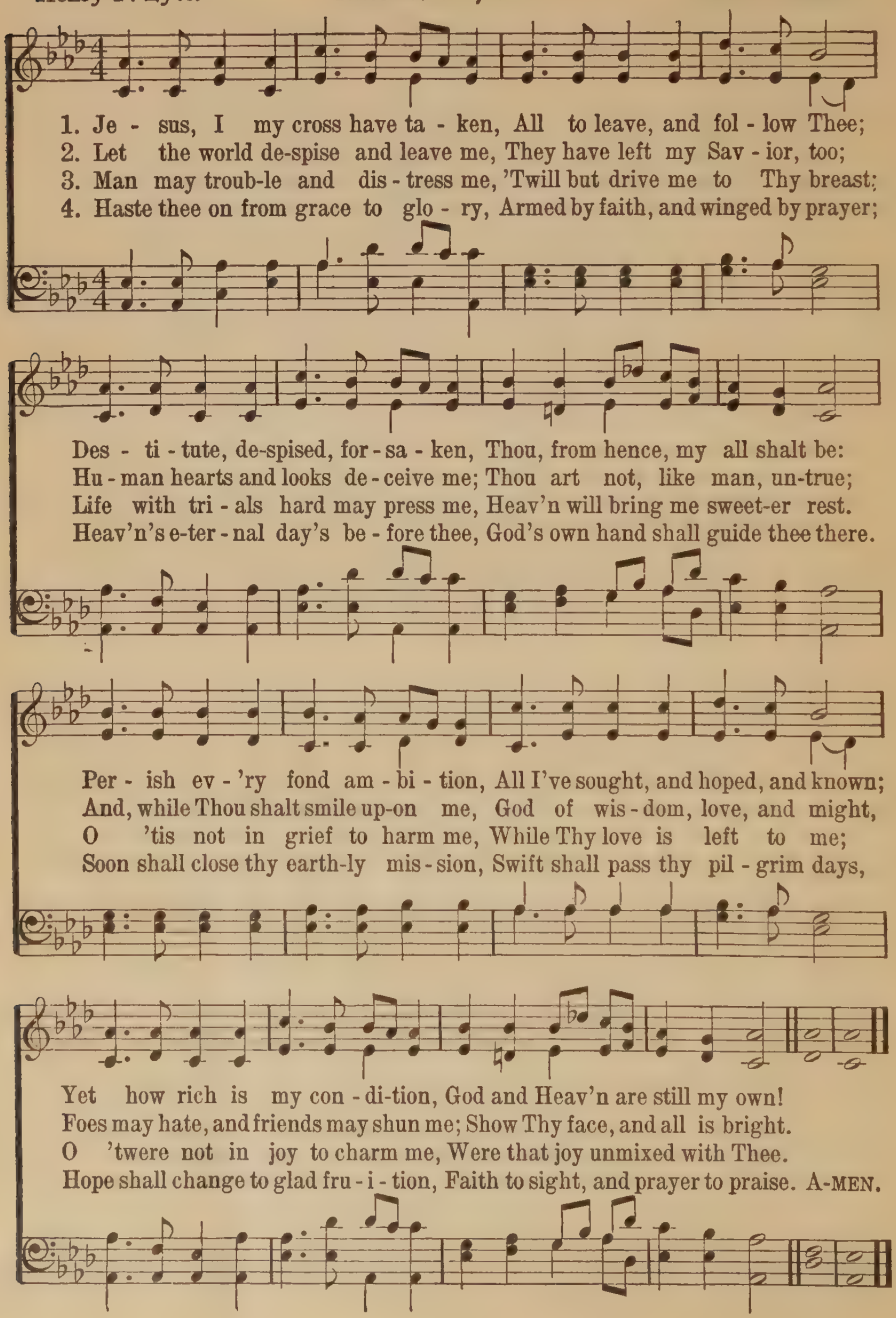
27 We May Not Climb.

John G. Whittier. *Serenity. C. M.* W. V. Wallace.


1. We may not climb the heav'nly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten-der, e-ven yet A pres-ent help is He;
3. The heal-ing of His seam-less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. Thro' Him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of childhood frame,
5. O Lord and Mas-ter of us all! What-e'er our name or sign,
In vain we search the lowest deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
And faith has still its Ol-i-vet, And love its Gal-i-lee.
We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a-gain.
The last low whis-pers of our dead Are burdened with His name.
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine. AMEN.

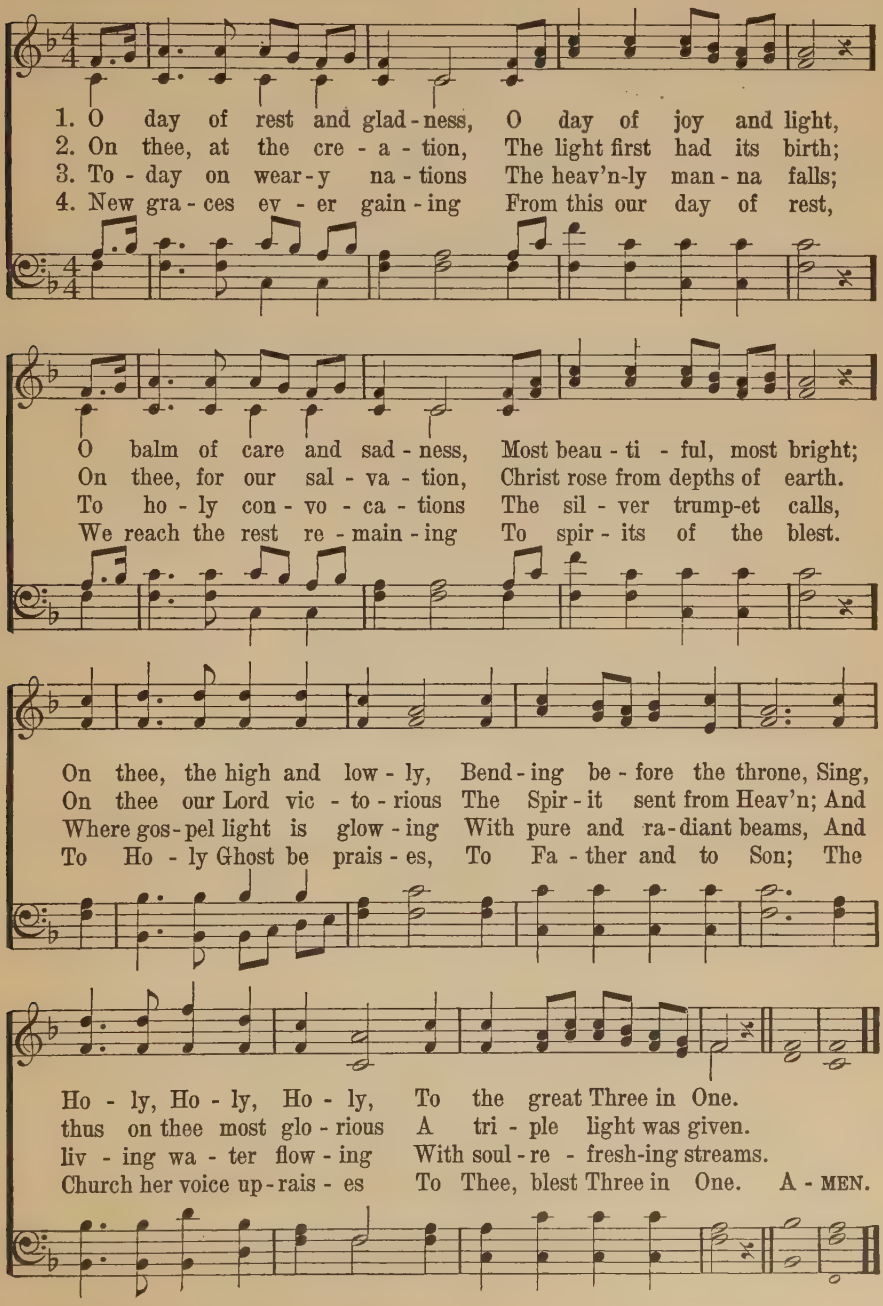
28 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Ellesdie. 8s. 7s. D.* From Mozart.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave, and fol - low Thee;
2. Let the world de-spise and leave me, They have left my Sav - ior, too;
3. Man may troub-le and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
4. Haste thee on from grace to glo - ry, Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Des - ti - tute, de-spised, for - sa - ken, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
Hu - man hearts and looks de - ceive me; Thou art not, like man, un-true;
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heav'n will bring me sweet-er rest.
Heav'n's e-ter - nal day's be - fore thee, God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
And, while Thou shalt smile up-on me, God of wis - dom, love, and might,
O 'tis not in grief to harm me, While Thy love is left to me;
Soon shall close thy earth-ly mis - sion, Swift shall pass thy pil - grim days,
Yet how rich is my con - di-tion, God and Heav'n are still my own!
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show Thy face, and all is bright.
O 'twere not in joy to charm me, Were that joy unmixed with Thee.
Hope shall change to glad fru - i - tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise. A-MEN.

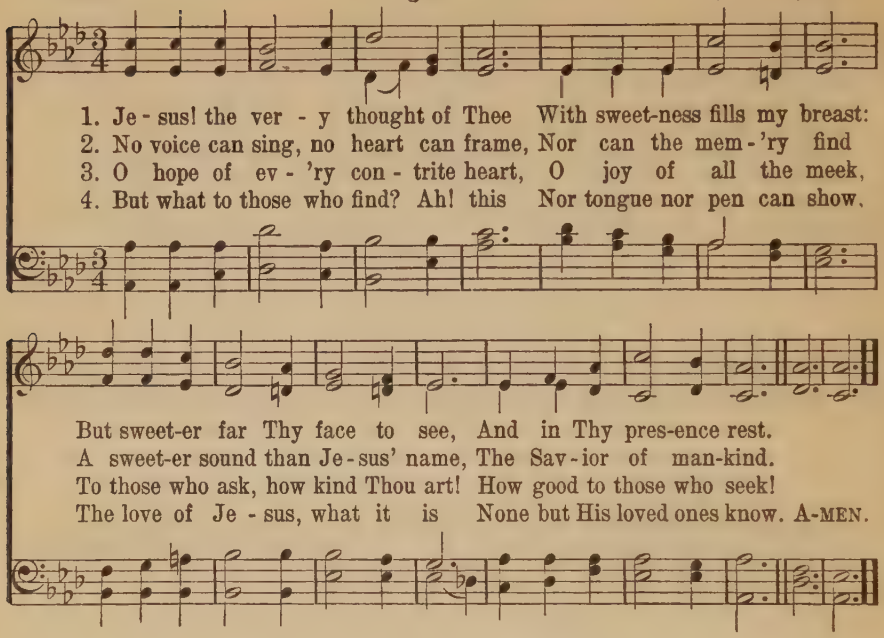
29 O Day of Rest and Gladness.

C. Wordsworth. *Mendebras. 7s. 6s. D.* Arr. by L. Mason.


1. O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light,
2. On thee, at the cre - a - tion, The light first had its birth;
3. To - day on wear - y na - tions The heav'n-ly man - na falls;
4. New gra - ces ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest,
O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright;
On thee, for our sal - va - tion, Christ rose from depths of earth.
To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trump-et calls,
We reach the rest re - main - ing To spir - its of the blest.
On thee, the high and low - ly, Bend - ing be - fore the throne, Sing,
On thee our Lord vic - to - rious The Spir - it sent from Heav'n; And
Where gos - pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra - diant beams, And
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther and to Son; The
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, To the great Three in One.
thus on thee most glo - rious A tri - ple light was given.
liv - ing wa - ter flow - ing With soul - re - fresh-ing streams.
Church her voice up - rais - es To Thee, blest Three in One. A - MEN.

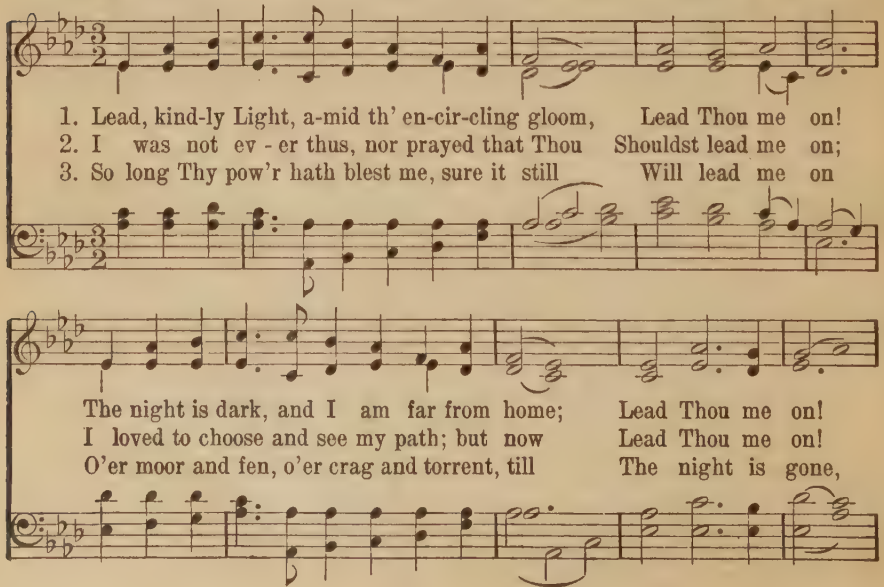
30 Jesus! the Very Thought of Thee.

Bernard. *St. Agnes. C. M.* J. B. Dykes.

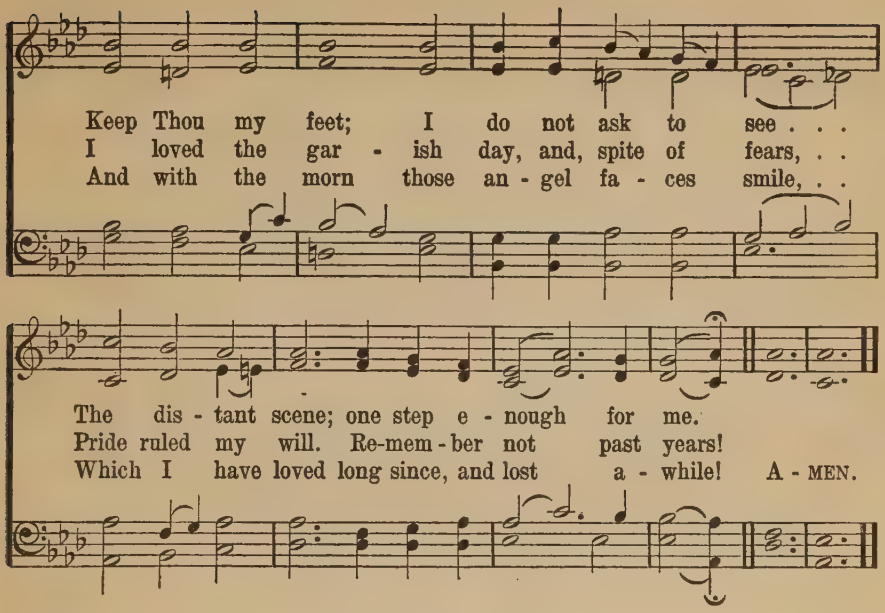

1. Je - sus! the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast:
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
3. O hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart, O joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah! this Nor tongue nor pen can show.
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres-ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Je-sus' name, The Sav-ior of man-kind.
To those who ask, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know. A-MEN.

31 Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman. *Lux Benigna. 10. 4. 10. 4. 10. 10.* John B. Dykes.

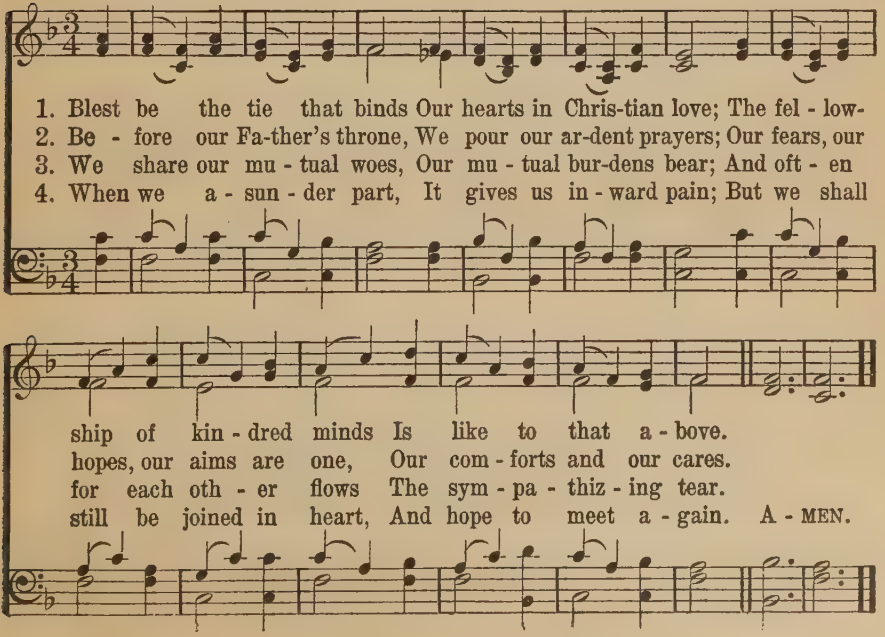

1. Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-cir-cling gloom, Lead Thou me on!
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

Lead, Kindly Light.


Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see . . .
I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, . .
And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces smile, . .
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride ruled my will. Re-mem - ber not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while! A - MEN.

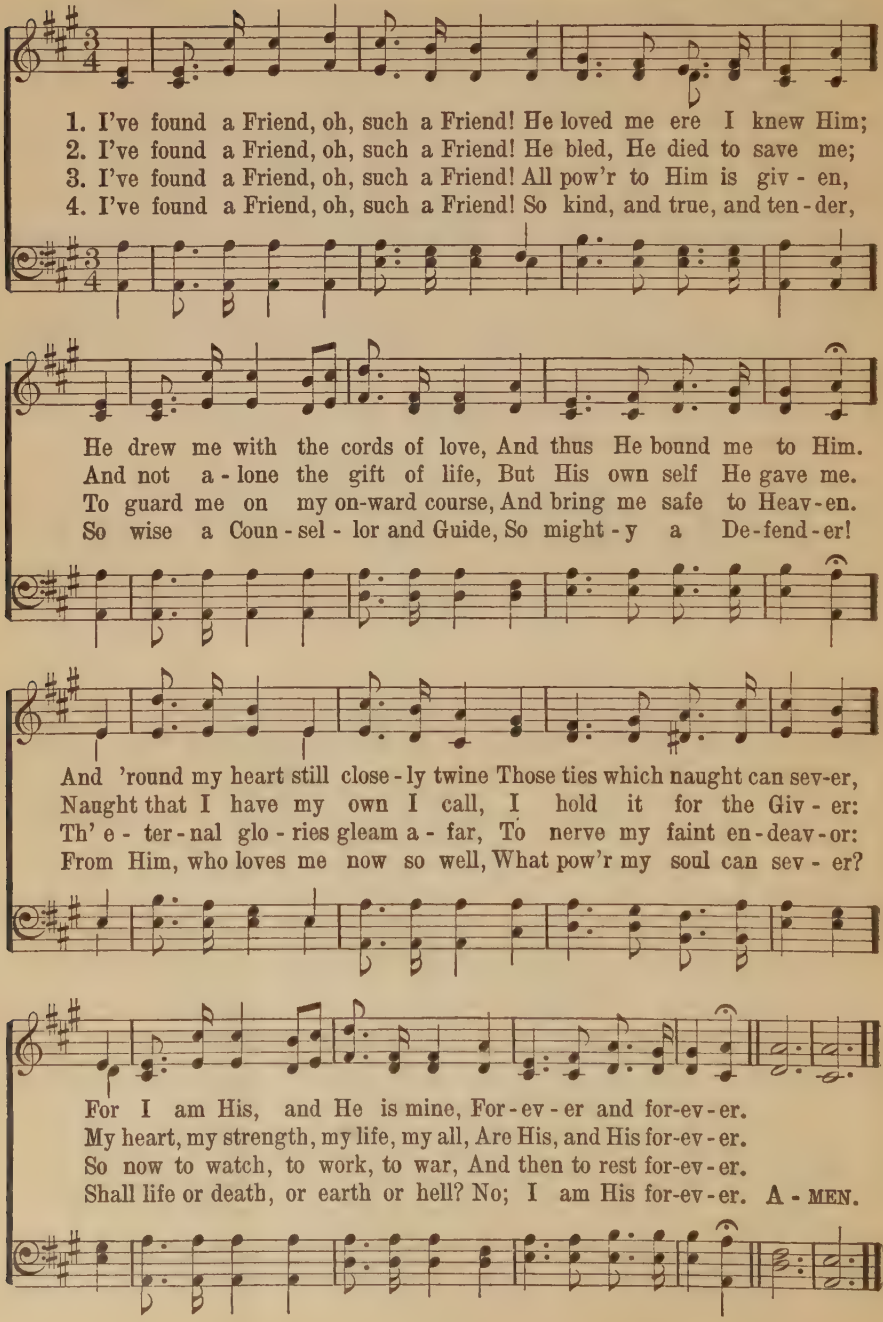
32 Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. *Dennis. S. M.* Hans G. Naegeli.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love; The fel - low-
2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers; Our fears, our
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur-dens bear; And oft - en
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain; But we shall
ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain. A - MEN.

33 I've Found a Friend.

J. G. Small. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! All pow'r to Him is giv - en,
4. I've found a Friend, oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
To guard me on my on-ward course, And bring me safe to Heav-en.
So wise a Coun - sel - lor and Guide, So might - y a De-fend-er!
And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er:
Th' e - ter - nal glo - ries gleam a - far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or:
From Him, who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?
For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev - er and for-ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev - er.
So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev - er. A - MEN.

Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

C. H. G.

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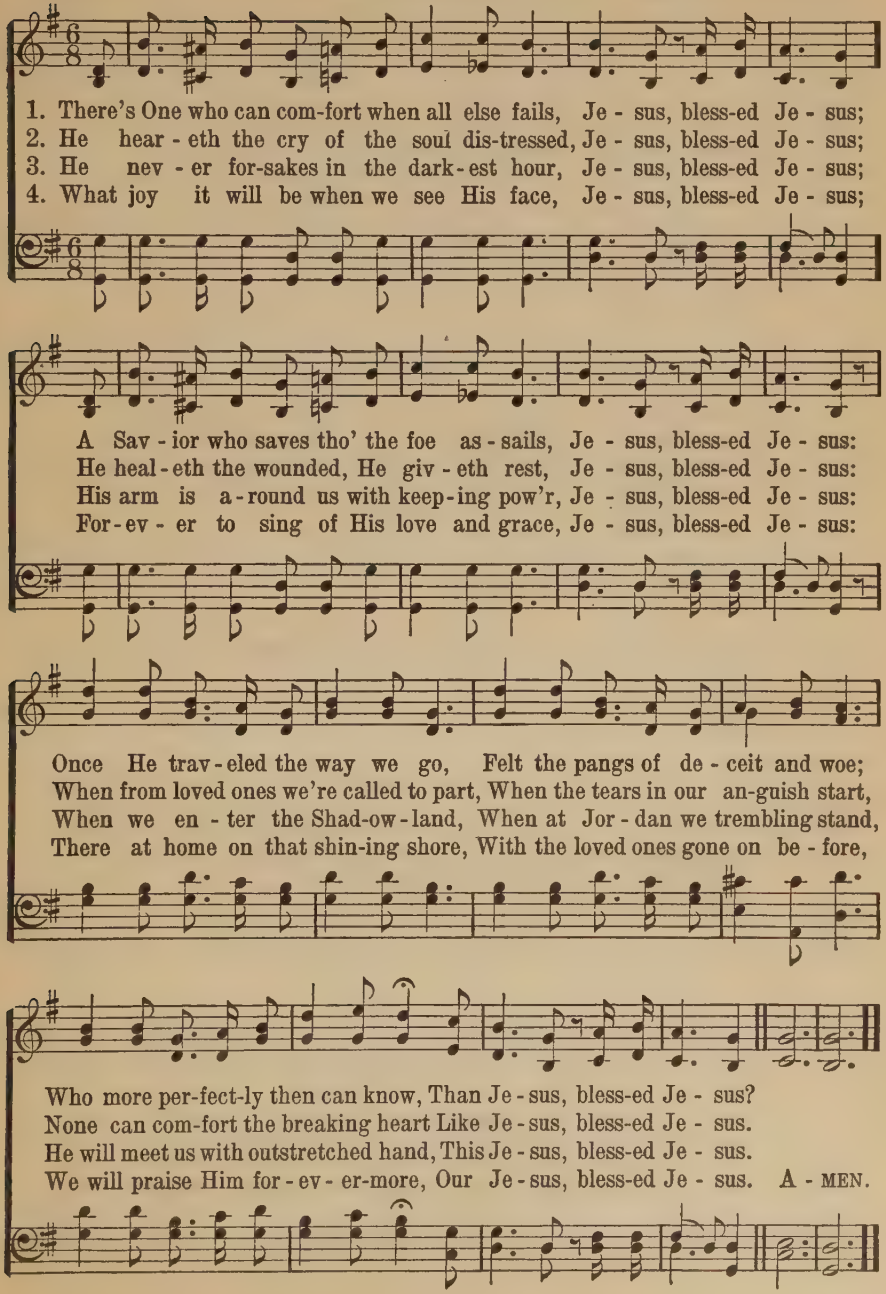
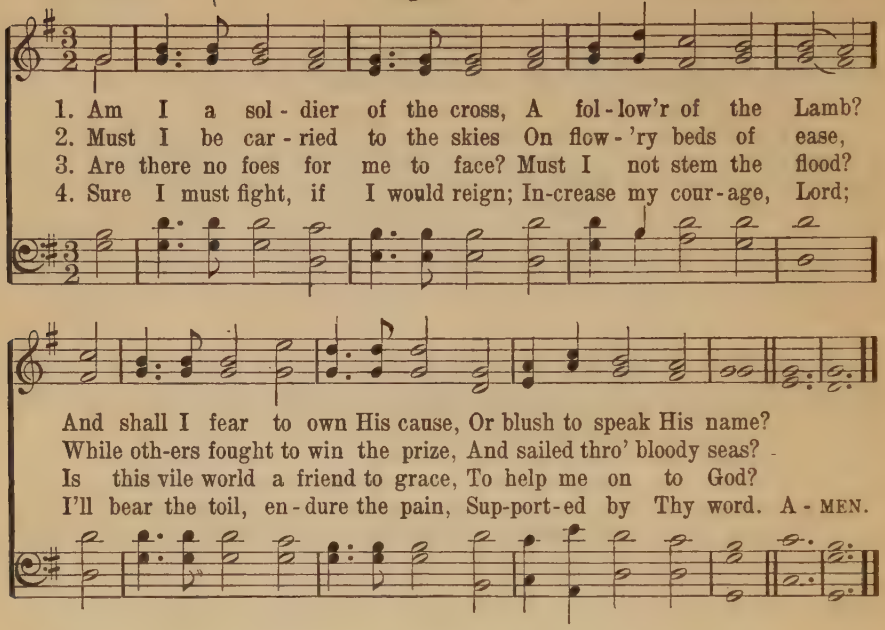
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There's One who can com-fort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. He hear - eth the cry of the soul dis-tressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
4. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
A Sav - ior who saves tho' the foe as - sails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
He heal-eth the wounded, He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
His arm is a-round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
For-ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
Once He trav-eled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
When from loved ones we're called to part, When the tears in our an-guish start,
When we en - ter the Shad-ow-land, When at Jor - dan we trembling stand,
There at home on that shin-ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be - fore,
Who more per-fect-ly then can know, Than Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus?
None can com-fort the breaking heart Like Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
He will meet us with outstretched hand, This Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
We will praise Him for - ev - er-more, Our Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus. A - MEN.

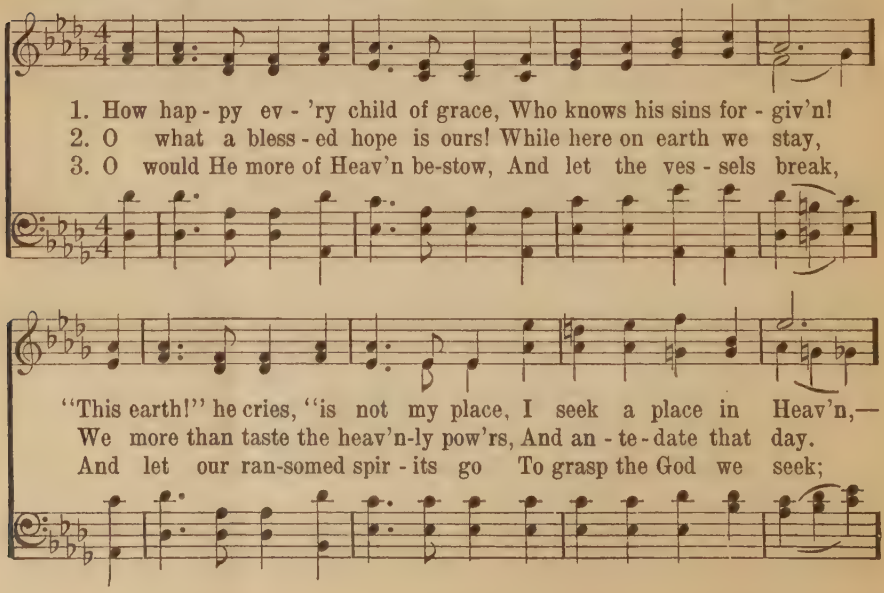
35 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

Isaac Watts. *Arlington. C. M.* Thomas A. Arne.

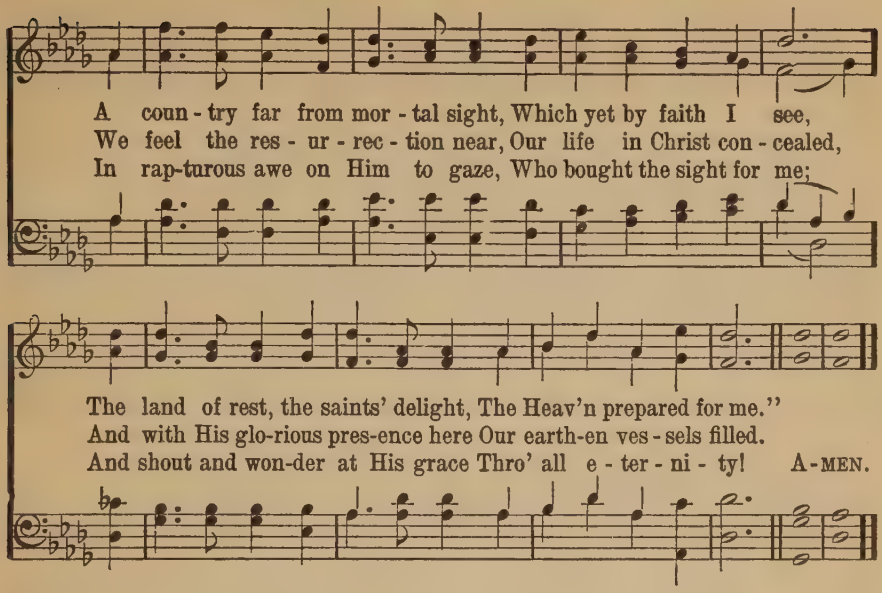

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - low'r of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign; In-crease my cour - age, Lord;
And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. A - MEN.

36 How Happy Every Child of Grace.

Charles Wesley. *Materna. C. M. D.* Samuel A. Ward.

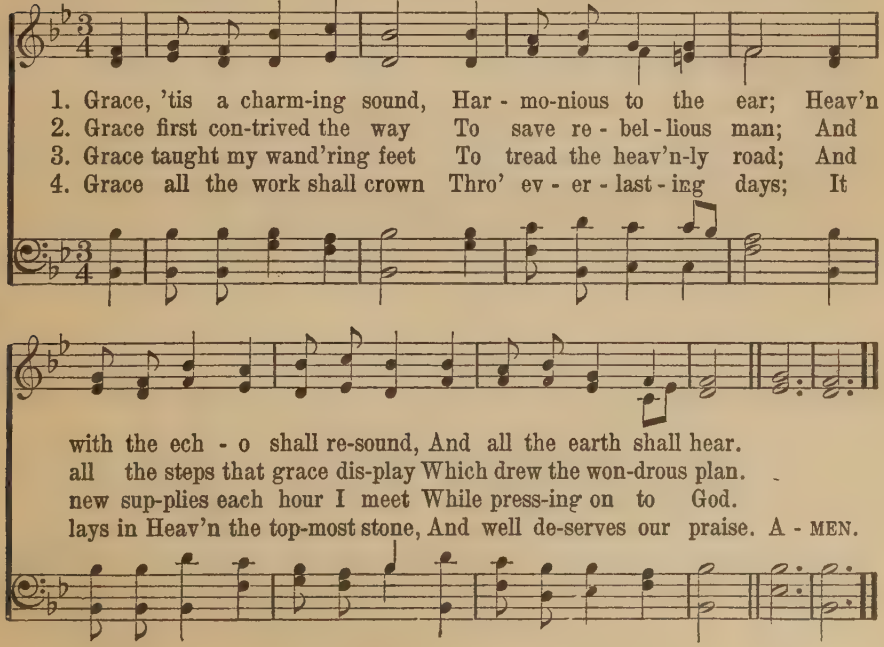

1. How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for - giv'n!
2. O what a bless - ed hope is ours! While here on earth we stay,
3. O would He more of Heav'n be-stow, And let the ves - sels break,
"This earth!" he cries, "is not my place, I seek a place in Heav'n,—
We more than taste the heav'n-ly pow'rs, And an - te - date that day.
And let our ran-somed spir - its go To grasp the God we seek;

How Happy Every Child of Grace.


A coun - try far from mor - tal sight, Which yet by faith I see,
We feel the res - ur - rec - tion near, Our life in Christ con - cealed,
In rap-turous awe on Him to gaze, Who bought the sight for me;
The land of rest, the saints' delight, The Heav'n prepared for me."
And with His glo-rious pres-ence here Our earth-en ves - sels filled.
And shout and won-der at His grace Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty! A-MEN.

37 Grace, 'Tis a Charming Sound.

Philip Doddridge. *Olmutz. S. M.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. Grace, 'tis a charm-ing sound, Har - mo-nious to the ear; Heav'n
2. Grace first con-trived the way To save re - bel - lious man; And
3. Grace taught my wand'ring feet To tread the heav'n-ly road; And
4. Grace all the work shall crown Thro' ev - er - last - ing days; It
with the ech - o shall re-sound, And all the earth shall hear.
all the steps that grace dis-play Which drew the won-drous plan.
new sup-plies each hour I meet While press-ing on to God.
lays in Heav'n the top-most stone, And well de-serves our praise. A - MEN.

Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

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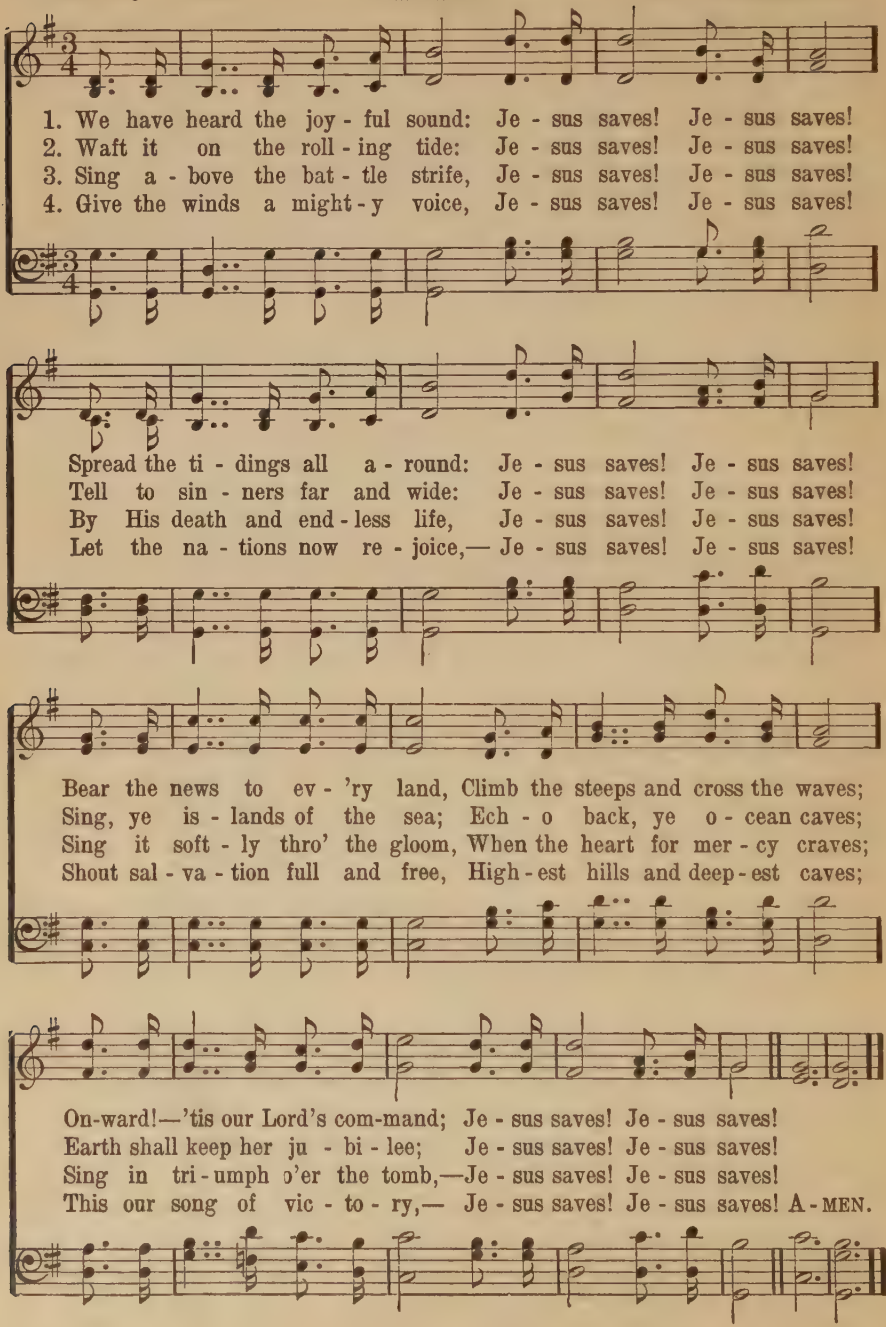
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;
On-ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves! A - MEN.

39 Jesus is All the World to Me.

W. L. T.

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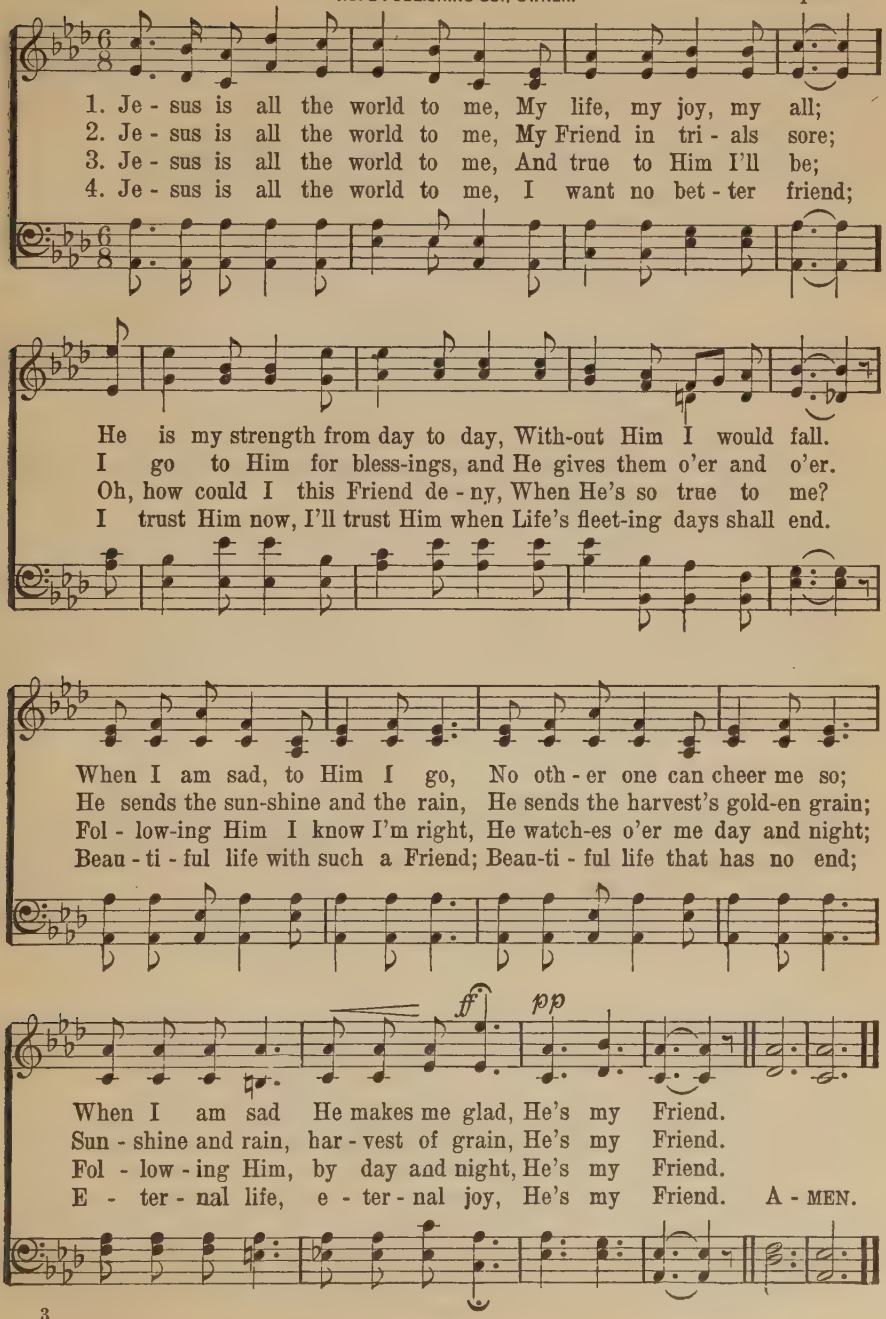
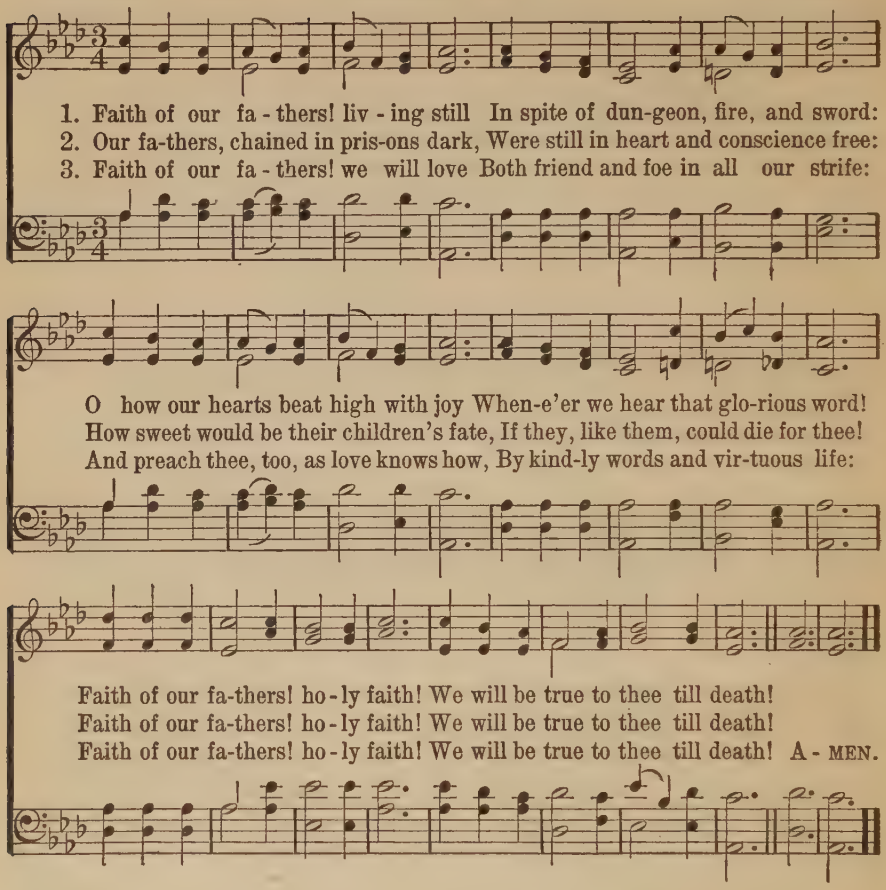

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol - low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me day and night;
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;
ff
pp
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend. A - MEN.

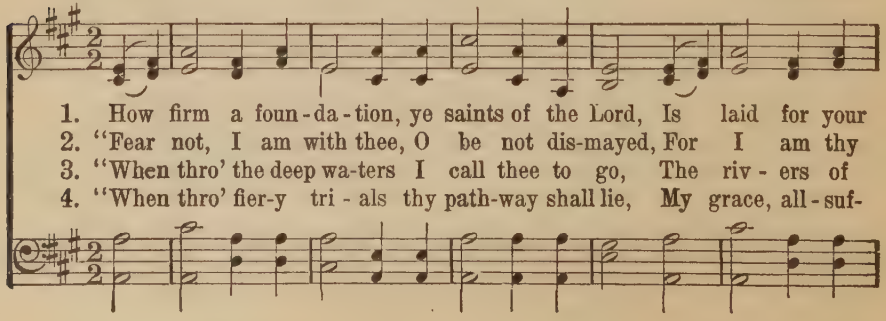
40 Faith of Our Fathers.

Frederick W. Faber. *St. Catherine. L. M. 6l.* H. F. Hemy.

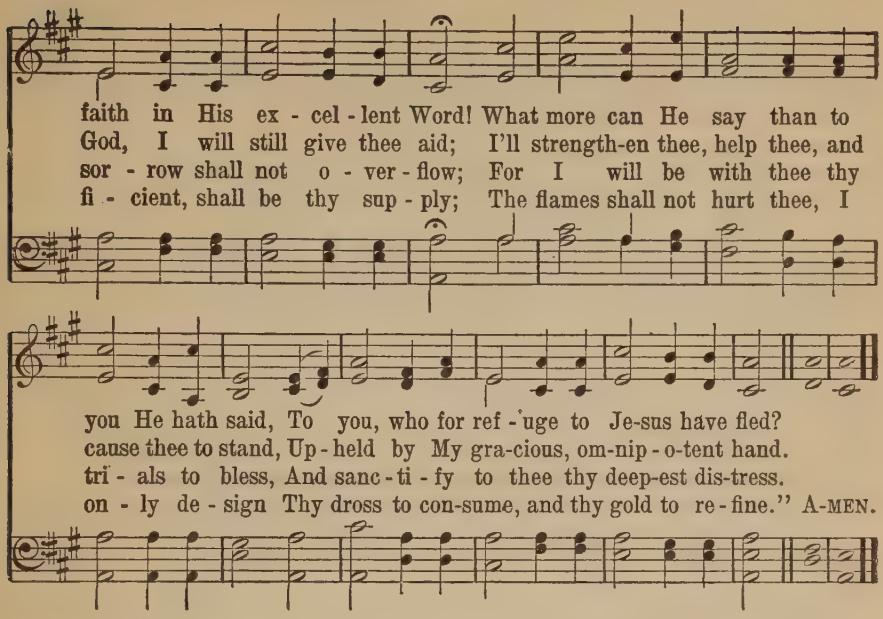

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire, and sword:
2. Our fa-thers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free:
3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife:
O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word!
How sweet would be their children's fate, If they, like them, could die for thee!
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death!
Faith of our fa-thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death! A - MEN.

41 How Firm a Foundation.

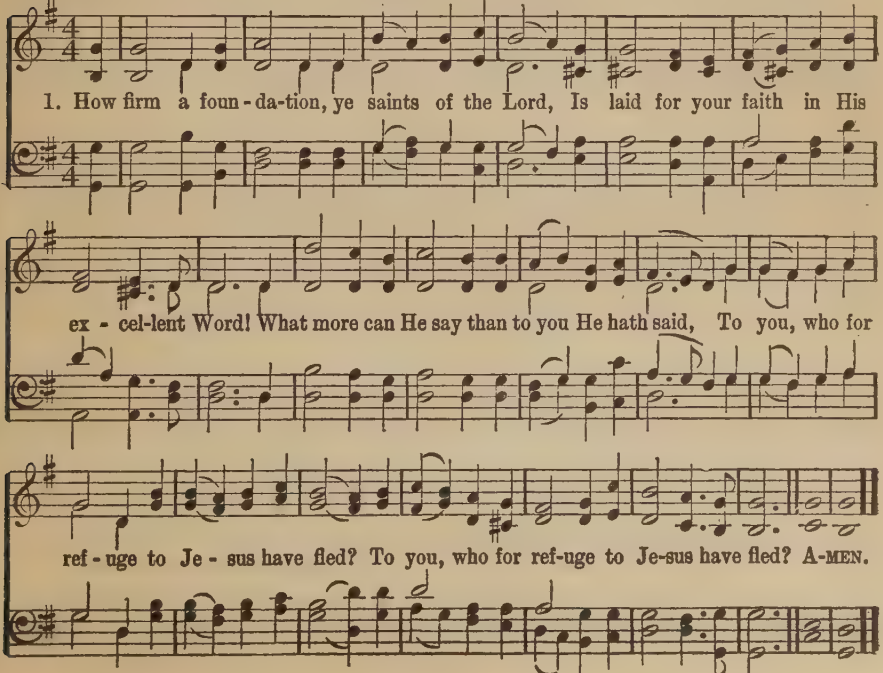
George Keith. *Foundation. 11s.* Anne Steele.


1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-mayed, For I am thy
3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv - ers of
4. "When thro' fier-y tri - als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all - suf-

How Firm a Foundation.

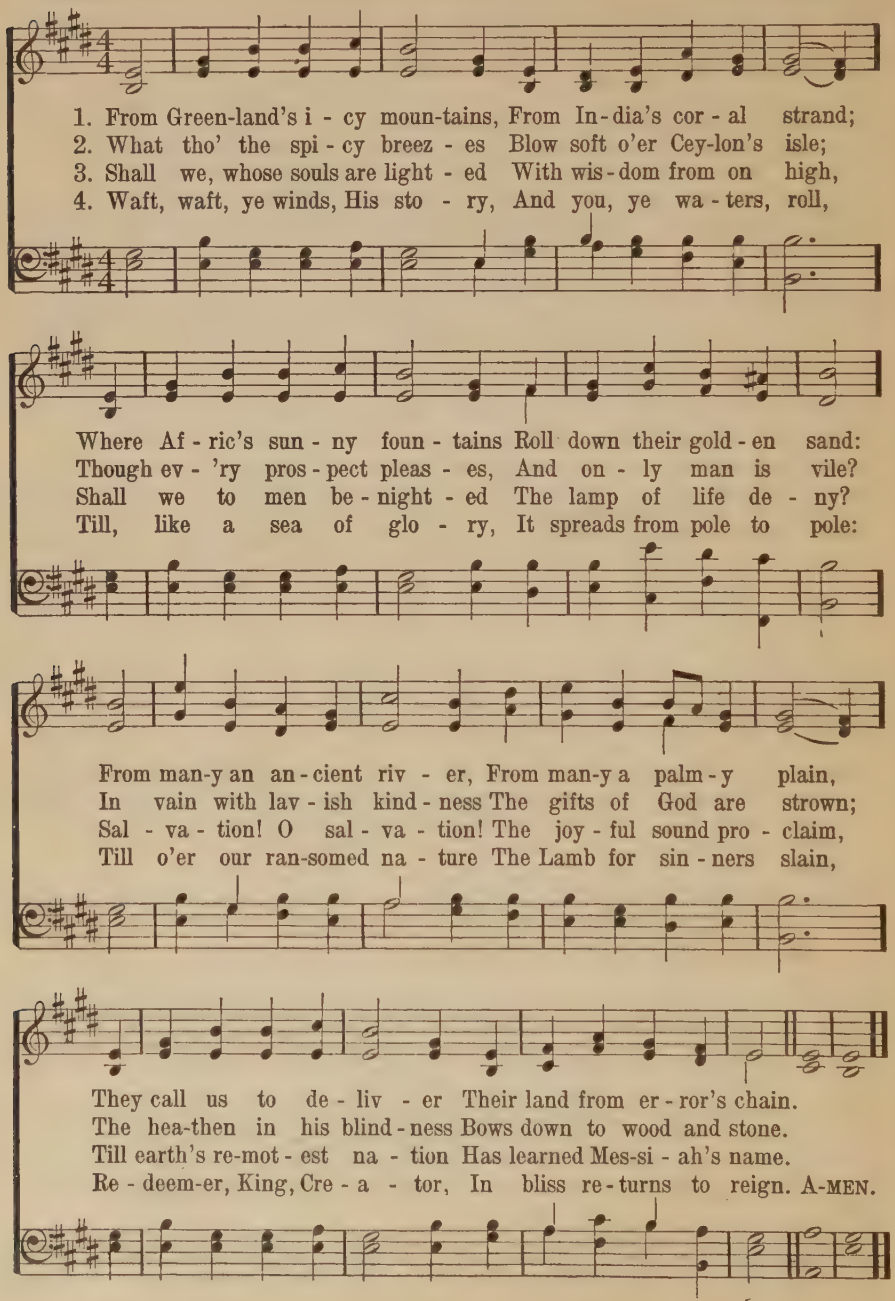

faith in His ex - cel - lent Word! What more can He say than to
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength-en thee, help thee, and
sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be with thee thy
fi - cient, shall be thy sup - ply; The flames shall not hurt thee, I
you He hath said, To you, who for ref - uge to Je-sus have fled?
cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra-cious, om-nip - o-tent hand.
tri - als to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
on - ly de - sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re - fine." A-MEN.

[Second Tune.] *Portuguese Hymn. 11s.* Unknown.

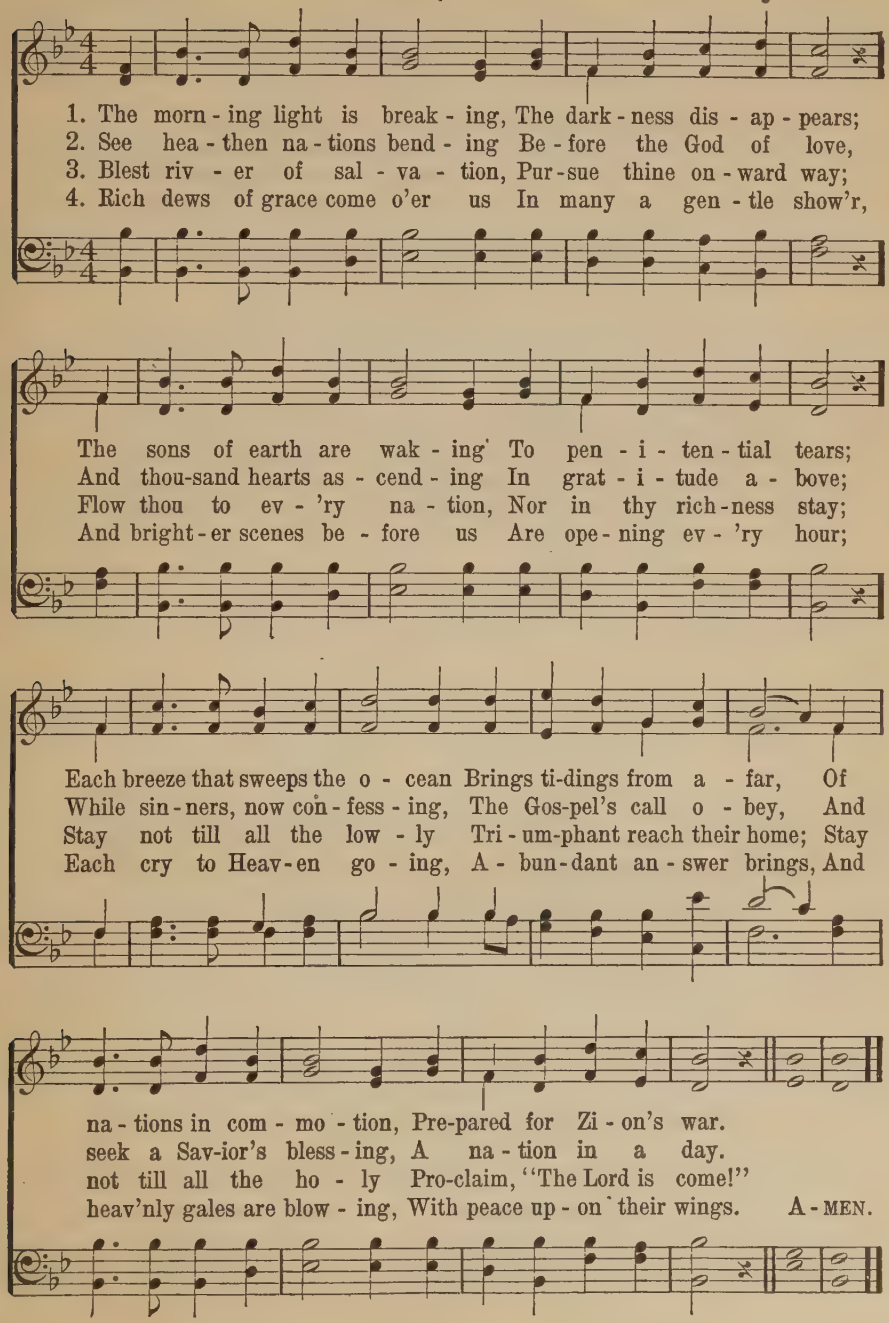

1. How firm a foun - da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His
ex - cel-lent Word! What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for
ref - uge to Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? A-MEN.

42 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

Reginald Heber. *Missionary Hymn. 7s. 6s. D.* Lowell Mason.

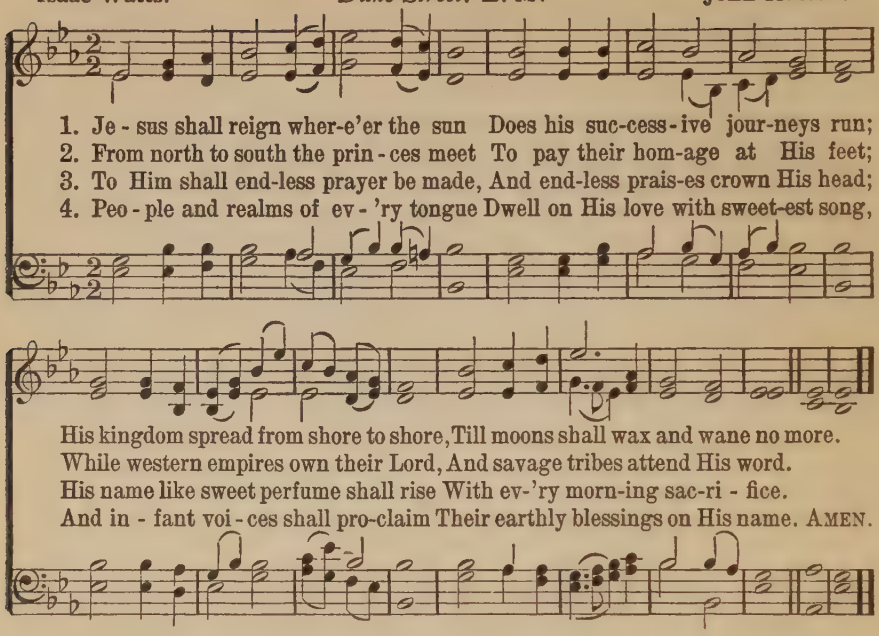

1. From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand;
2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle;
3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis-dom from on high,
4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,
Where Af - ric's sun - ny foun - tains Roll down their gold - en sand:
Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile?
Shall we to men be - night - ed The lamp of life de - ny?
Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole:
From man-y an an-cient riv - er, From man-y a palm - y plain,
In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
Sal - va - tion! O sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
Till o'er our ran-somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,
They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
The hea-then in his blind - ness Bows down to wood and stone.
Till earth's re-mot - est na - tion Has learned Mes-si - ah's name.
Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign. A-MEN.

43 The Morning Light is Breaking.

S. F. Smith. *Webb. 7s. 6s. D.* G. J. Webb.

1. The morn - ing light is break - ing, The dark - ness dis - ap - pears;
2. See hea - then na - tions bend - ing Be - fore the God of love,
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur - sue thine on - ward way;
4. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gen - tle show'r,
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears;
And thou-sand hearts as - cend - ing In grat - i - tude a - bove;
Flow thou to ev - 'ry na - tion, Nor in thy rich - ness stay;
And bright - er scenes be - fore us Are ope - ning ev - 'ry hour;
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean Brings ti-dings from a - far, Of
While sin - ners, now con - fess - ing, The Gos-pel's call o - bey, And
Stay not till all the low - ly Tri - um-phant reach their home; Stay
Each cry to Heav - en go - ing, A - bun - dant an - swer brings, And
na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre-pared for Zi - on's war.
seek a Sav-ior's bless - ing, A na - tion in a day.
not till all the ho - ly Pro-claim, "The Lord is come!"
heav'nly gales are blow - ing, With peace up - on their wings. A - MEN.

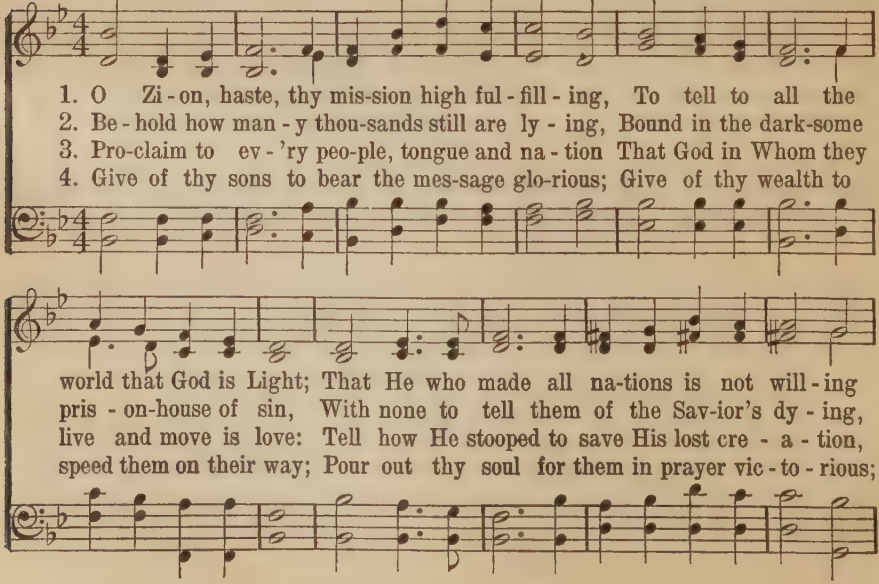
44 Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Duke Street. L. M.* John Hatton.

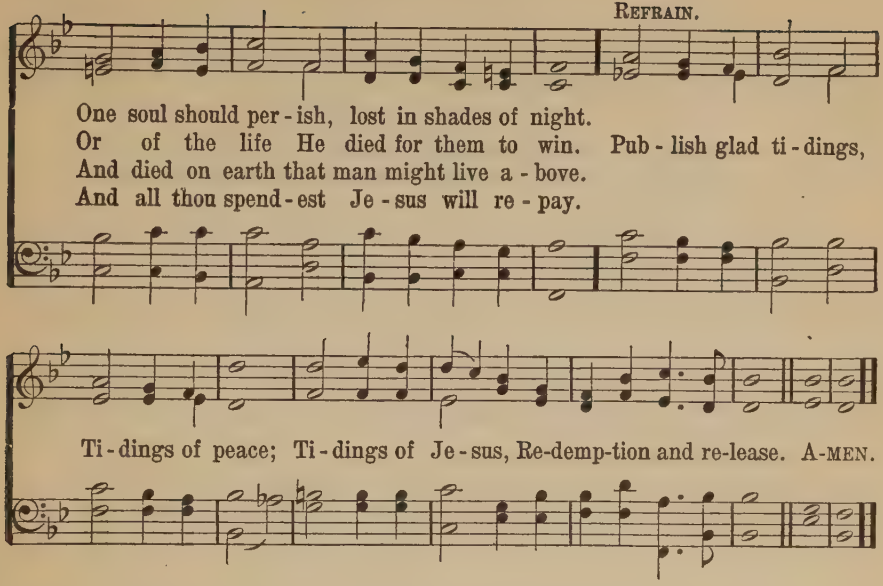

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-cess-ive jour-neys run;
2. From north to south the prin - ces meet To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall end-less prayer be made, And end-less prais-es crown His head;
4. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweet-est song,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
While western empires own their Lord, And savage tribes attend His word.
His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac-ri - fice.
And in - fant voi - ces shall pro-claim Their earthly blessings on His name. AMEN.

45 O Zion, Haste.

Mary A. Thomson. *Tidings. P. M.* James Walch.

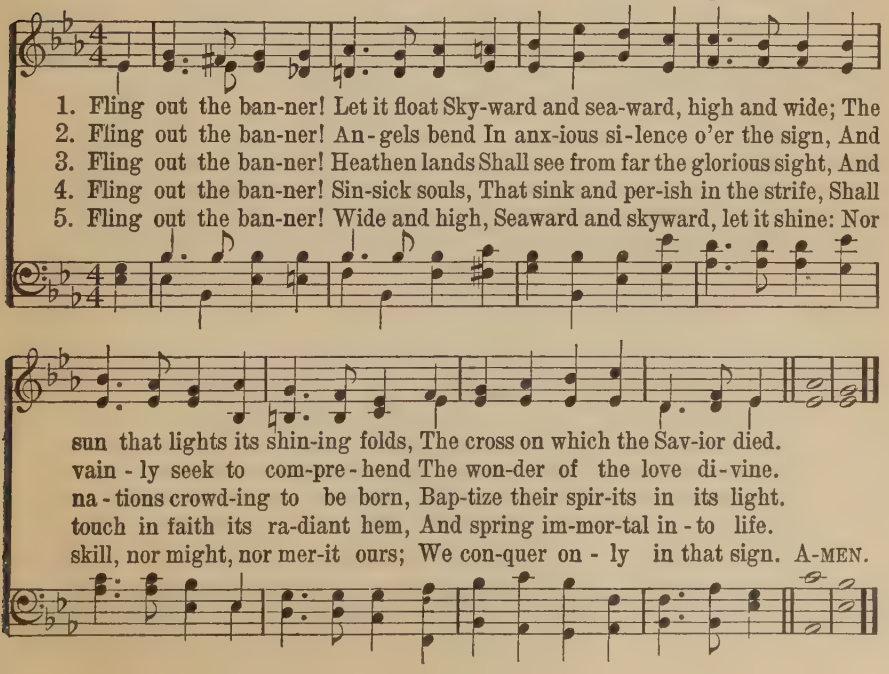

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thou-sands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na - tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of thy sons to bear the mes-sage glo-rious; Give of thy wealth to
world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;

O Zion, Haste.

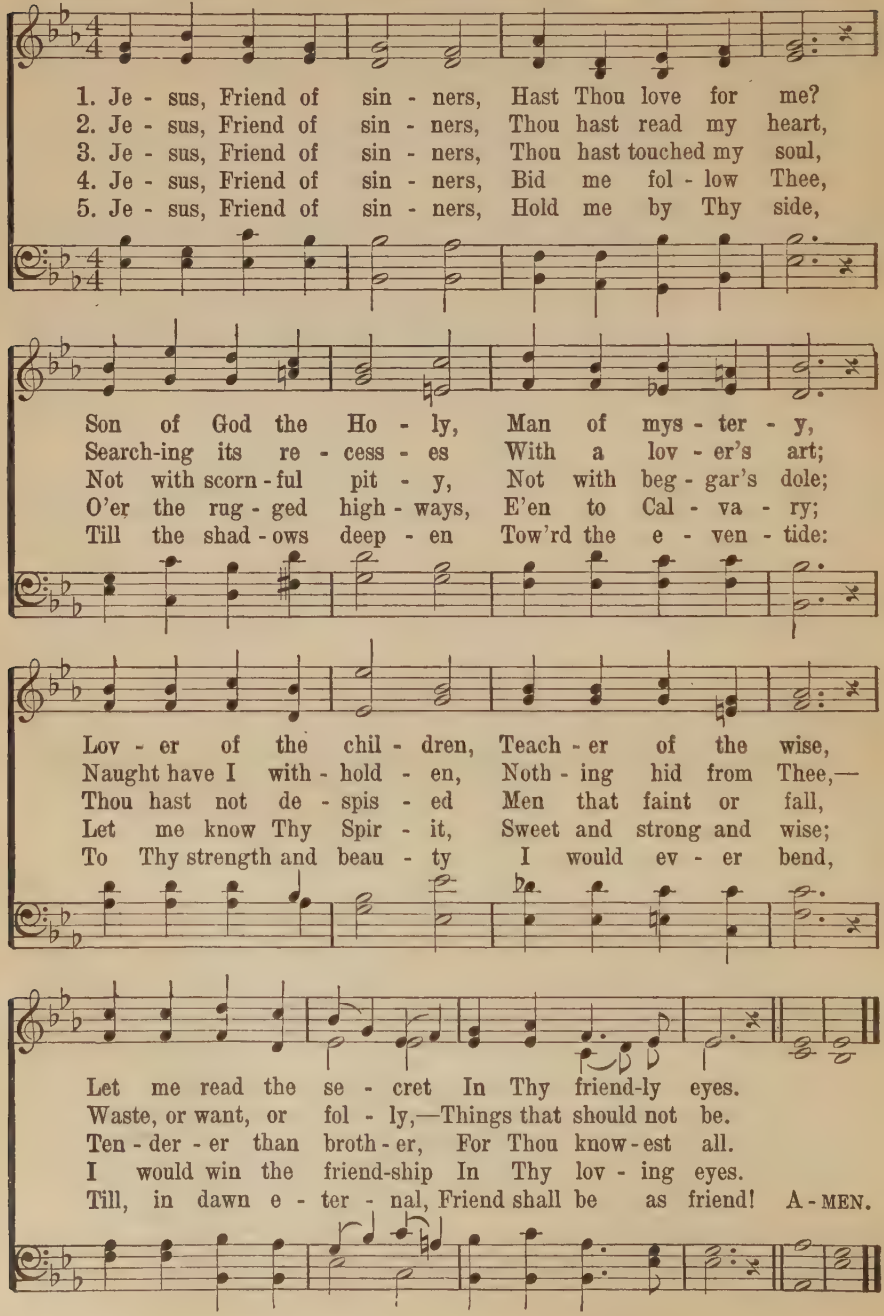

REFRAIN.
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend - est Je - sus will re - pay.
Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Re-demp-tion and re-lease. A-MEN.

46 Fling Out the Banner! Let It Float.

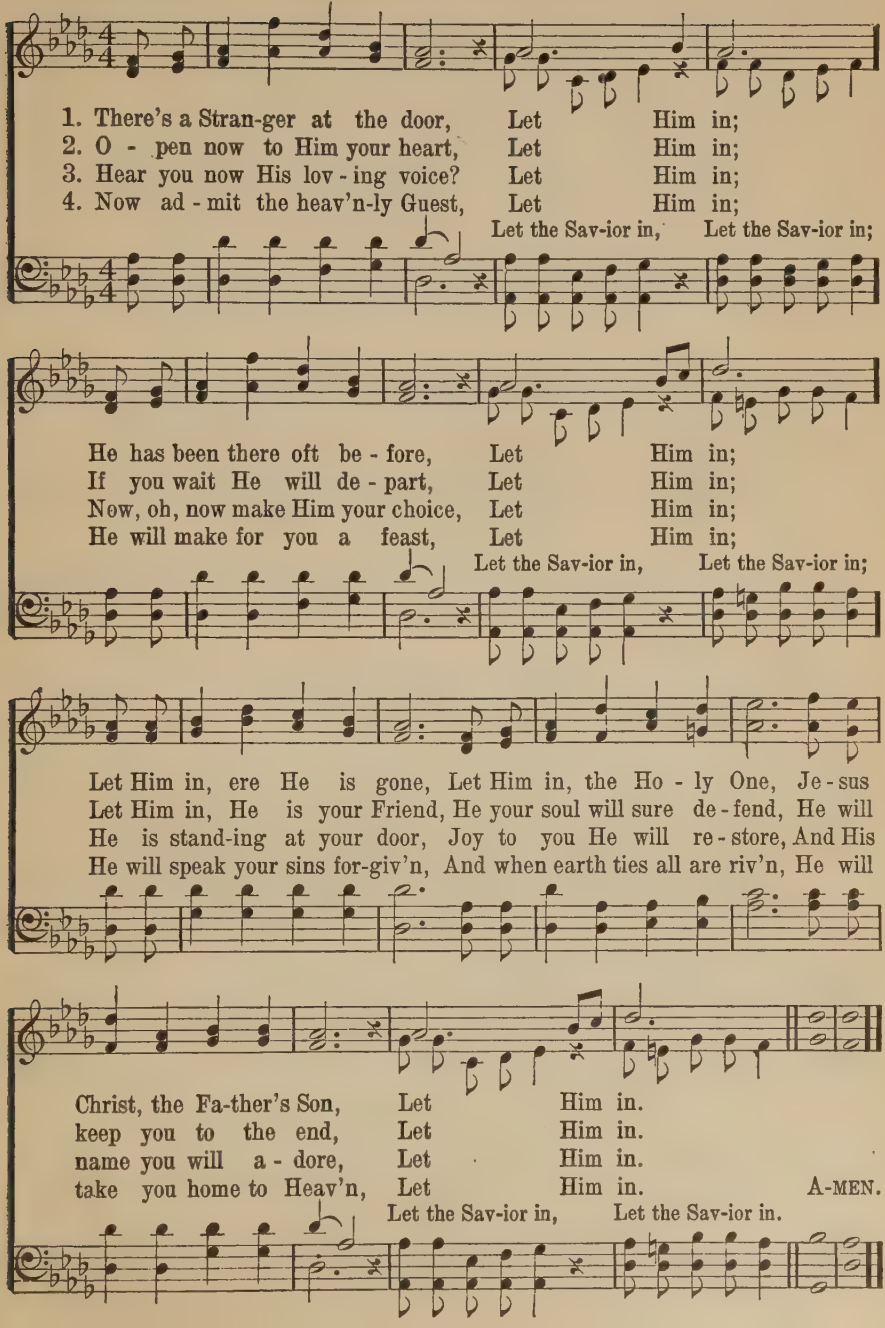
George W. Doane. *Doane. L. M.* J. Baptiste Calkin.


1. Fling out the ban-ner! Let it float Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide; The
2. Fling out the ban-ner! An - gels bend In anx-ious si-lence o'er the sign, And
3. Fling out the ban-ner! Heathen lands Shall see from far the glorious sight, And
4. Fling out the ban-ner! Sin-sick souls, That sink and per-ish in the strife, Shall
5. Fling out the ban-ner! Wide and high, Seaward and skyward, let it shine: Nor
sun that lights its shin-ing folds, The cross on which the Sav-ior died.
vain - ly seek to com-pre - hend The won-der of the love di - vine.
na - tions crowd-ing to be born, Bap-tize their spir-its in its light.
touch in faith its ra-diant hem, And spring im-mor-tal in - to life.
skill, nor might, nor mer-it ours; We con-quer on - ly in that sign. A-MEN.

47 Jesus, Friend of Sinners.

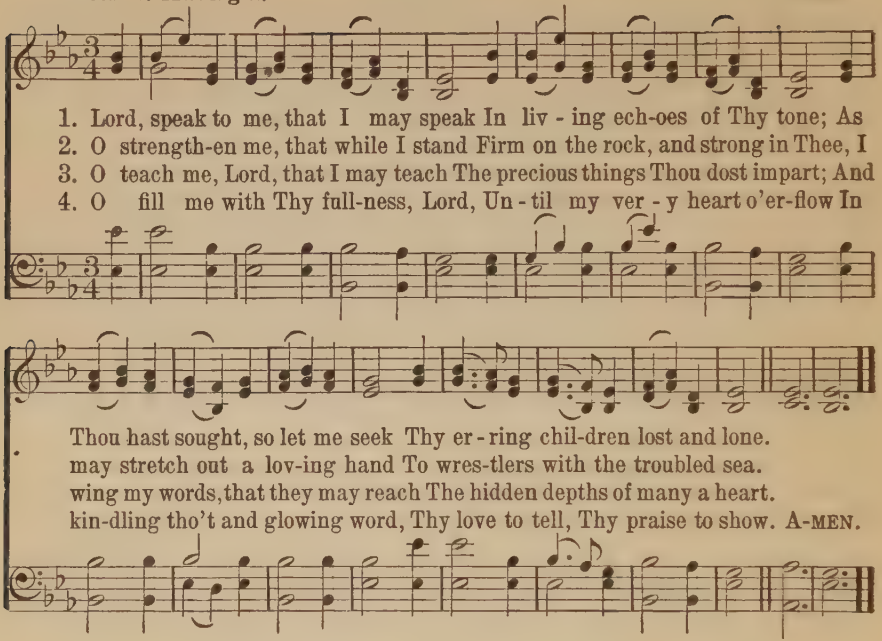
Charles Irvin Junkin. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHARLES IRVIN JUNKIN. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hast Thou love for me?
2. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast read my heart,
3. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast touched my soul,
4. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Bid me fol - low Thee,
5. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hold me by Thy side,
Son of God the Ho - ly, Man of mys - ter - y,
Search-ing its re - cess - es With a lov - er's art;
Not with scorn - ful pit - y, Not with beg - gar's dole;
O'er the rug - ged high - ways, E'en to Cal - va - ry;
Till the shad - ows deep - en Tow'rd the e - ven - tide:
Lov - er of the chil - dren, Teach - er of the wise,
Naught have I with - hold - en, Noth - ing hid from Thee,—
Thou hast not de - spis - ed Men that faint or fall,
Let me know Thy Spir - it, Sweet and strong and wise;
To Thy strength and beau - ty I would ev - er bend,
Let me read the se - cret In Thy friend-ly eyes.
Waste, or want, or fol - ly,—Things that should not be.
Ten - der - er than broth - er, For Thou know - est all.
I would win the friend-ship In Thy lov - ing eyes.
Till, in dawn e - ter - nal, Friend shall be as friend! A - MEN.

Let Him In.

J. B. Atchinson. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je - sus
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend, He will
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re - store, And His
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n, He will
Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
keep you to the end, Let Him in.
name you will a - dore, Let Him in.
take you home to Heav'n, Let Him in. A-MEN.
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.

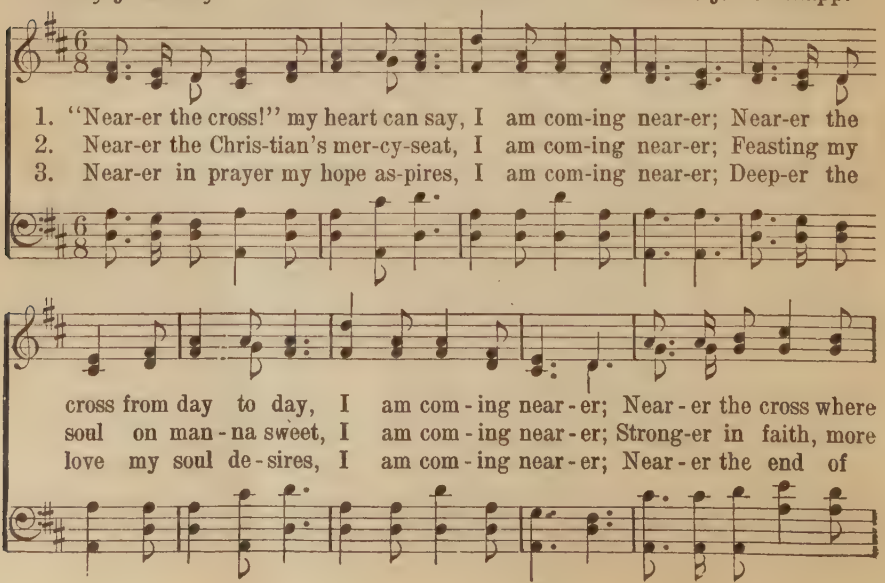
49 Lord, Speak to Me.

Frances R. Havergal. *Gratitude. L. M.* A. Bost.

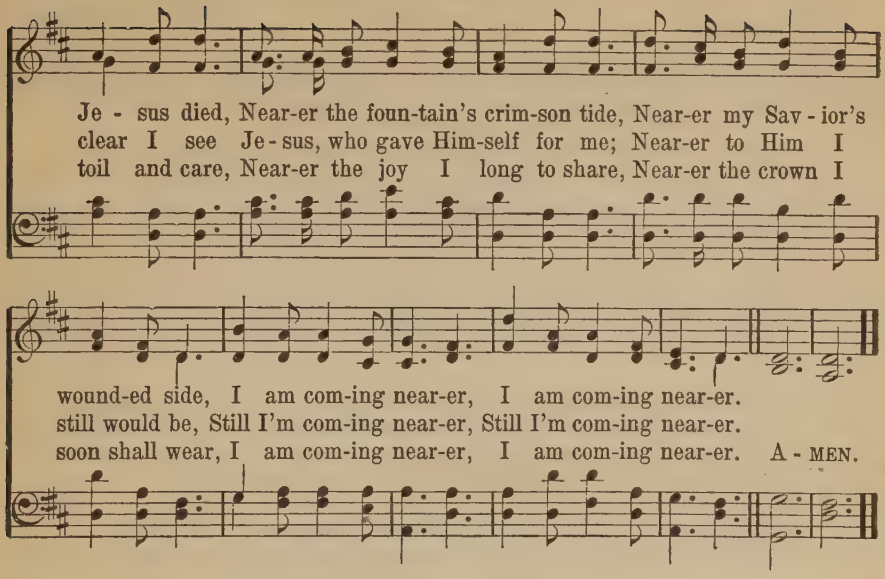

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech-oes of Thy tone; As
2. O strength-en me, that while I stand Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee, I
3. O teach me, Lord, that I may teach The precious things Thou dost impart; And
4. O fill me with Thy full-ness, Lord, Un - til my ver - y heart o'er-flow In
Thou hast sought, so let me seek Thy er - ring chil-dren lost and lone.
may stretch out a lov-ing hand To wres-tlers with the troubled sea.
wing my words, that they may reach The hidden depths of many a heart.
kin-dling tho't and glowing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show. A-MEN.

50 Nearer the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

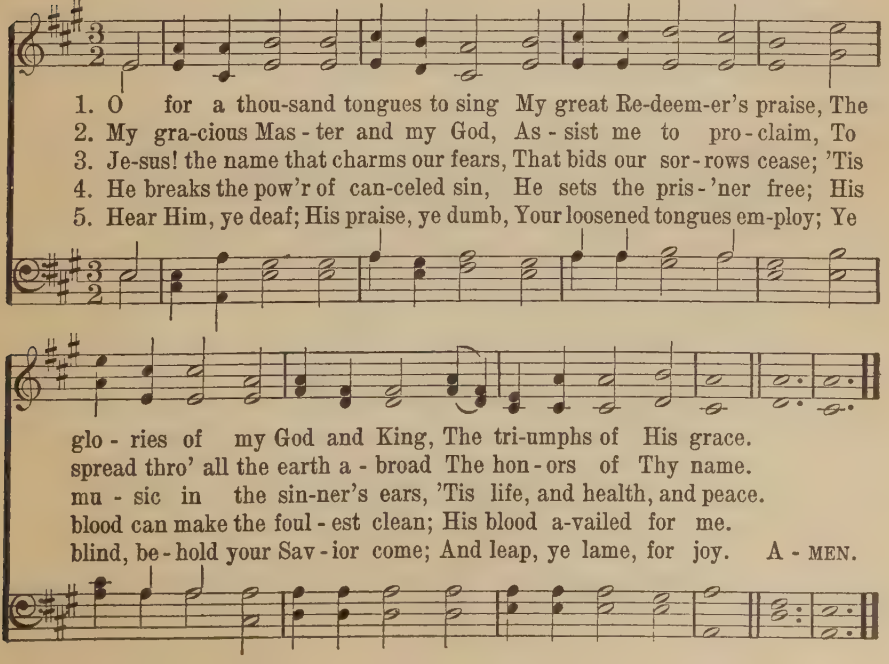

1. "Near-er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near-er; Near-er the
2. Near-er the Chris-tian's mer-cy-seat, I am com-ing near-er; Feasting my
3. Near-er in prayer my hope as-pires, I am com-ing near-er; Deep-er the
cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where
soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er; Strong-er in faith, more
love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of

Nearer the Cross.


Je - sus died, Near-er the foun-tain's crim-son tide, Near-er my Sav - ior's
clear I see Je - sus, who gave Him-self for me; Near-er to Him I
toil and care, Near-er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I
wound-ed side, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er.
still would be, Still I'm com-ing near-er, Still I'm com-ing near-er.
soon shall wear, I am com-ing near-er, I am com-ing near-er. A - MEN.

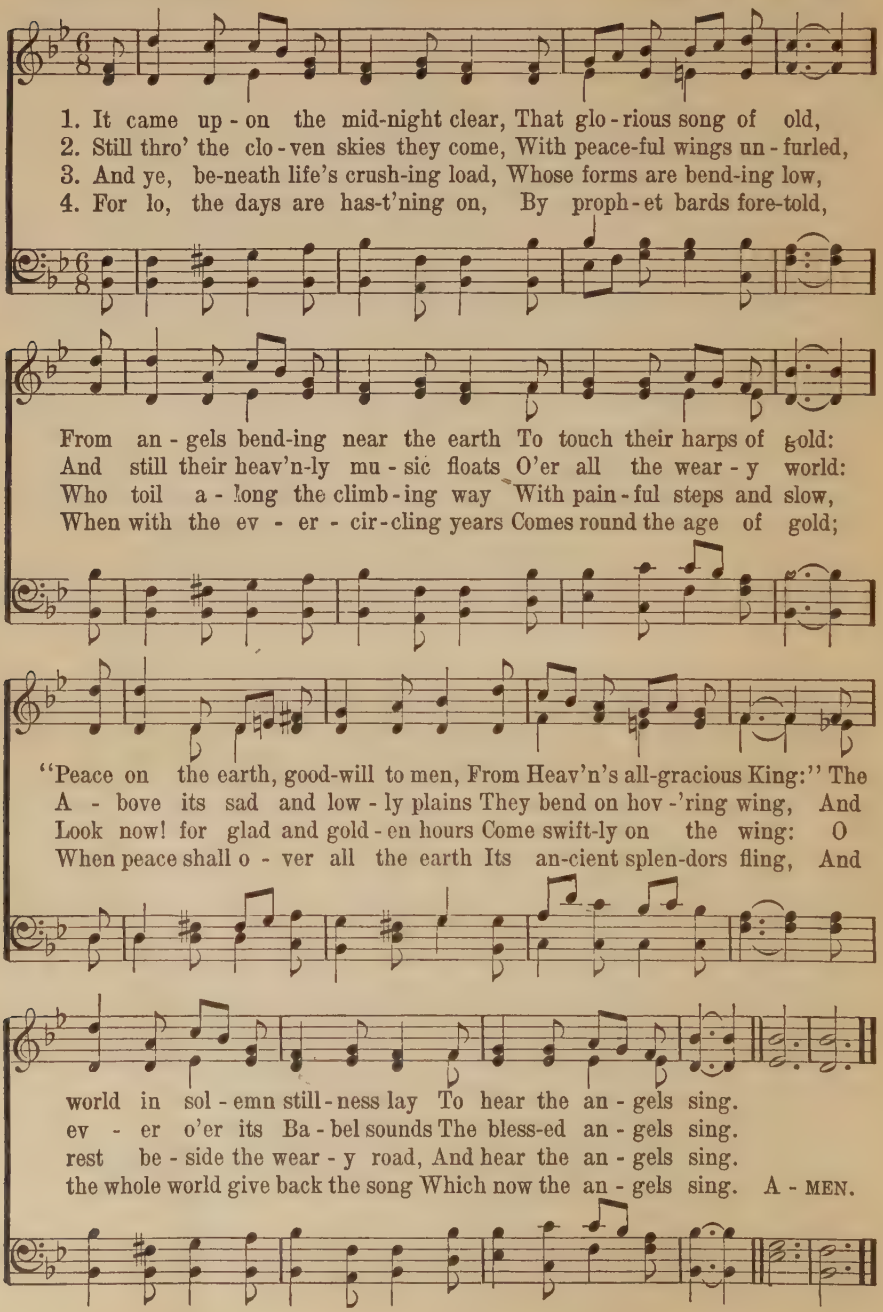
51 O For a Thousand Tongues.

Charles Wesley. *Azmon. C. M.* Carl G. Glaser.
Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise, The
2. My gra-cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim, To
3. Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That bids our sor - rows cease; 'Tis
4. He breaks the pow'r of can-celed sin, He sets the pris - 'ner free; His
5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb, Your loosened tongues em-ploy; Ye
glo - ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
spread thro' all the earth a - broad The hon - ors of Thy name.
mu - sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
blood can make the foul - est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.
blind, be - hold your Sav - ior come; And leap, ye lame, for joy. A - MEN.

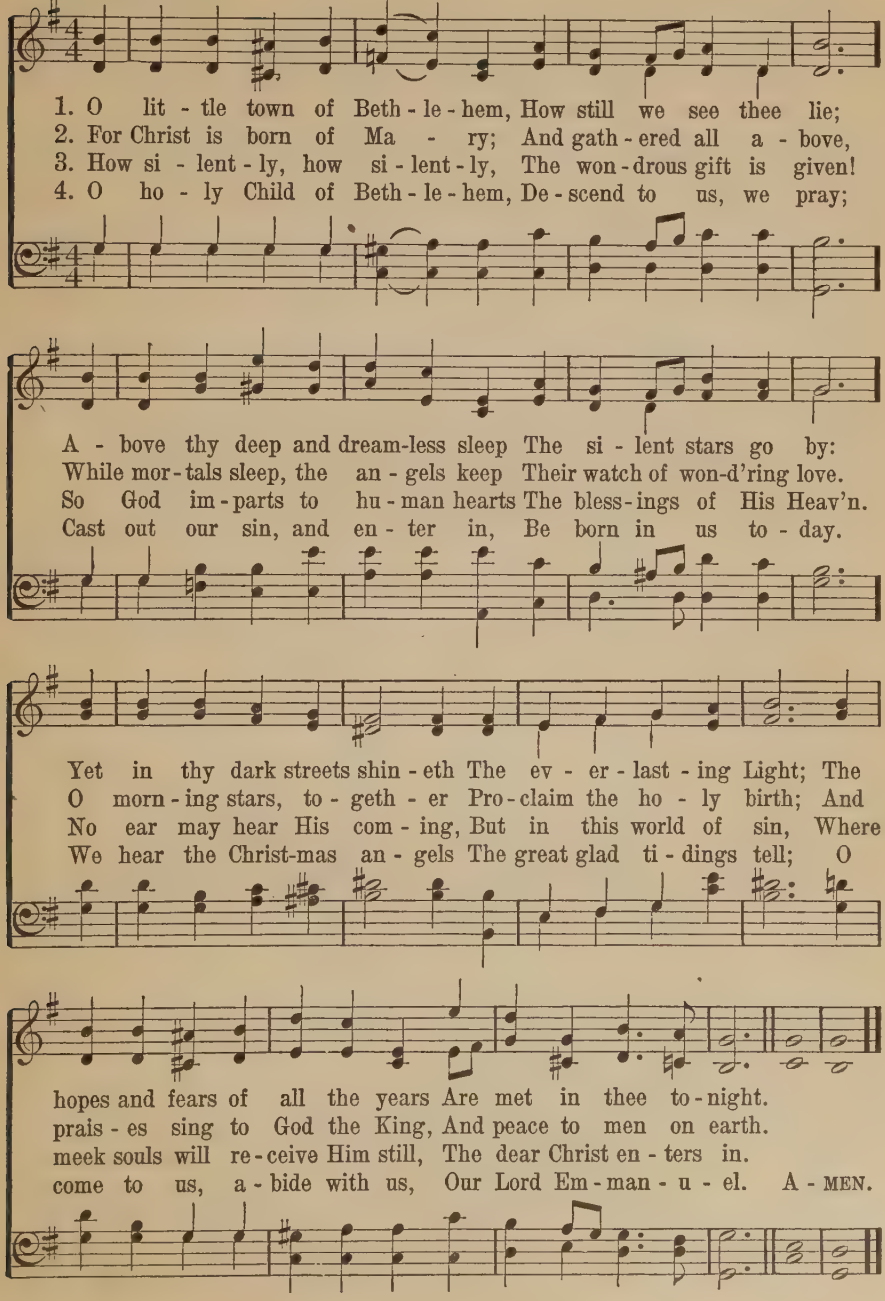
52 It Came Upon the Midnight.

Edmund H. Sears. *Carol. C. M. D.* Richard S. Willis.


1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of old,
2. Still thro' the clo - ven skies they come, With peace-ful wings un - furled,
3. And ye, be-neath life's crush-ing load, Whose forms are bend-ing low,
4. For lo, the days are has-t'ning on, By proph - et bards fore-told,
From an - gels bend-ing near the earth To touch their harps of gold:
And still their heav'n-ly mu - sic floats O'er all the wear - y world:
Who toil a - long the climb - ing way With pain - ful steps and slow,
When with the ev - er - cir - cling years Comes round the age of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men, From Heav'n's all-gracious King:" The
A - bove its sad and low - ly plains They bend on hov - 'ring wing, And
Look now! for glad and gold - en hours Come swift-ly on the wing: O
When peace shall o - ver all the earth Its an-cient splen-dors fling, And
world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.
ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds The bless-ed an - gels sing.
rest be - side the wear - y road, And hear the an - gels sing.
the whole world give back the song Which now the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

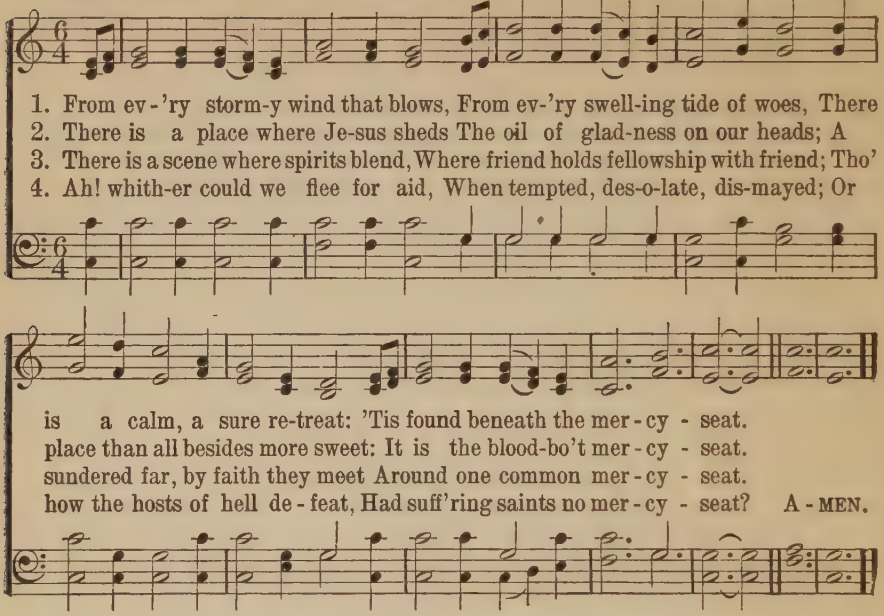
53 O Little Town of Bethlehem.

Phillips Brooks. *St. Louis.* 8. 6. 8. 6. 7. 6. 8. 6. Lewis H. Redner.


1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem, How still we see thee lie;
2. For Christ is born of Ma - ry; And gath - ered all a - bove,
3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is given!
4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem, De - scend to us, we pray;
A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by:
While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of won-d'ring love.
So God im - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His Heav'n.
Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.
Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light; The
O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth; And
No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin, Where
We hear the Christ-mas an - gels The great glad ti - dings tell; O
hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
prais - es sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth.
meek souls will re - ceive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el. A - MEN.

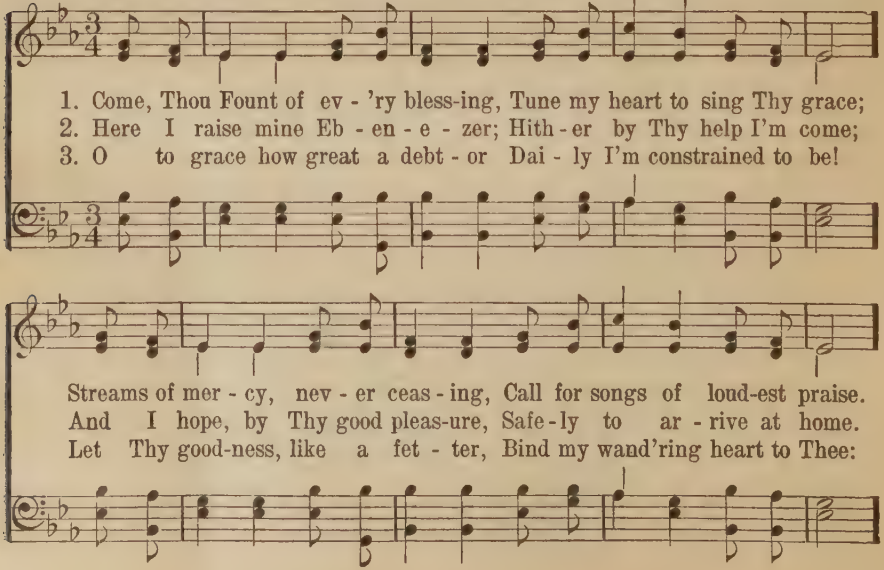
54 From Every Stormy Wind.

Hugh Stowell. *Retreat. L. M.* Thomas Hastings.

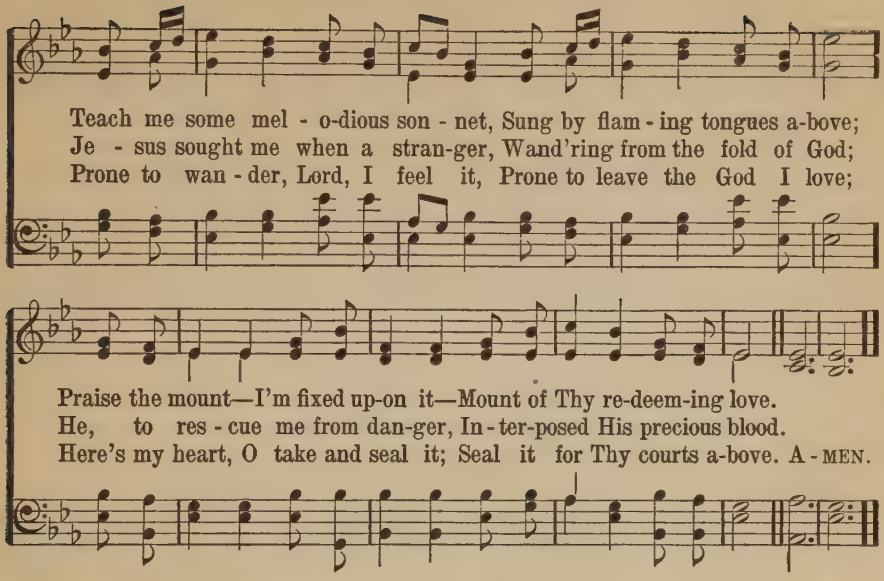

1. From ev-'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There
2. There is a place where Je-sus sheds The oil of glad-ness on our heads; A
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend; Tho'
4. Ah! whith-er could we flee for aid, When tempted, des-o-late, dis-mayed; Or
is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy - seat.
place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bo't mer-cy - seat.
sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy - seat.
how the hosts of hell de-feat, Had suff'ring saints no mer-cy - seat? A-MEN.

55 Come, Thou Fount.

Robert Robinson. *Nettleton. 8s. 7s. D.* John Wyeth.

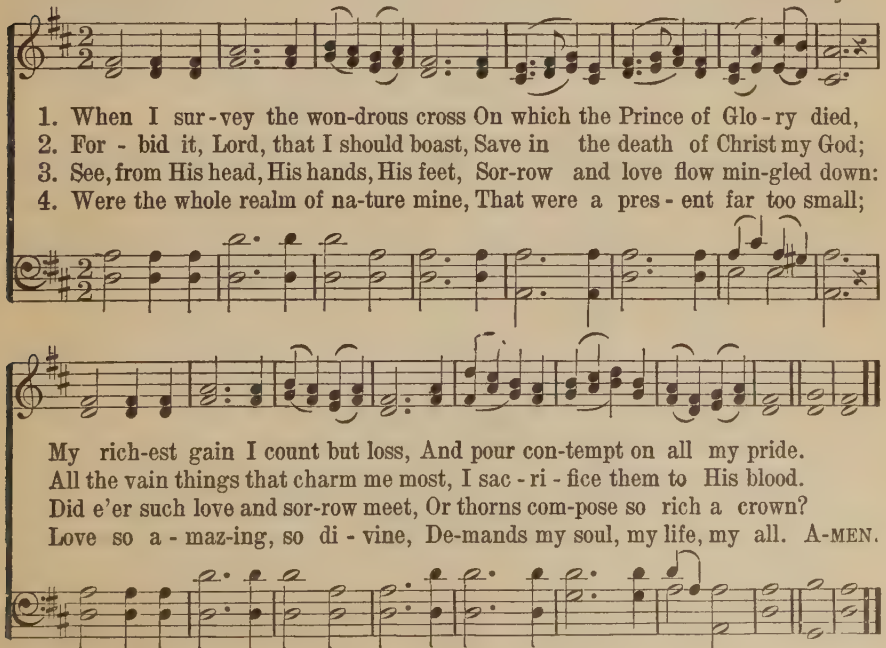

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
2. Here I raise mine Eb-en-e-zer; Hith-er by Thy help I'm come;
3. O to grace how great a debt-or Dai-ly I'm constrained to be!
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise.
And I hope, by Thy good pleas-ure, Safe-ly to ar-rive at home.
Let Thy good-ness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee:

Come, Thou Fount.

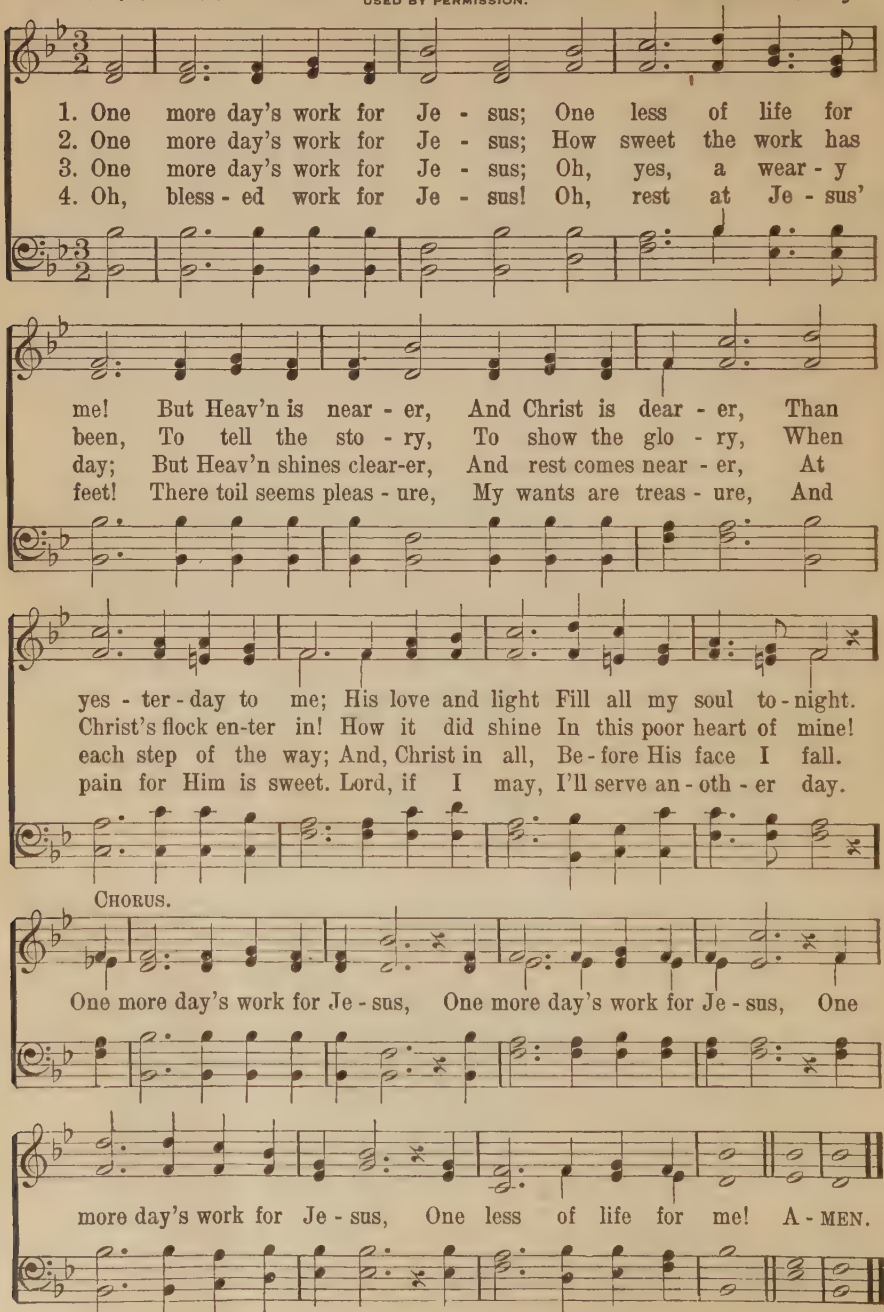

Teach me some mel - o-dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a-bove;
Je - sus sought me when a stran-ger, Wand'ring from the fold of God;
Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed up-on it—Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.
He, to res - cue me from dan-ger, In - ter-posed His precious blood.
Here's my heart, O take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a-bove. A - MEN.

56 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. *Eucharist. L. M.* I. Woodbury.

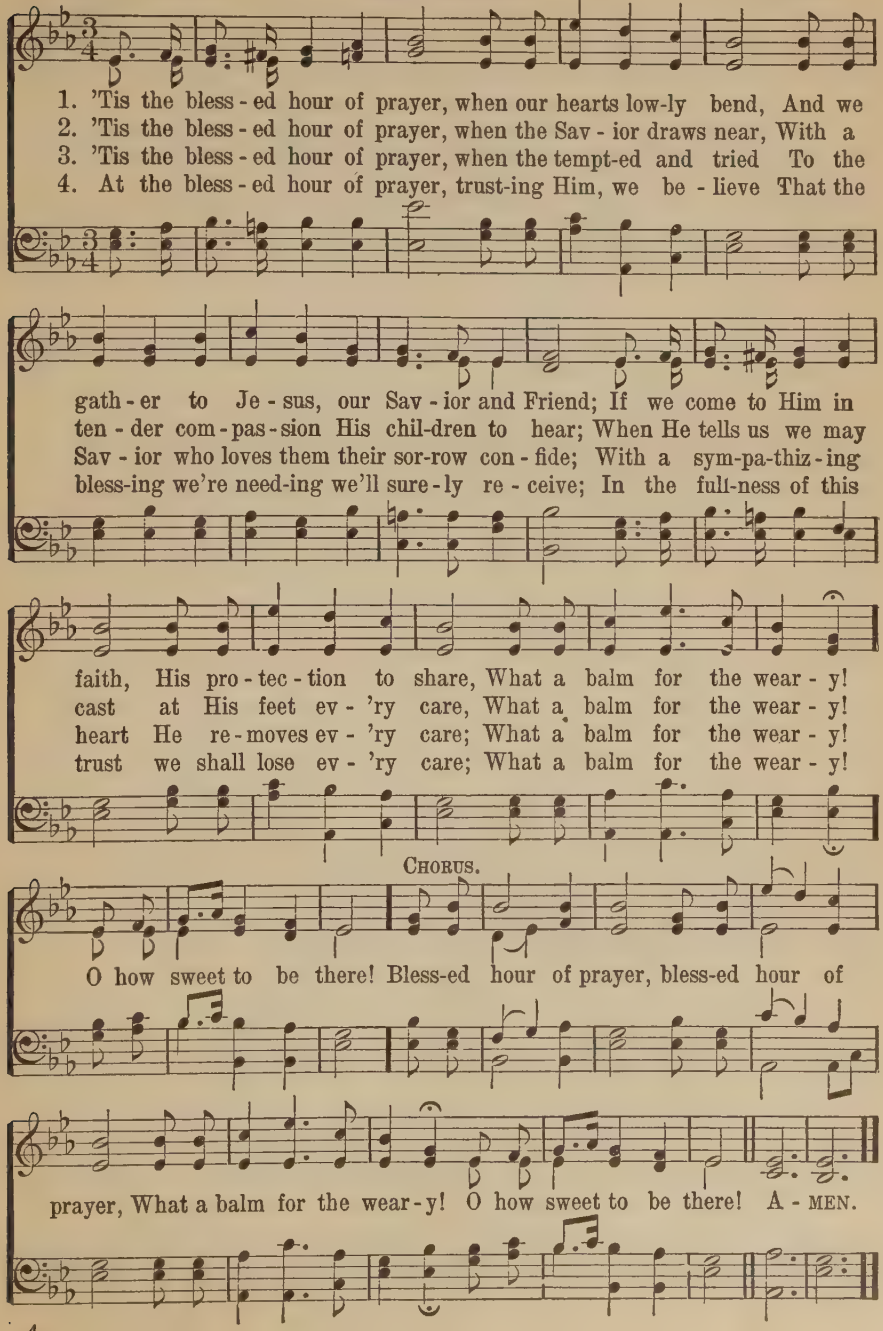

1. When I sur - vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of Glo - ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ my God;
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a - maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all. A-MEN.

57 One More Day's Work for Jesus.

Anna B. Warner. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robt. Lowry.

1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; Oh, yes, a wear - y
4. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je - sus'
me! But Heav'n is near - er, And Christ is dear - er, Than
been, To tell the sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When
day; But Heav'n shines clear-er, And rest comes near - er, At
feet! There toil seems pleas - ure, My wants are treas - ure, And
yes - ter - day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to - night.
Christ's flock en-ter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine!
each step of the way; And, Christ in all, Be - fore His face I fall.
pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.
CHORUS.
One more day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus, One
more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me! A - MEN.

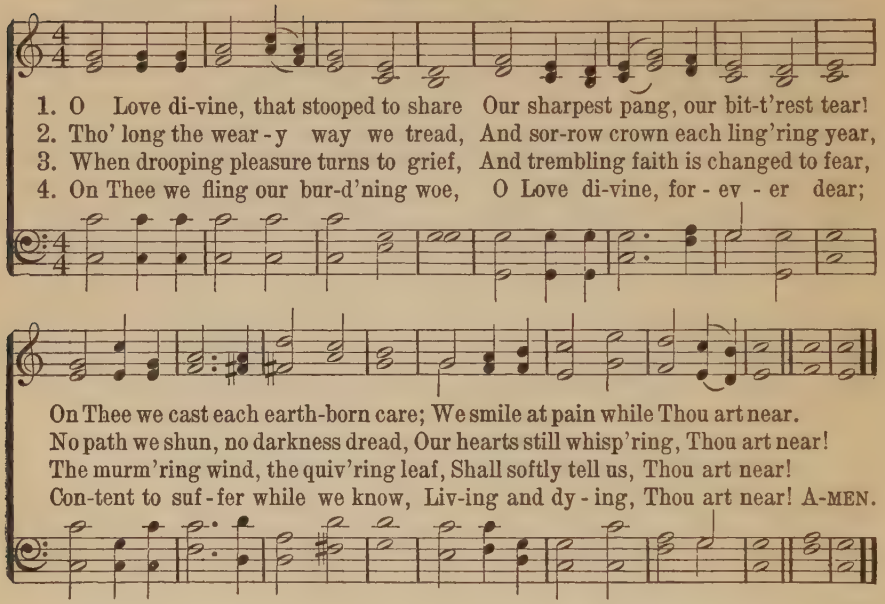
58 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
FANNIE T. DOANE, OWNER. W. H. Doane.


1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him, we be - lieve That the
gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com - pas - sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav - ior who loves them their sor-row con - fide; With a sym-pa-thiz - ing
bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full-ness of this
faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wear - y!
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wear - y!
heart He re - moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wear - y!
CHORUS.
O how sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of
prayer, What a balm for the wear - y! O how sweet to be there! A - MEN.

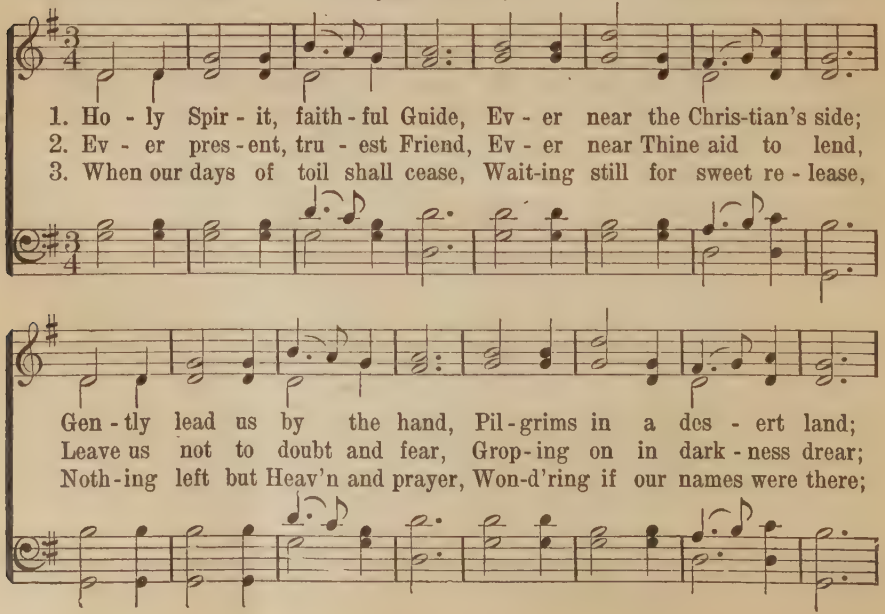
59 O Love Divine.

Oliver W. Holmes. *Zephyr. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

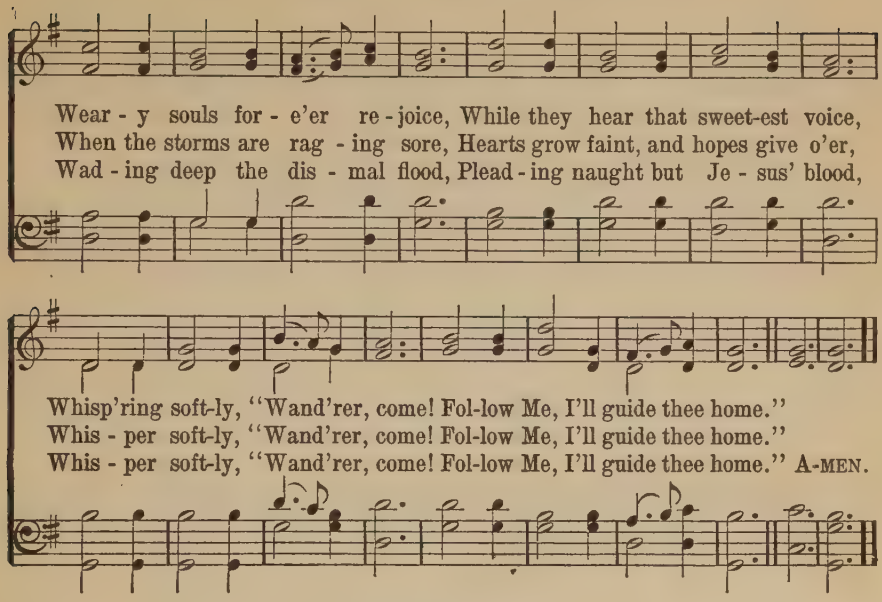

1. O Love di-vine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bit-t'rest tear!
2. Tho' long the wear-y way we tread, And sor-row crown each ling'ring year,
3. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
4. On Thee we fling our bur-d'ning woe, O Love di-vine, for-ev-er dear;
On Thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while Thou art near.
No path we shun, no darkness dread, Our hearts still whisp'ring, Thou art near!
The murm'ring wind, the quiv'ring leaf, Shall softly tell us, Thou art near!
Con-tent to suf-fer while we know, Liv-ing and dy-ing, Thou art near! A-MEN.

60 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

Marcus M. Wells. *Faithful Guide. 7s. D.* Marcus M. Wells.

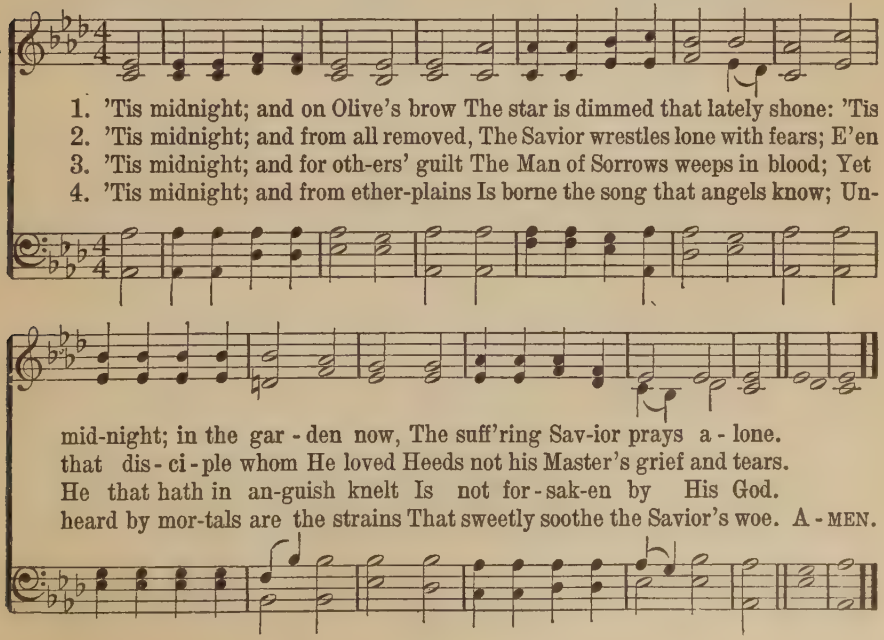

1. Ho-ly Spir-it, faith-ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side;
2. Ev-er pres-ent, tru-est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re-lease,
Gen-tly lead us by the hand, Pil-grims in a des-ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear;
Noth-ing left but Heav'n and prayer, Won-d'ring if our names were there;

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

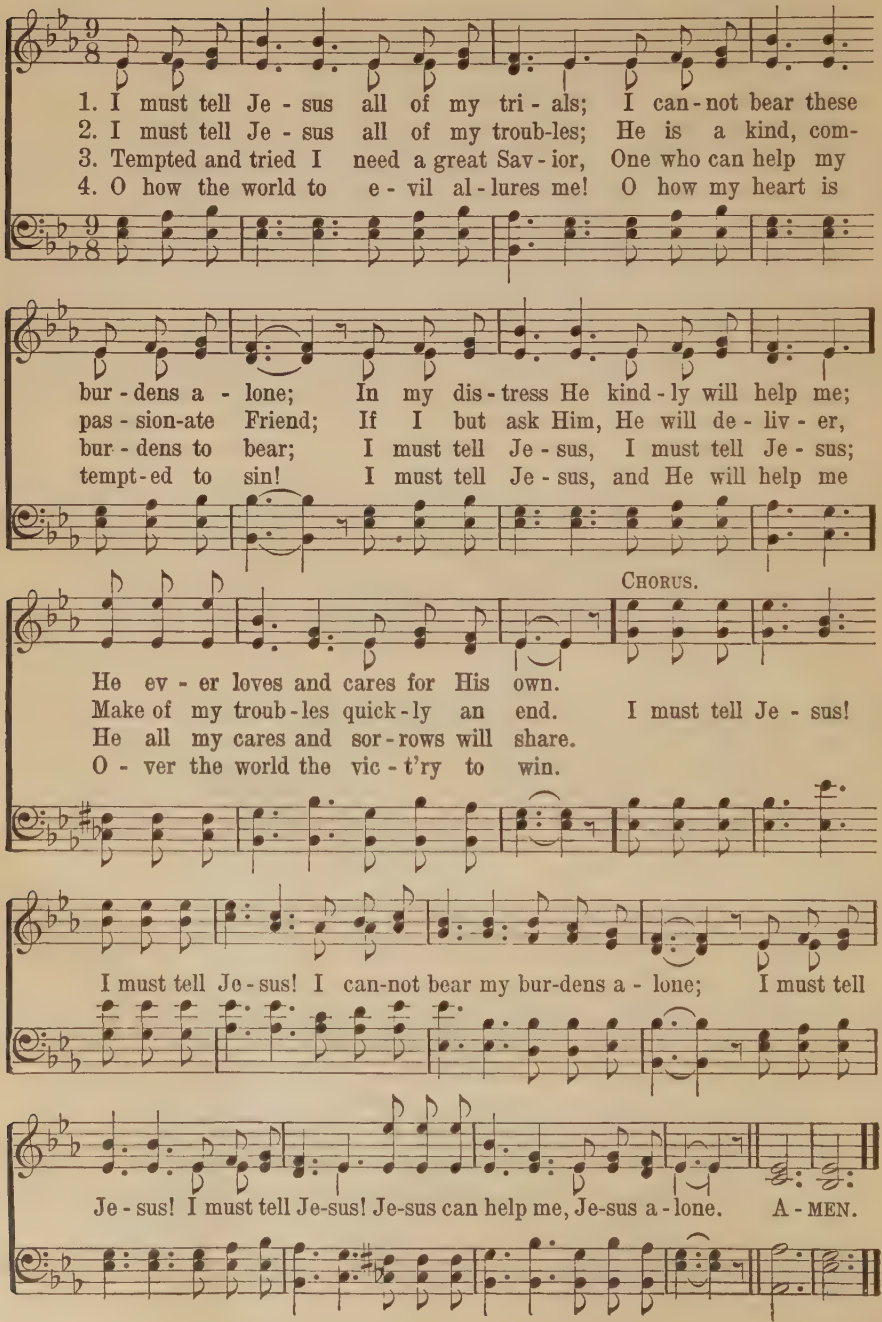

Wear - y souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,
Whisp'ring soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come! Fol-low Me, I'll guide thee home." A-MEN.

61 'Tis Midnight.

William B. Tappan. *Olive's Brow. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.


1. 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone: 'Tis
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Savior wrestles lone with fears; E'en
3. 'Tis midnight; and for oth-ers' guilt The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood; Yet
4. 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains Is borne the song that angels know; Un-
mid-night; in the gar - den now, The suff'ring Sav-ior prays a - lone.
that dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.
He that hath in an-guish knelt Is not for - sak-en by His God.
heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe. A - MEN.

62 I Must Tell Jesus.

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO. Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troub-les; He is a kind, com-
pas - sion-ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is
tempt-ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me
CHORUS.
He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.
I must tell Je - sus! I can-not bear my bur-dens a - lone; I must tell
Je - sus! I must tell Je-sus! Je-sus can help me, Je-sus a - lone. A - MEN.

63 I Am Thine, O Lord.

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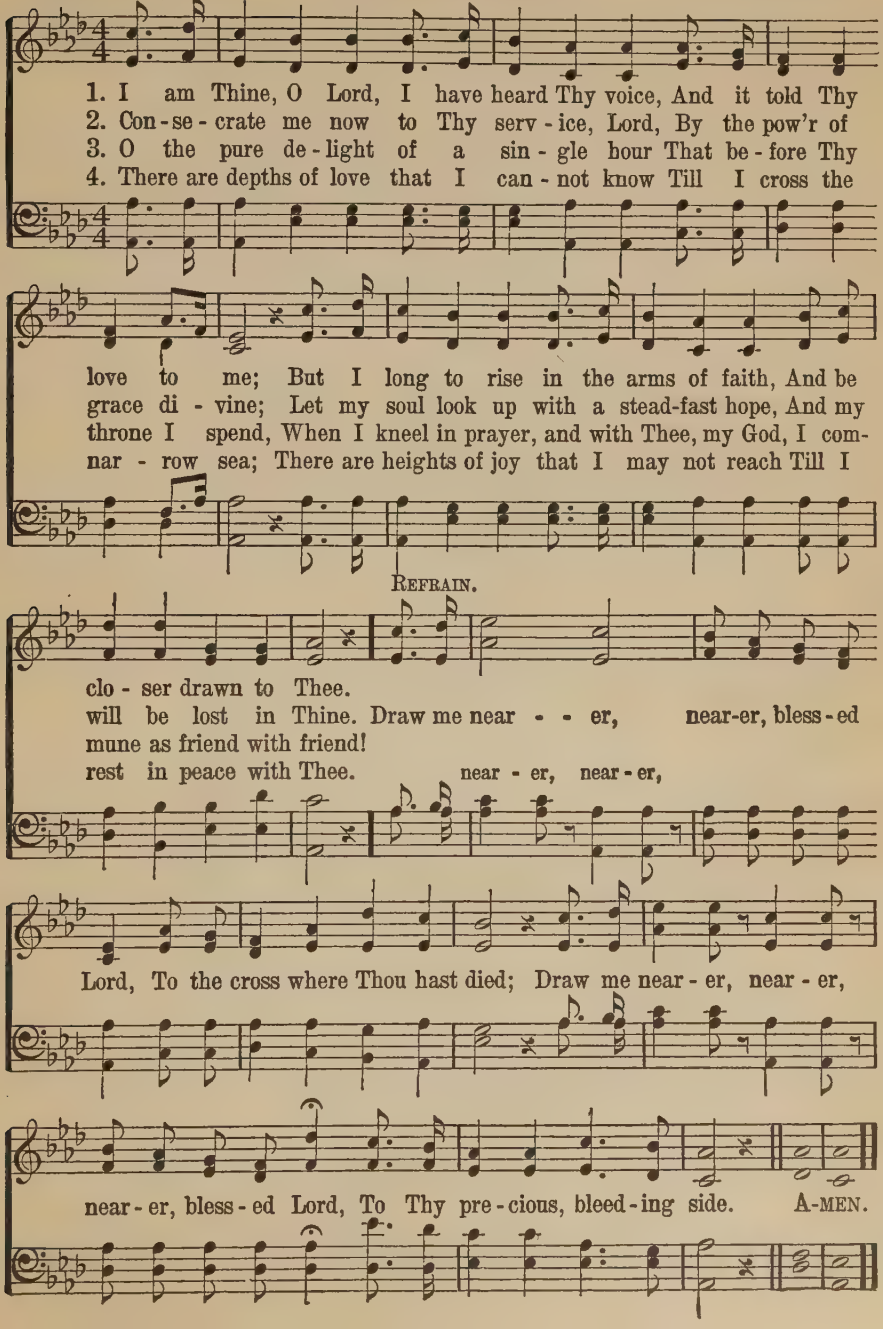
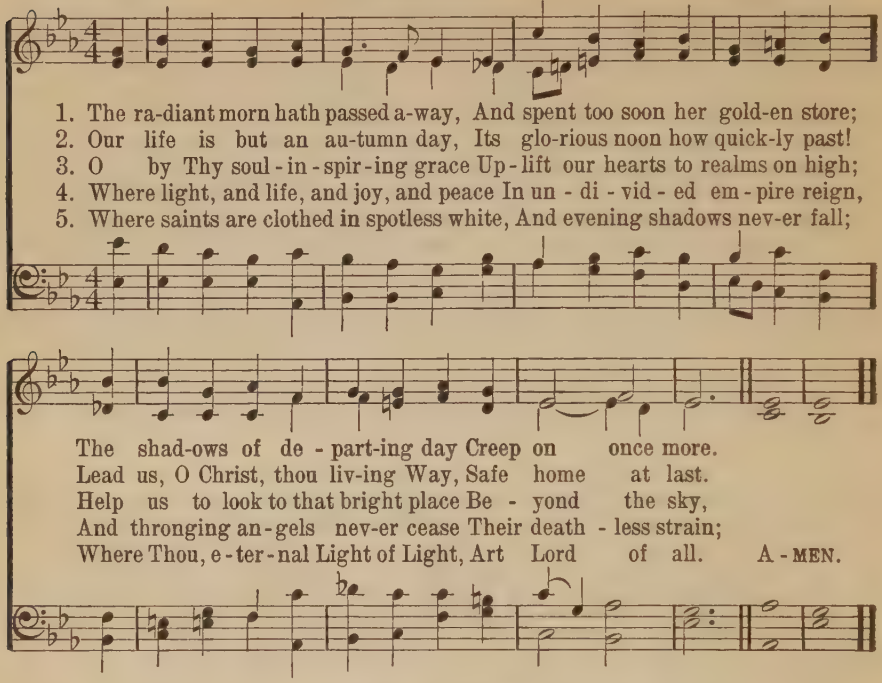

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv-ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de-light of a sin-gle hour That be-fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can-not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di-vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
nar-row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I
REFRAIN.
clo-ser drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - - er, near-er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee. near-er, near-er,
Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near-er, near-er,
near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side. A-MEN.

64 The Radiant Morn Hath Passed Away.

Godfrey Thring. *St. Gabriel. 8s. 4.* F. A. G. Ouseley.


1. The ra-diant morn hath passed a-way, And spent too soon her gold-en store;
2. Our life is but an au-tumn day, Its glo-rious noon how quick-ly past!
3. O by Thy soul-in-spir-ing grace Up-lift our hearts to realms on high;
4. Where light, and life, and joy, and peace In un-di-vid-ed em-pire reign,
5. Where saints are clothed in spotless white, And evening shadows nev-er fall;
The shad-ows of de-part-ing day Creep on once more.
Lead us, O Christ, thou liv-ing Way, Safe home at last.
Help us to look to that bright place Be-yond the sky,
And thronging an-gels nev-er cease Their death-less strain;
Where Thou, e-ter-nal Light of Light, Art Lord of all. A-MEN.

65 I Cannot Drift Beyond Thy Love.

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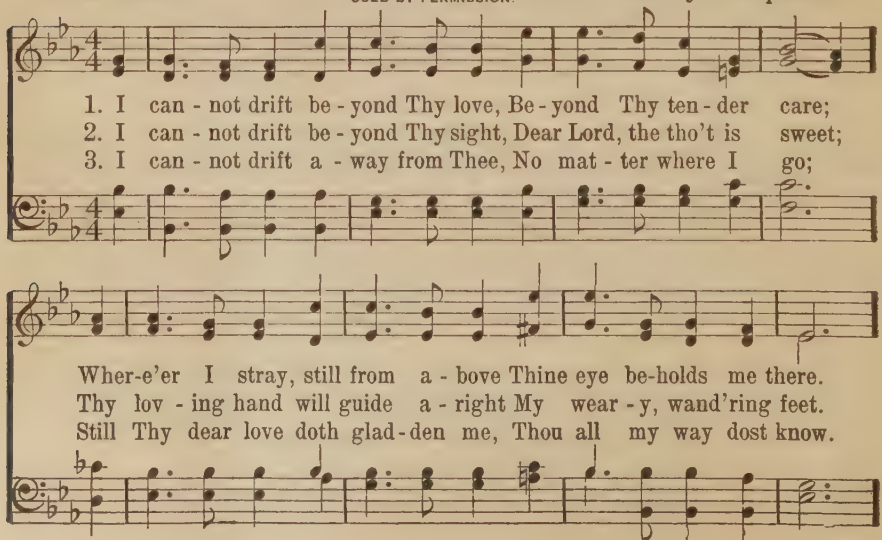
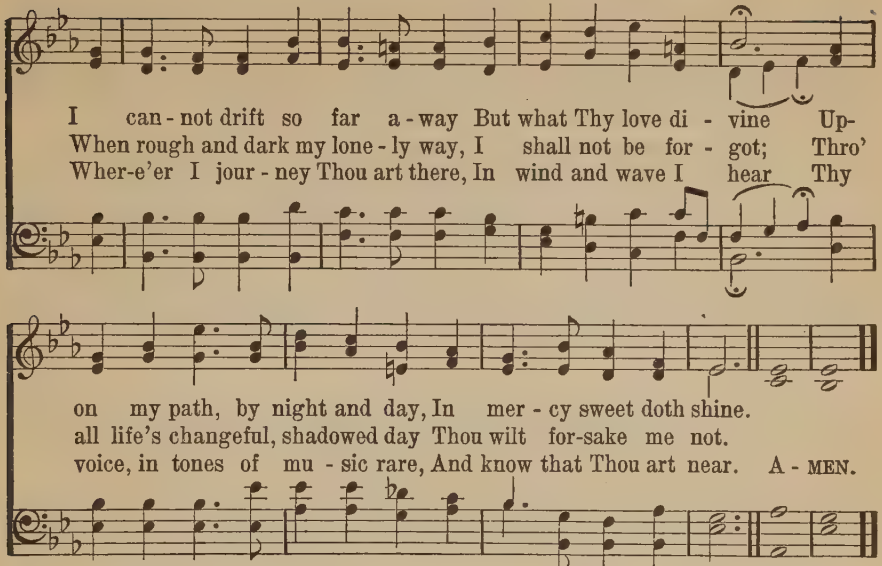
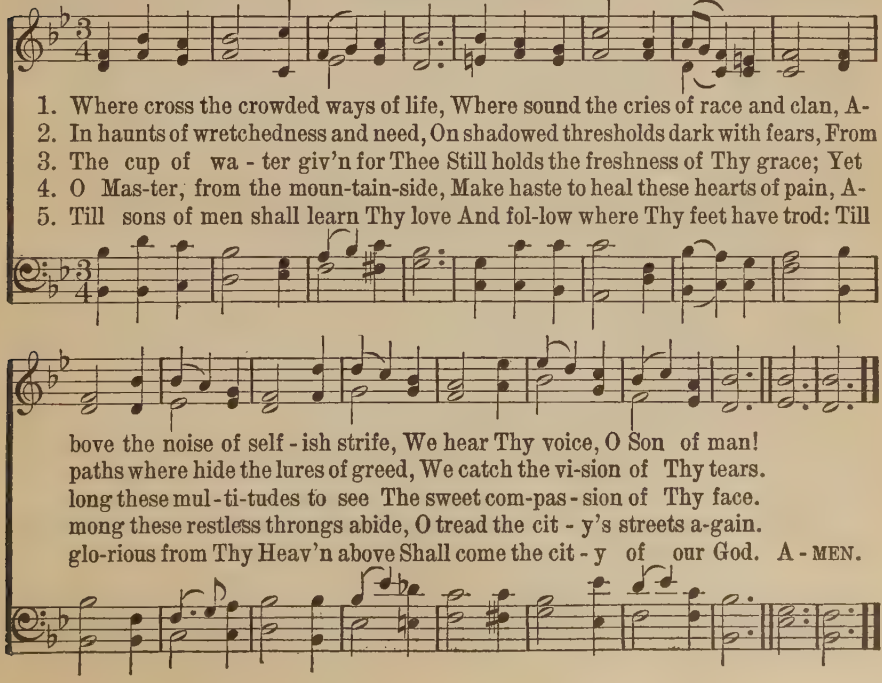

1. I can-not drift be-yond Thy love, Be-yond Thy ten-der care;
2. I can-not drift be-yond Thy sight, Dear Lord, the tho't is sweet;
3. I can-not drift a-way from Thee, No mat-ter where I go;
Wher-e'er I stray, still from a-bove Thine eye be-holds me there.
Thy lov-ing hand will guide a-right My wear-y, wand'ring feet.
Still Thy dear love doth glad-den me, Thou all my way dost know.

I Cannot Drift Beyond Thy Love.


I can - not drift so far a - way But what Thy love di - vine Up-
When rough and dark my lone - ly way, I shall not be for - got; Thro'
Wher-e'er I jour - ney Thou art there, In wind and wave I hear Thy
on my path, by night and day, In mer - cy sweet doth shine.
all life's changeful, shadowed day Thou wilt for-sake me not.
voice, in tones of mu - sic rare, And know that Thou art near. A - MEN.

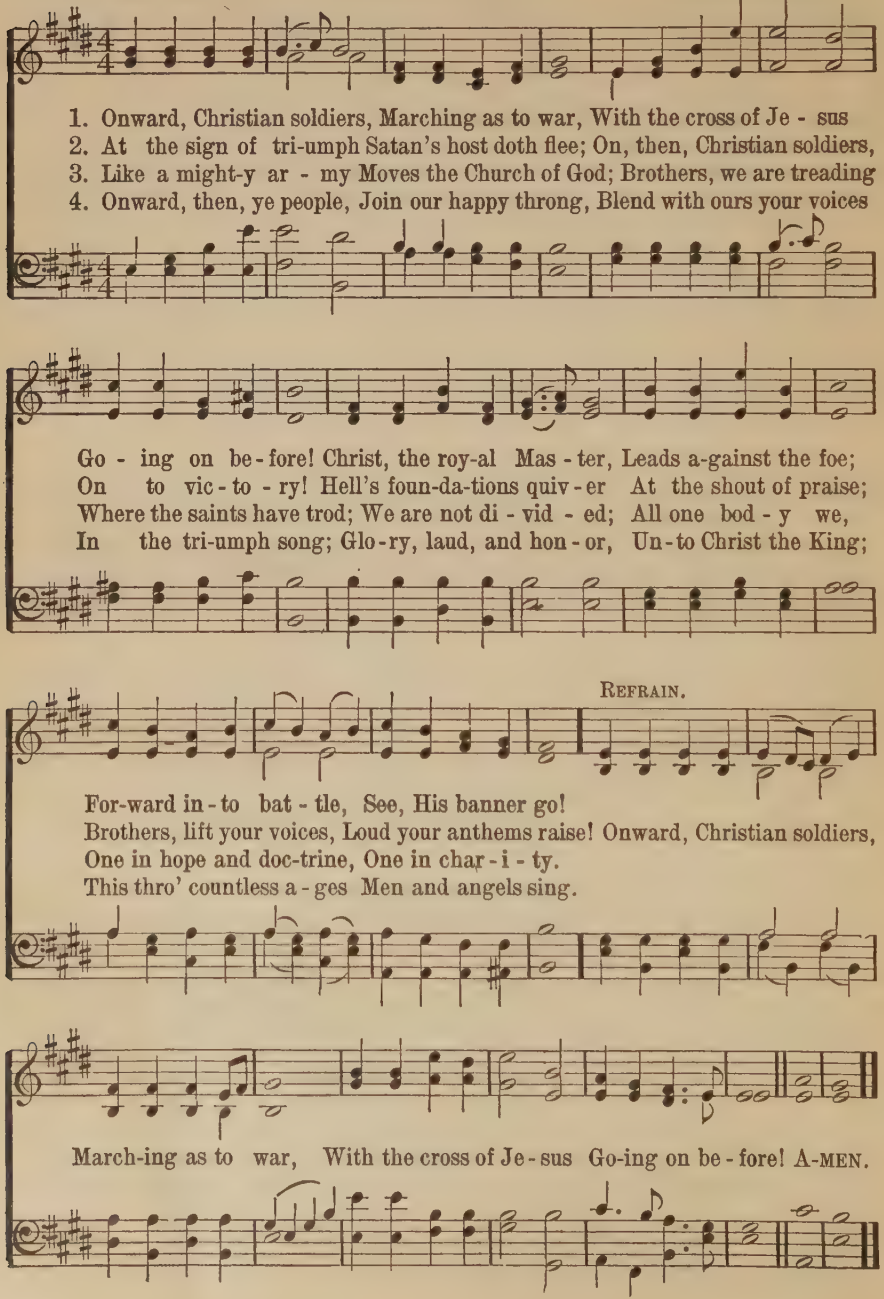
66 Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life.

F. Mason North. *Germany. L. M.* Beethoven.


1. Where cross the crowded ways of life, Where sound the cries of race and clan, A-
2. In haunts of wretchedness and need, On shadowed thresholds dark with fears, From
3. The cup of wa - ter giv'n for Thee Still holds the freshness of Thy grace; Yet
4. O Mas-ter, from the moun-tain-side, Make haste to heal these hearts of pain, A-
5. Till sons of men shall learn Thy love And fol-low where Thy feet have trod: Till
bove the noise of self - ish strife, We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!
paths where hide the lures of greed, We catch the vi-sion of Thy tears.
long these mul - ti-tudes to see The sweet com-pas - sion of Thy face.
mong these restless throngs abide, O tread the cit - y's streets a-gain.
glo-rious from Thy Heav'n above Shall come the cit - y of our God. A - MEN.

67 Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Baring-Gould. *St. Gertrude. 6s. 5s. D.* Arthur Sullivan.


1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus
2. At the sign of tri-umph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading
4. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voices
Go - ing on be - fore! Christ, the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads a-gainst the foe;
On to vic - to - ry! Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise;
Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we,
In the tri-umph song; Glo-ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King;
REFRAIN.
For-ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banner go!
Brothers, lift your voices, Loud your anthems raise! Onward, Christian soldiers,
One in hope and doc-trine, One in char - i - ty.
This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.
March-ing as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be - fore! A-MEN.

68 It Is Well With My Soul.

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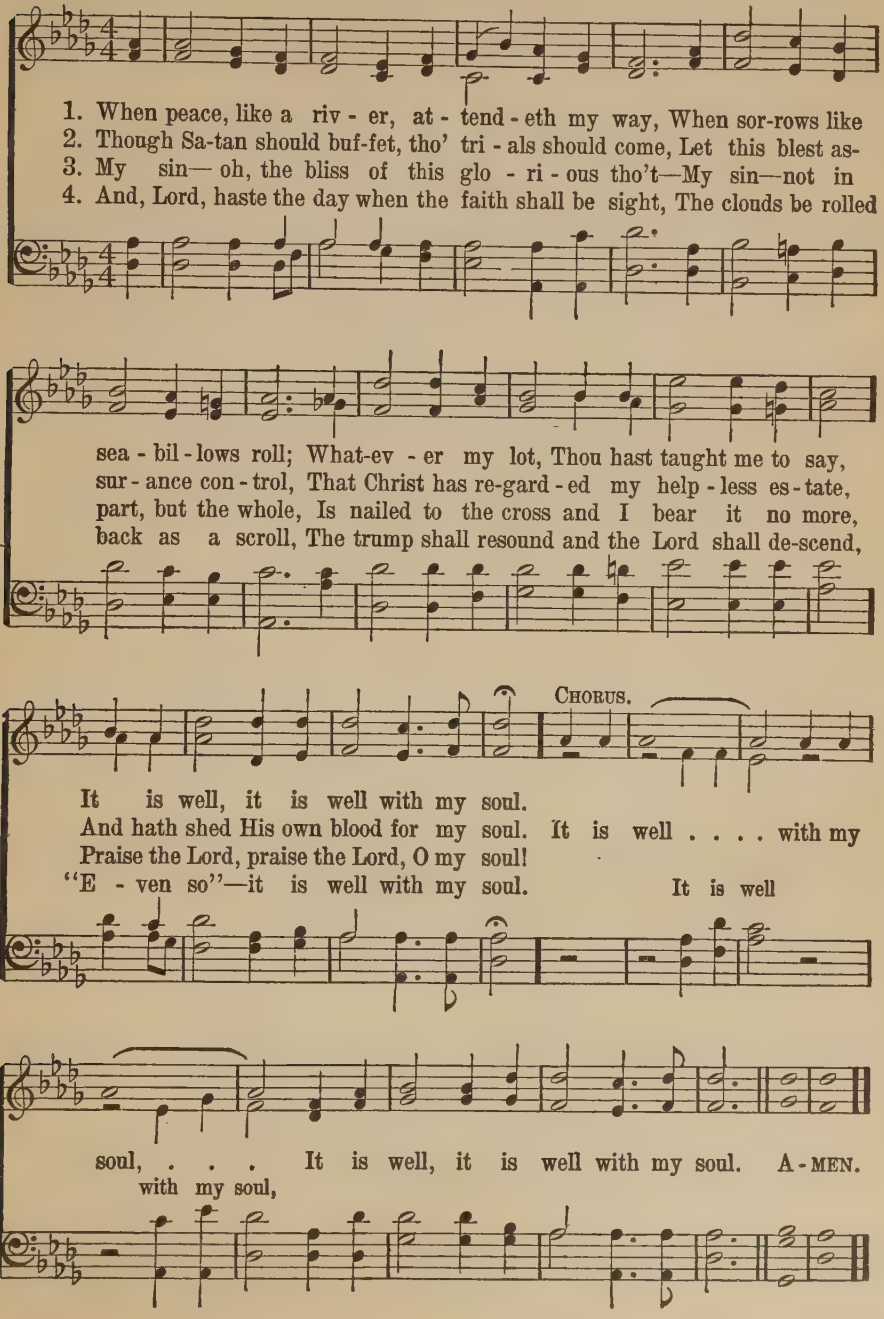
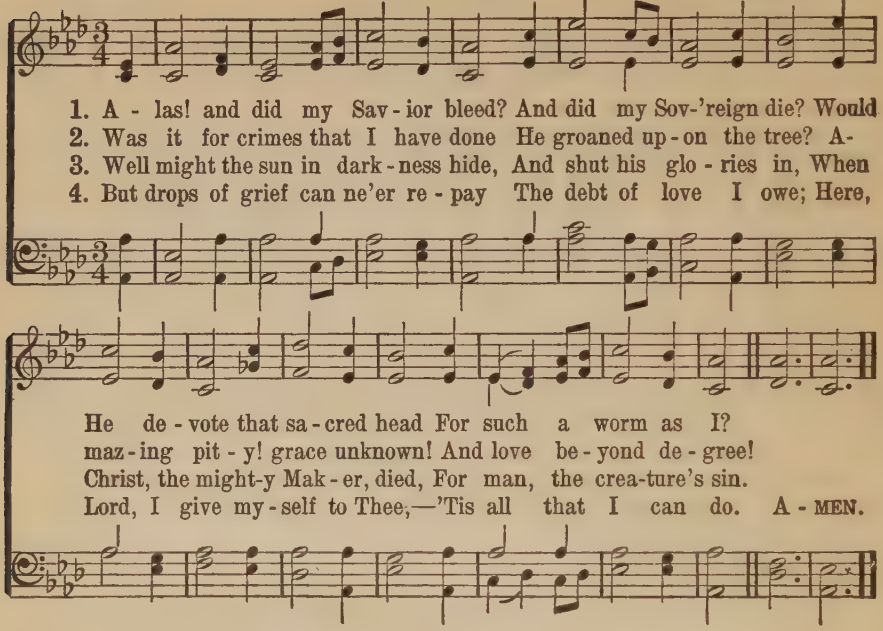

1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sor-rows like
2. Though Sa-tan should buf-fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled
sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re-gard - ed my help - less es - tate,
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no more,
back as a scroll, The trump shall resound and the Lord shall de-scend,
CHORUS.
It is well, it is well with my soul.
And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . . . with my
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
"E - ven so"—it is well with my soul. It is well
soul, . . . It is well, it is well with my soul. A - MEN.
with my soul,

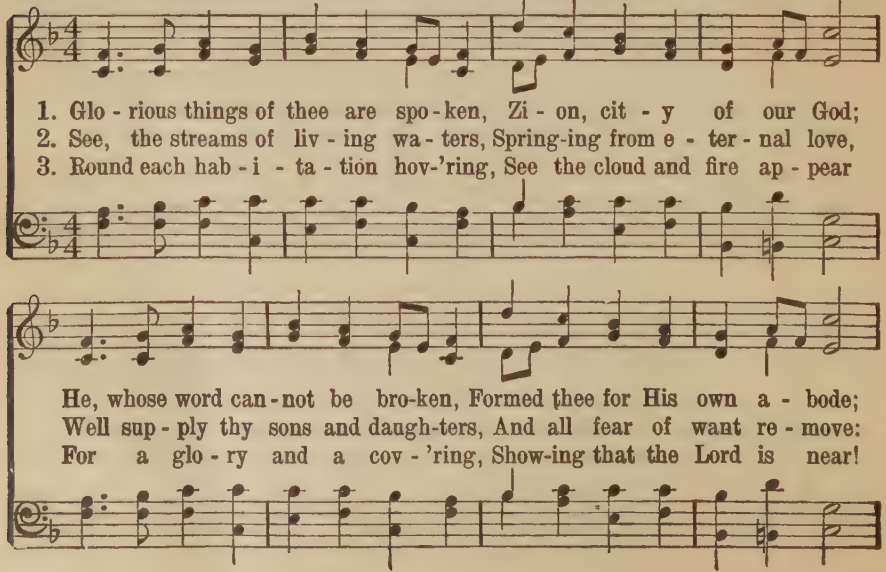
69 Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. *Avon. C. M.* Hugh Wilson.

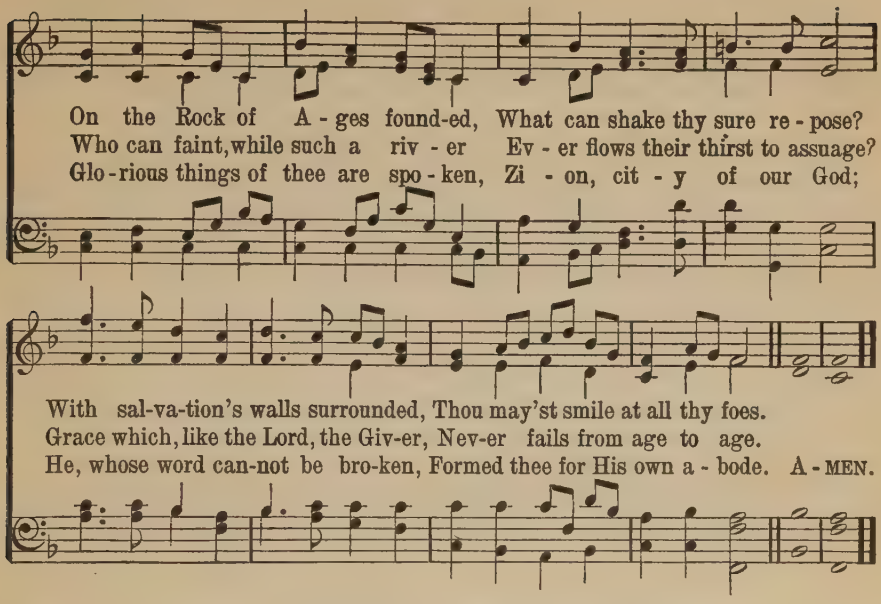

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov-'reign die? Would
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groaned up - on the tree? A-
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in, When
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here,
He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
maz - ing pit - y! grace unknown! And love be - yond de - gree!
Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Lord, I give my - self to Thee,—'Tis all that I can do. A - MEN.

70 Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.

John Newton. *Austria. 8s. 7s. D.* Francis J. Haydn.

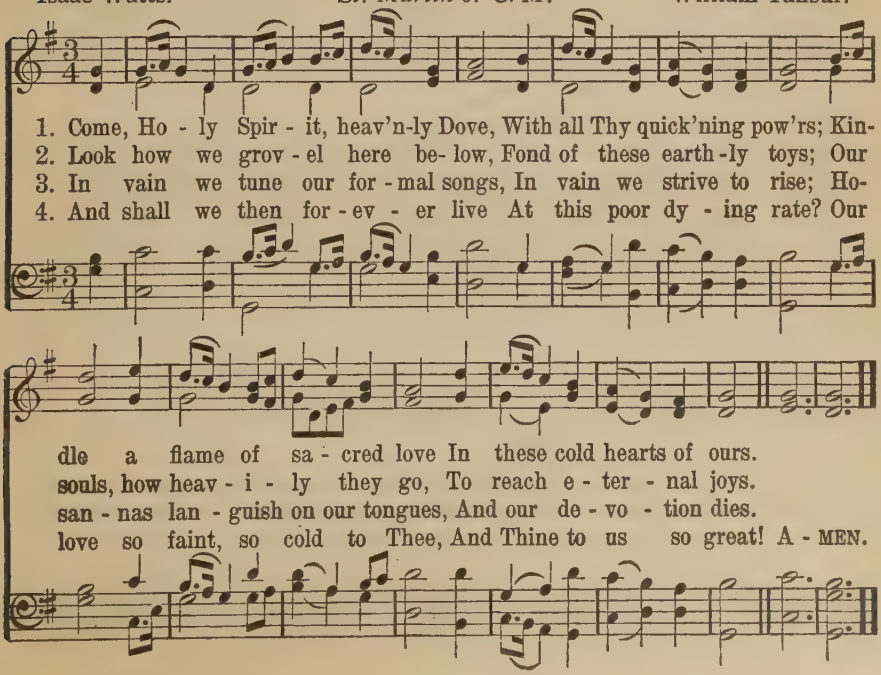

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. See, the streams of liv - ing wa - ters, Spring-ing from e - ter - nal love,
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov-'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear
He, whose word can - not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode;
Well sup - ply thy sons and daugh-ters, And all fear of want re - move:
For a glo - ry and a cov - 'ring, Show-ing that the Lord is near!

Glorious Things of Thee are Spoken.


On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?
Who can faint, while such a riv - er Ev - er flows their thirst to assuage?
Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
With sal-va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
Grace which, like the Lord, the Giv-er, Nev-er fails from age to age.
He, whose word can-not be bro-ken, Formed thee for His own a - bode. A - MEN.

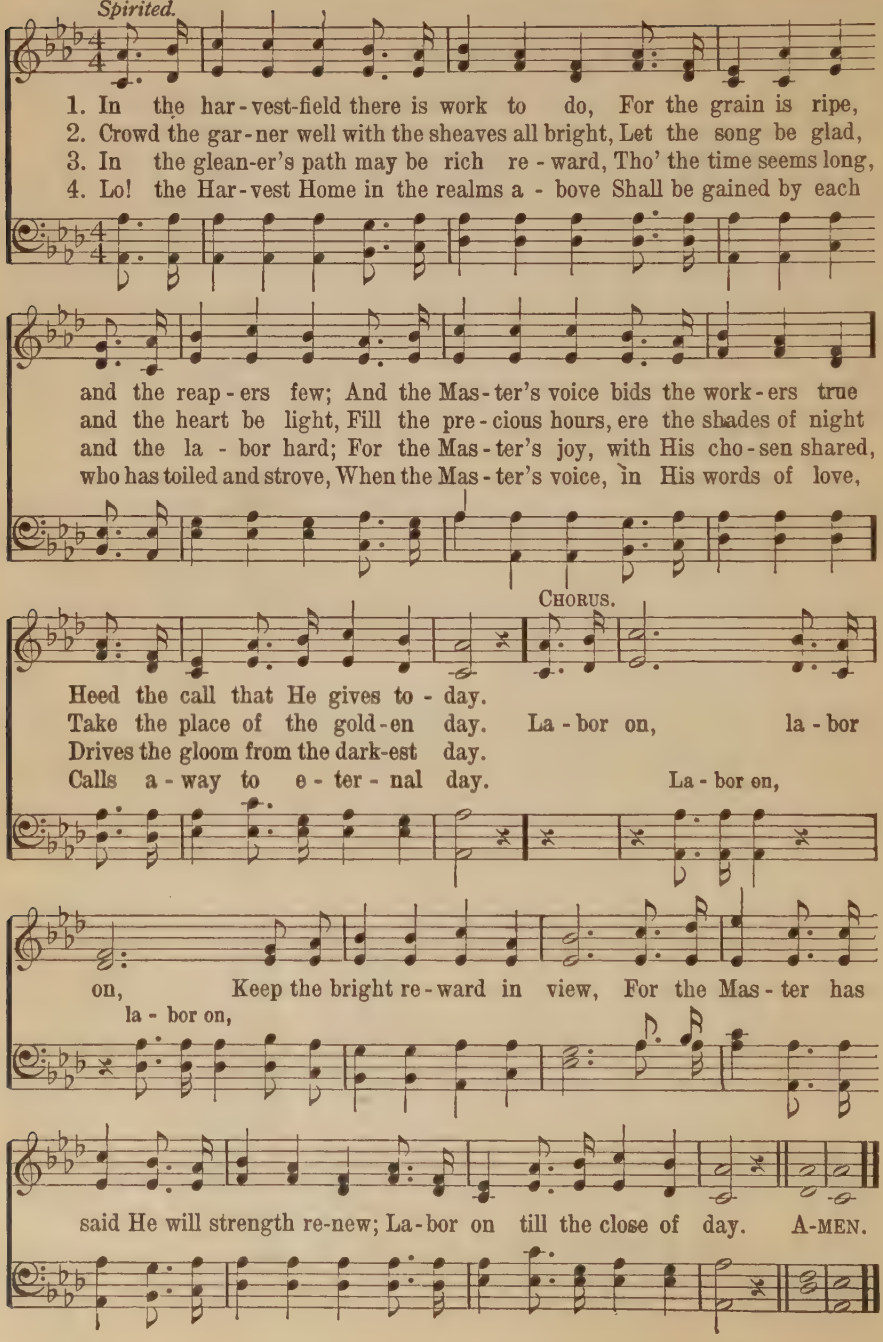
71 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

Isaac Watts. *St. Martin's. C. M.* William Tansur.

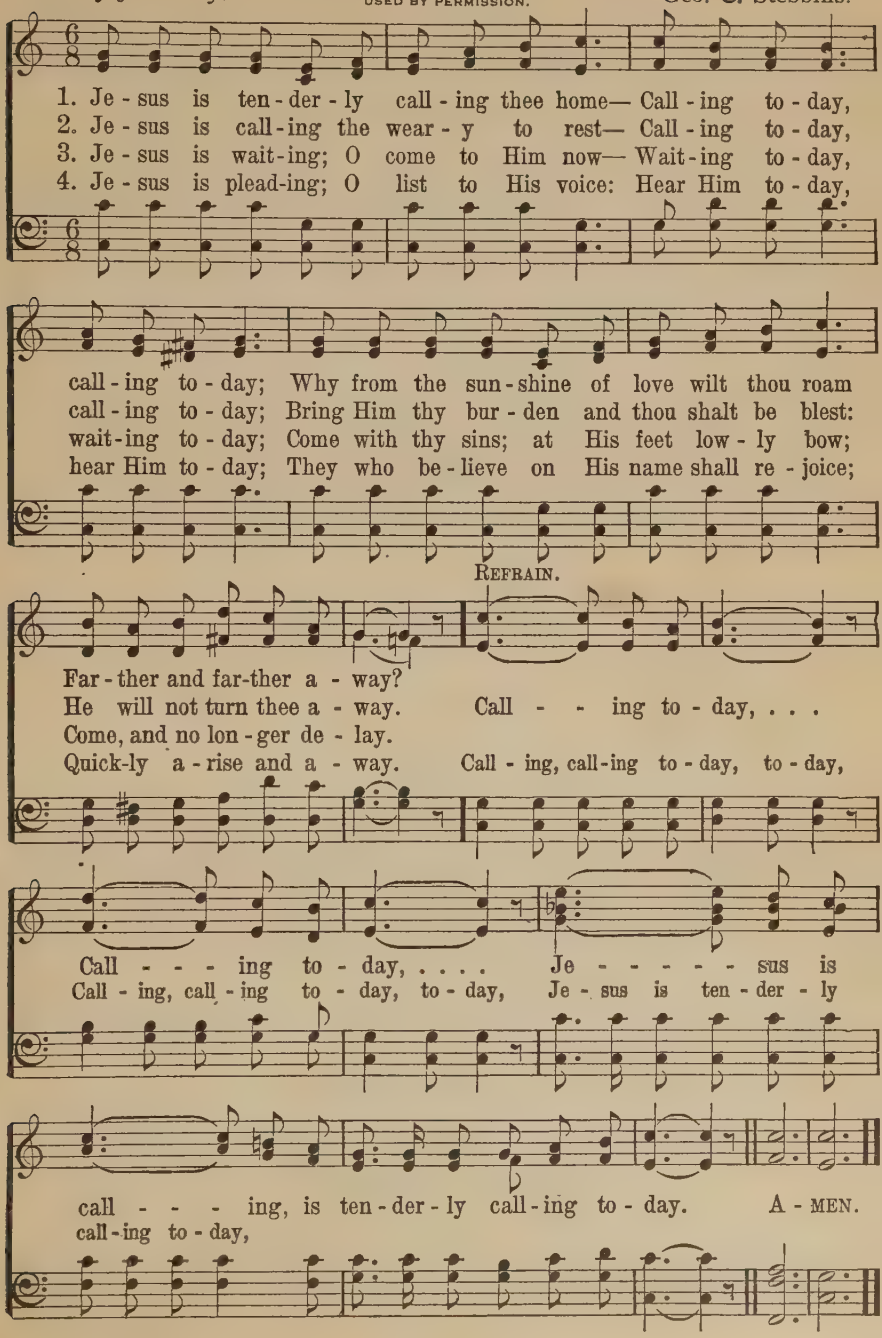

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n-ly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs; Kin-
2. Look how we grov - el here be- low, Fond of these earth - ly toys; Our
3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise; Ho-
4. And shall we then for - ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate? Our
dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great! A - MEN.

Labor On.

Dr. C. R. Blackall. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

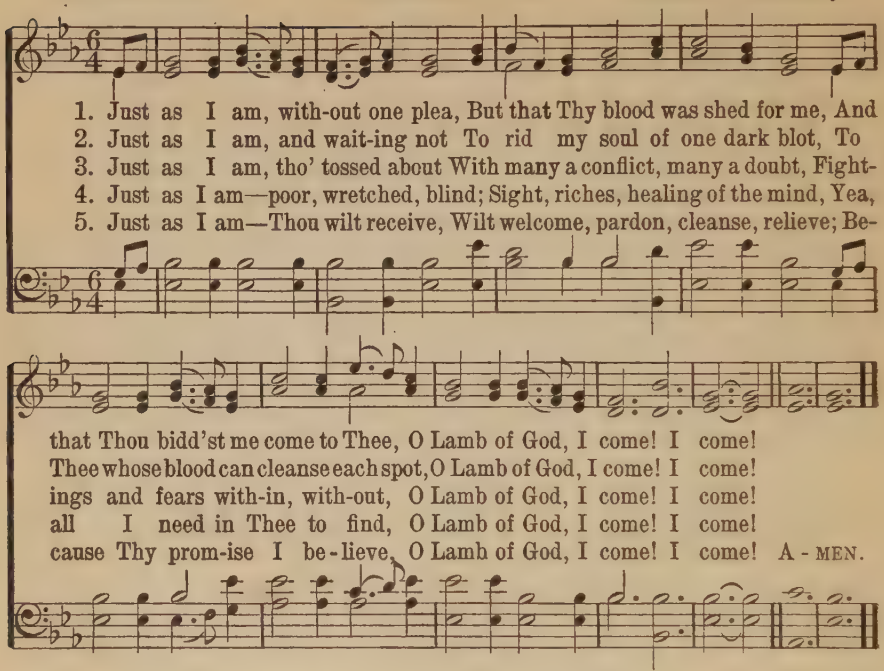
Spirited.

1. In the har-vest-field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,
2. Crowd the gar-ner well with the sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,
3. In the glean-er's path may be rich re-ward, Tho' the time seems long,
4. Lo! the Har-vest Home in the realms a-bove Shall be gained by each
and the reap-ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the work-ers true
and the heart be light, Fill the pre-cious hours, ere the shades of night
and the la-bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His cho-sen shared,
who has toiled and strove, When the Mas-ter's voice, in His words of love,
CHORUS.
Heed the call that He gives to-day.
Take the place of the gold-en day. La-bor on, la-bor
Drives the gloom from the dark-est day.
Calls a-way to e-ter-nal day. La-bor on,
on, Keep the bright re-ward in view, For the Mas-ter has
la-bor on,
said He will strength re-new; La-bor on till the close of day. A-MEN.

73 Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home— Call - ing to - day,
2. Je - sus is call - ing the wear - y to rest— Call - ing to - day,
3. Je - sus is wait - ing; O come to Him now— Wait - ing to - day,
4. Je - sus is plead - ing; O list to His voice: Hear Him to - day,
call - ing to - day; Why from the sun - shine of love wilt thou roam
call - ing to - day; Bring Him thy bur - den and thou shalt be blest:
wait - ing to - day; Come with thy sins; at His feet low - ly bow;
hear Him to - day; They who be - lieve on His name shall re - joice;
REFRAIN.
Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
He will not turn thee a - way. Call - - ing to - day, . . .
Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
Quick - ly a - rise and a - way. Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day,
Call - - - ing to - day, ... Je - - - - - sus is
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day, Je - sus is ten - der - ly
call - - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day. A - MEN.
call - ing to - day,

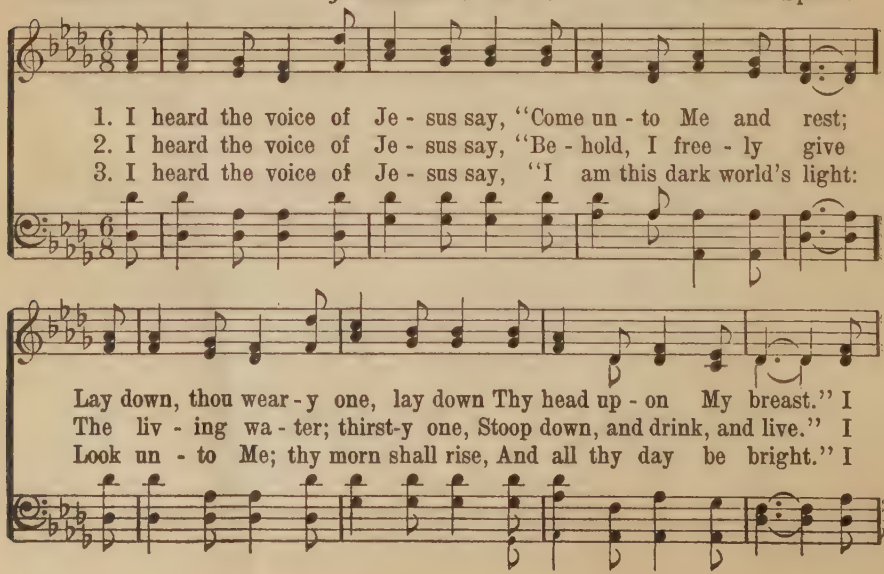
74 Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. *Woodworth. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.

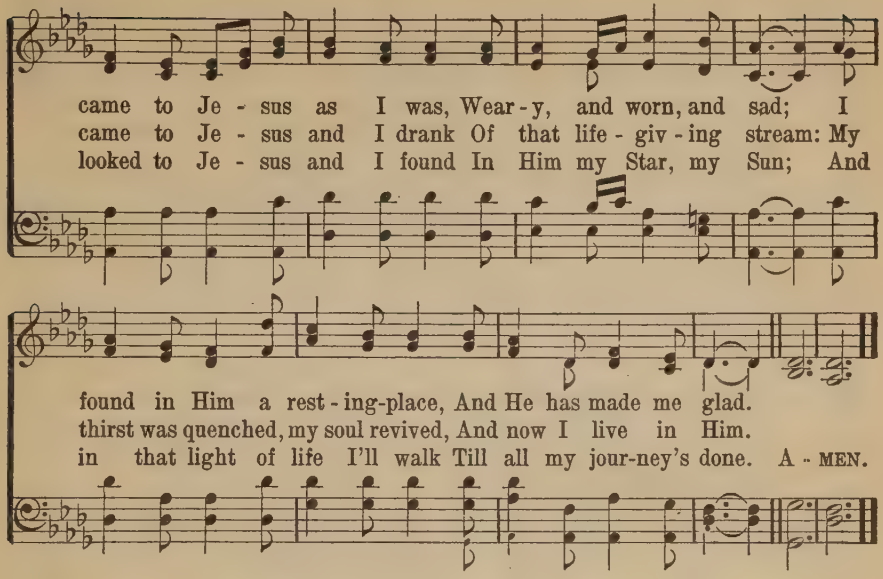

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt, Fight-
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yea,
5. Just as I am—Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Be-
that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come! A - MEN.

75 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar. *Jerusalem. C. M. D.* Arr. from Spohr.


1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light:
Lay down, thou wear - y one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast." I
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst-y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live." I
Look un - to Me; thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." I

I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.


came to Je - sus as I was, Wear - y, and worn, and sad; I
came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream: My
looked to Je - sus and I found In Him my Star, my Sun; And
found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in Him.
in that light of life I'll walk Till all my jour-ney's done. A - MEN.

76 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly.

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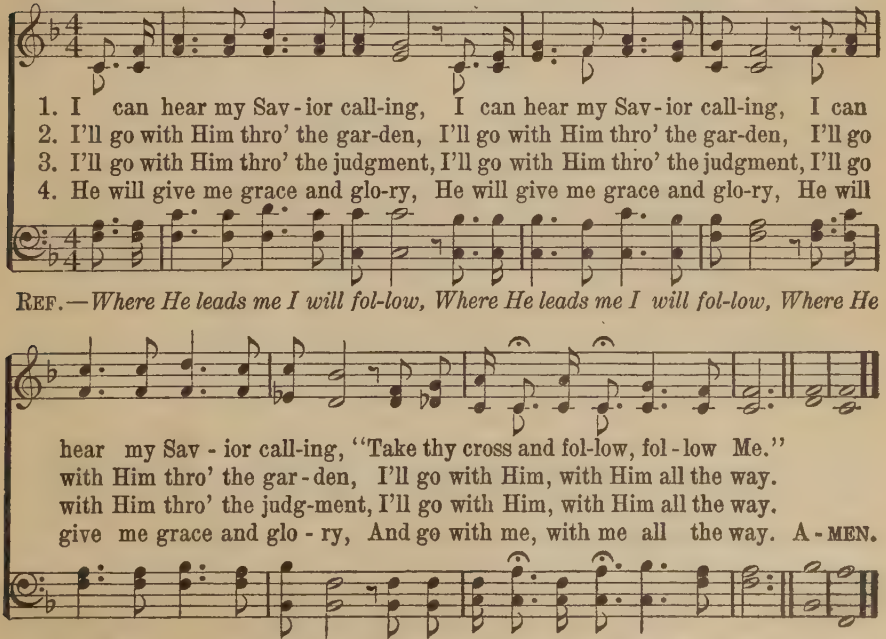
J. S. Norris.


1. I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call-ing, I can
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will
REF.—*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He*
hear my Sav - ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low Me."
with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way. A - MEN.
leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

77 Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Poole.

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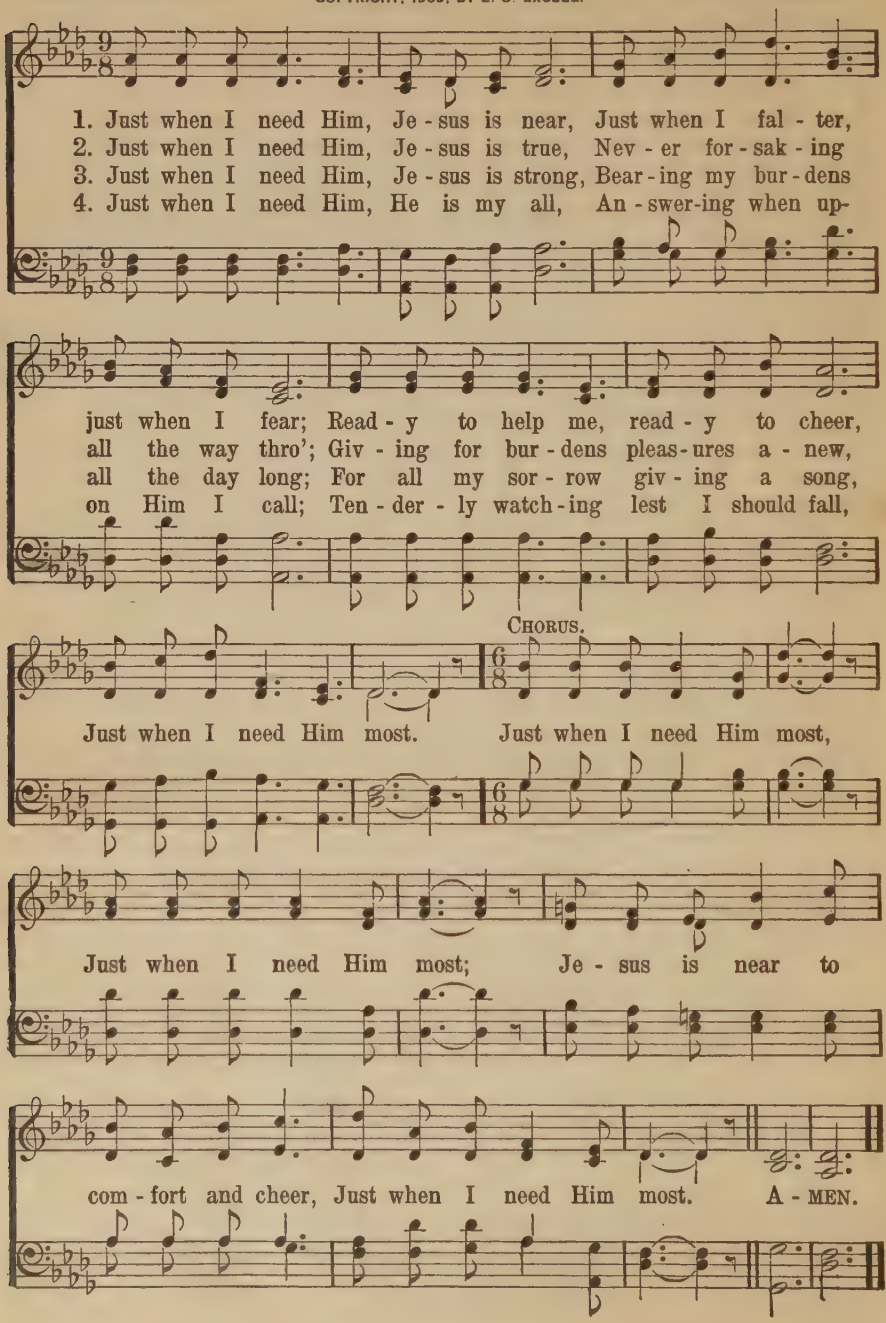
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is near, Just when I fal - ter,
2. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is true, Nev - er for - sak - ing
3. Just when I need Him, Je - sus is strong, Bear - ing my bur - dens
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An - swer-ing when up-
just when I fear; Read - y to help me, read - y to cheer,
all the way thro'; Giv - ing for bur - dens pleas - ures a - new,
all the day long; For all my sor - row giv - ing a song,
on Him I call; Ten - der - ly watch - ing lest I should fall,
CHORUS.
Just when I need Him most. Just when I need Him most,
Just when I need Him most; Je - sus is near to
com - fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most. A - MEN.

78 He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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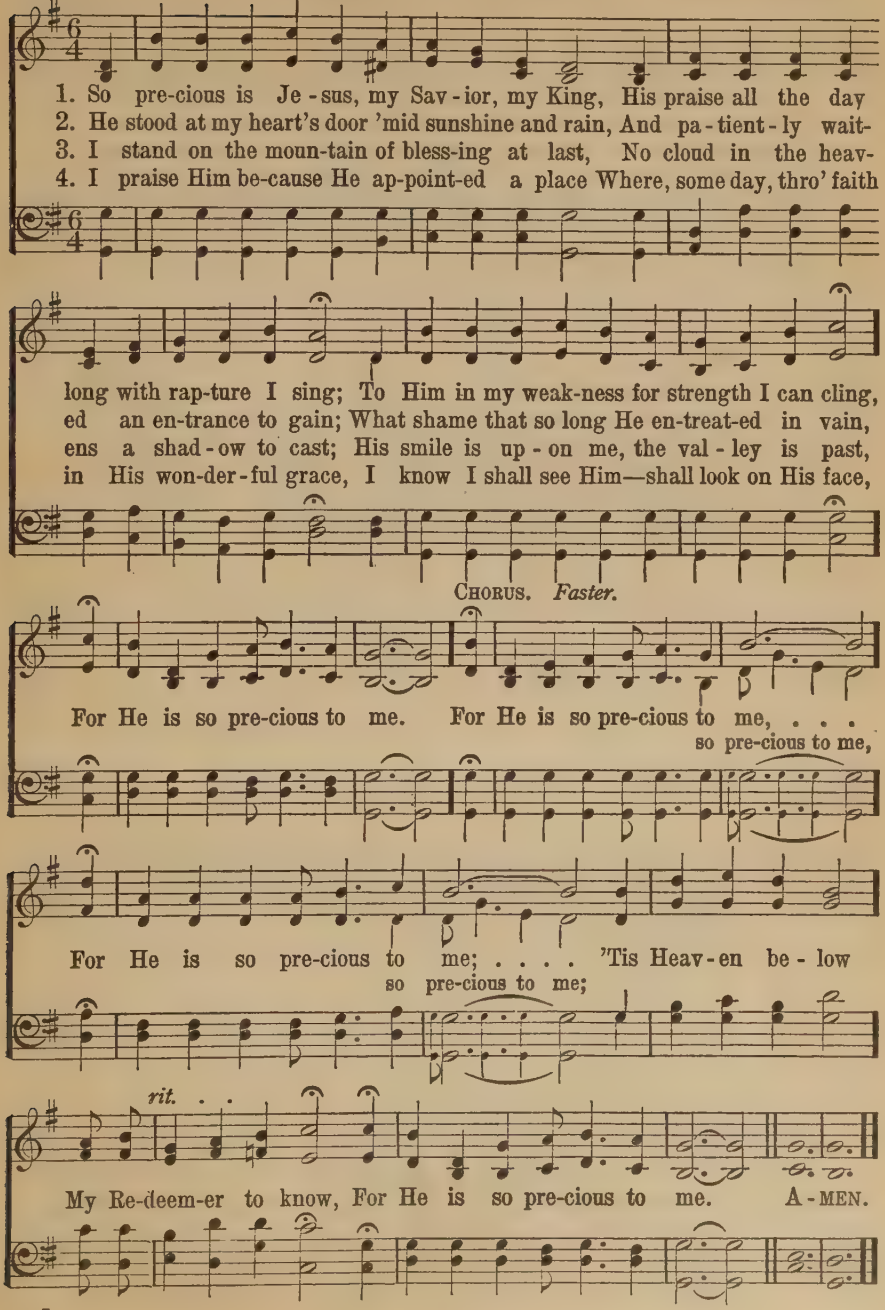
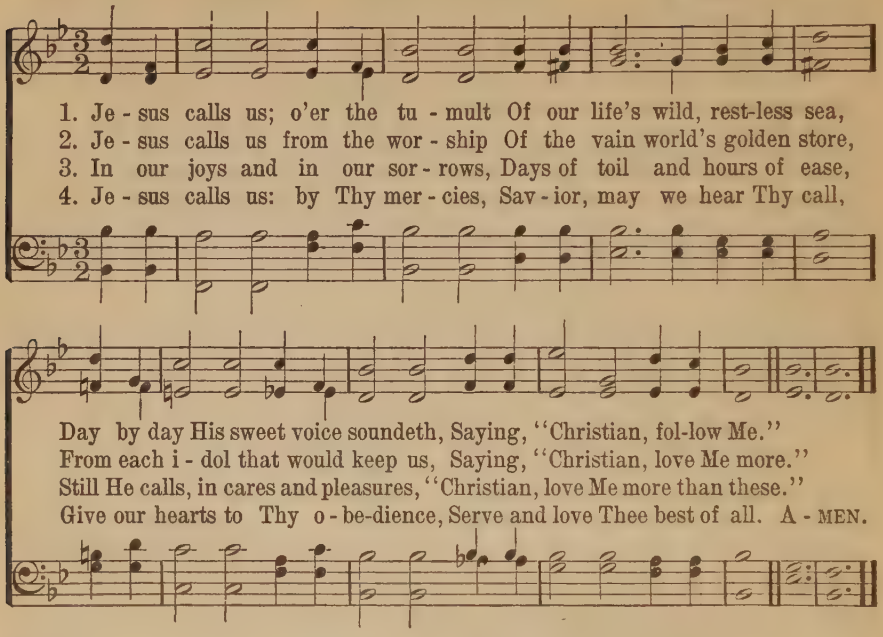
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. So pre-cious is Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait-
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless-ing at last, No cloud in the heav-
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith
long with rap-ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
ed an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
ens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
in His won-der-ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,
Chorus. Faster.
For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to me, . . .
so pre-cious to me,
For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . . 'Tis Heav-en be-low
so pre-cious to me;
rit.
My Re-deem-er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me. A-men.

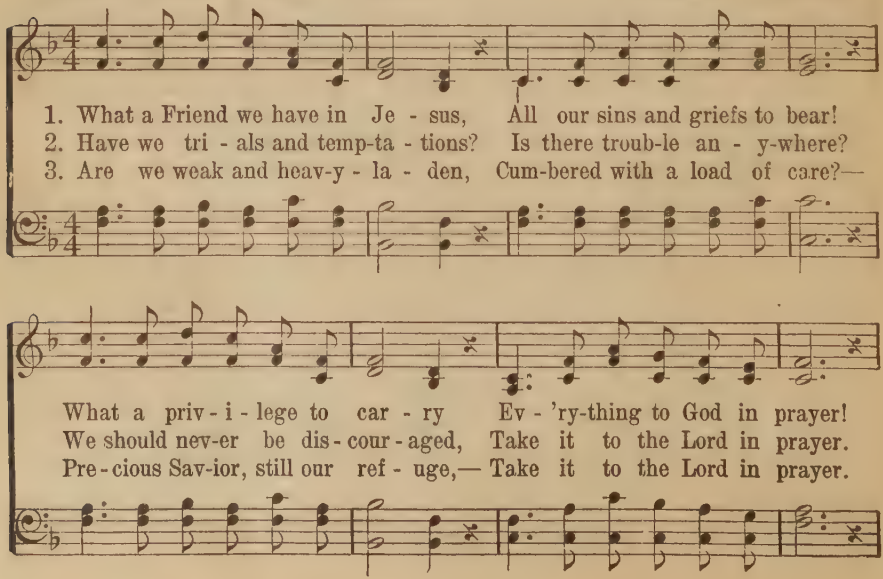
79 Jesus Calls Us.

Mrs. Cecil F. Alexander. *Galilee. 8. 7. 8. 7.* William H. Jude.

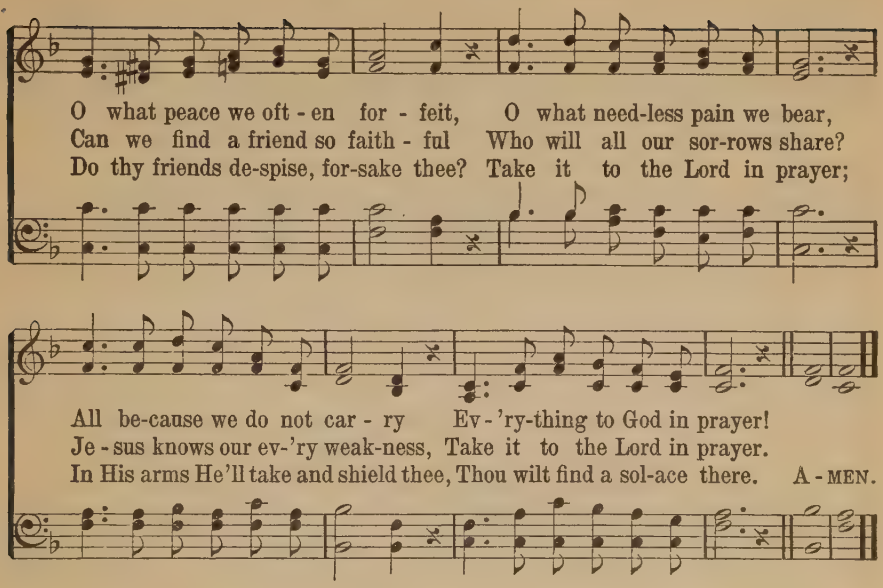

1. Je - sus calls us; o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild, rest-less sea,
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Je - sus calls us: by Thy mer - cies, Sav - ior, may we hear Thy call,
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low Me."
From each i - dol that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love Me more."
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures, "Christian, love Me more than these."
Give our hearts to Thy o - be-dience, Serve and love Thee best of all. A - MEN.

80 What a Friend.

Joseph Scriven. *Converse. 8s. 7s. D.* Charles C. Converse.

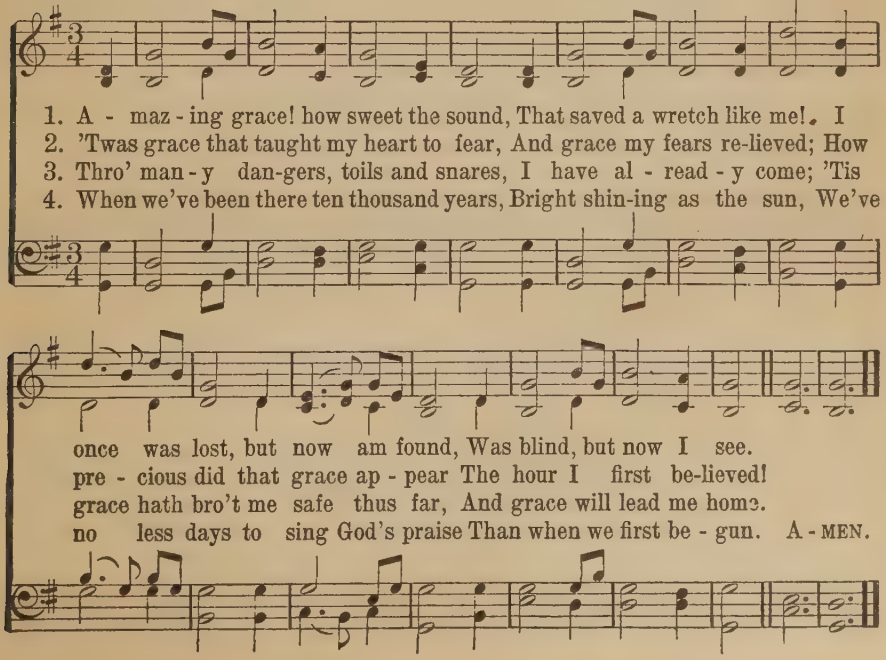

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp-ta - tions? Is there troub-le an - y-where?
3. Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care?—
What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
We should nev-er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-ior, still our ref - uge,— Take it to the Lord in prayer.

What a Friend.


O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sor-rows share?
Do thy friends de-spise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;
All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer!
Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weak-ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there. A - MEN.

81 Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *McIntosh. C. M.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.


1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me! I
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved; How
3. Thro' man - y dan-gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis
4. When we've been there ten thousand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun, We've
once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be-lieved!
grace hath bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gun. A - MEN.

Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

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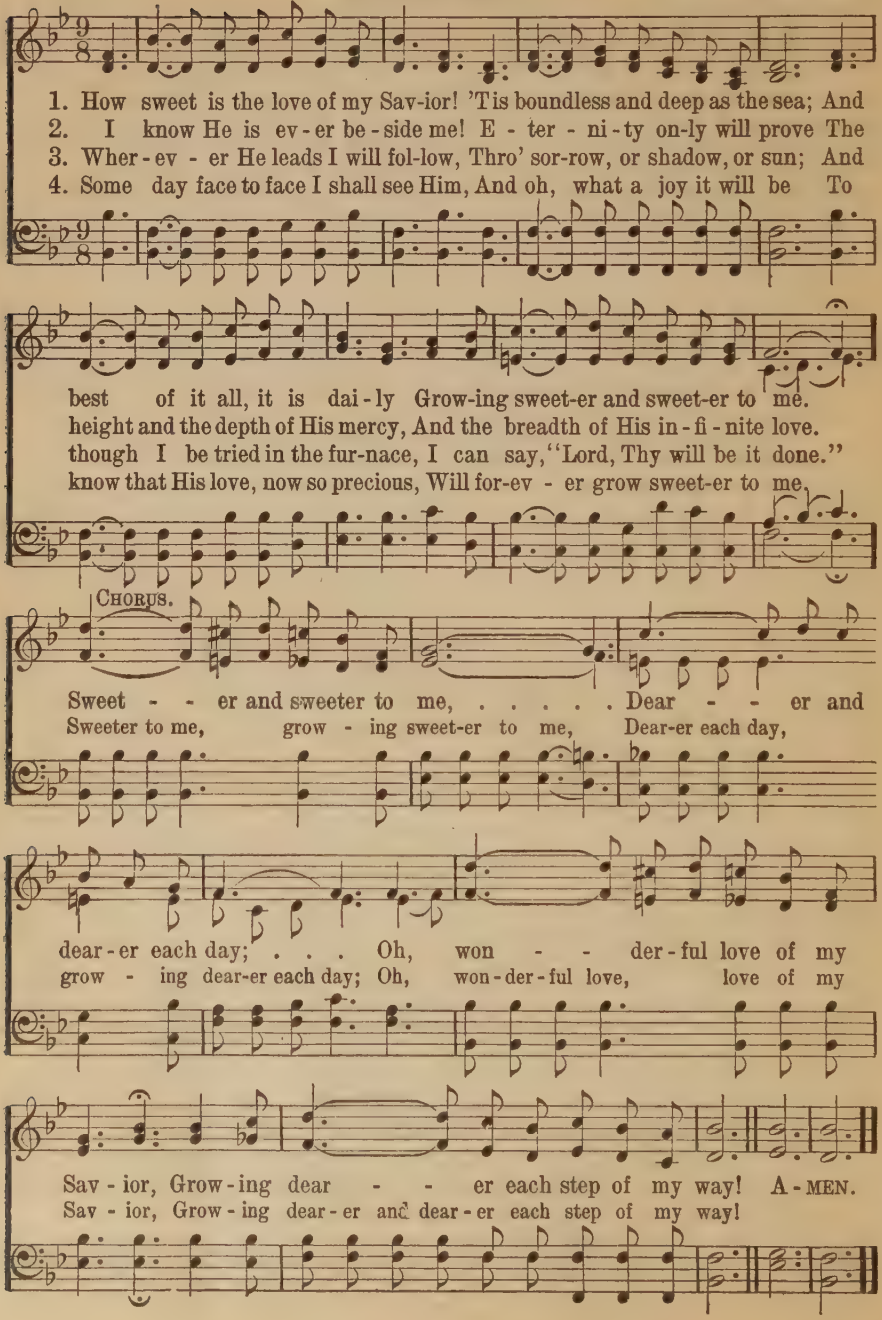
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Sav-ior! 'Tis boundless and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni-ty on-ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To
best of it all, it is dai-ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweet-er to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in-fi-nite love.
though I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweet-er to me.
CHORUS.
Sweet - - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - - - er and
Sweeter to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,
dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der-ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my
Sav - ior, Grow-ing dear - - - er each step of my way! A-MEN.
Sav - ior, Grow-ing dear-er and dear-er each step of my way!

83 Grace, Enough For Me.

E. O. E.

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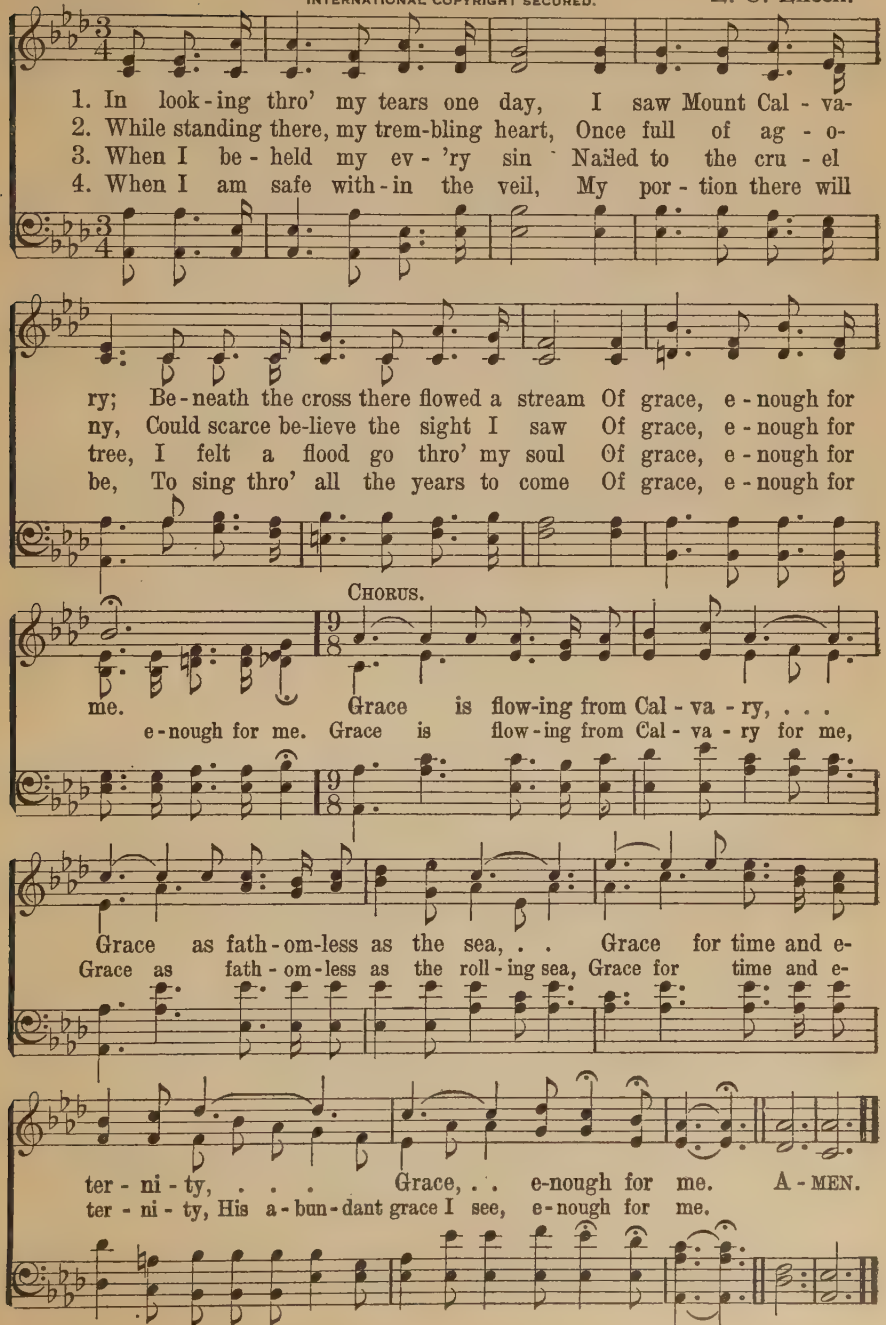
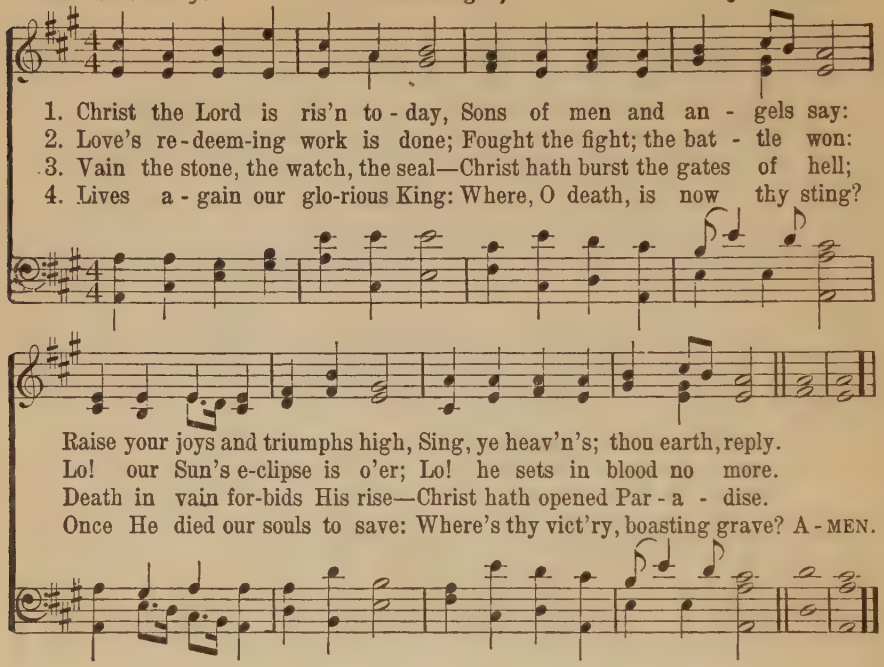
E. O. Excell.


1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va-
2. While standing there, my trem-bling heart, Once full of ag - o-
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por - tion there will
ry; Be-neath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e - nough for
ny, Could scarce be-lieve the sight I saw Of grace, e - nough for
tree, I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e - nough for
be, To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e - nough for
CHORUS.
me. Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry, . . .
e-nough for me. Grace is flow-ing from Cal - va - ry for me,
Grace as fath-om-less as the sea, . . Grace for time and e-
Grace as fath - om-less as the roll - ing sea, Grace for time and e-
ter - ni - ty, . . . Grace, . . e-nough for me. A - MEN.
ter - ni - ty, His a - bun - dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

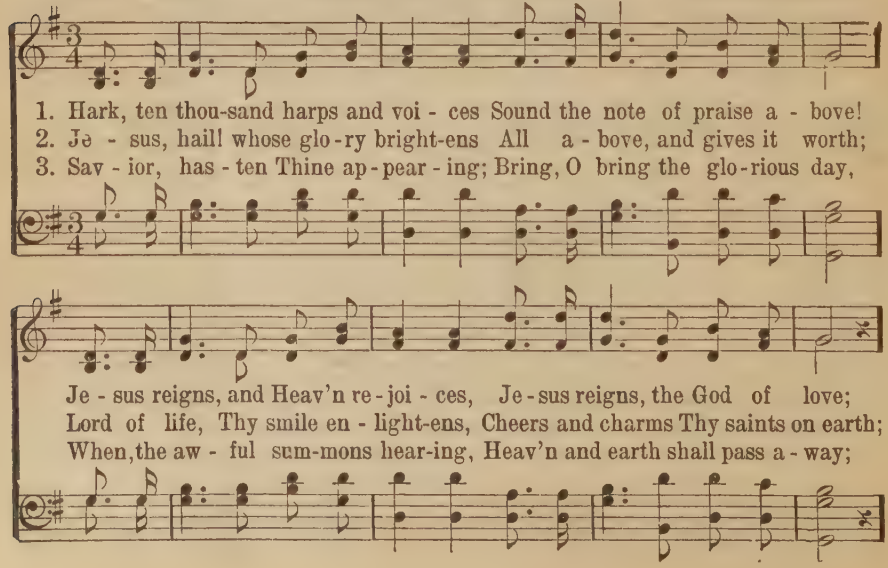
84 Christ the Lord is Risen To-day.

Charles Wesley. *Nuremburg. 7s.* J. R. Ahle.

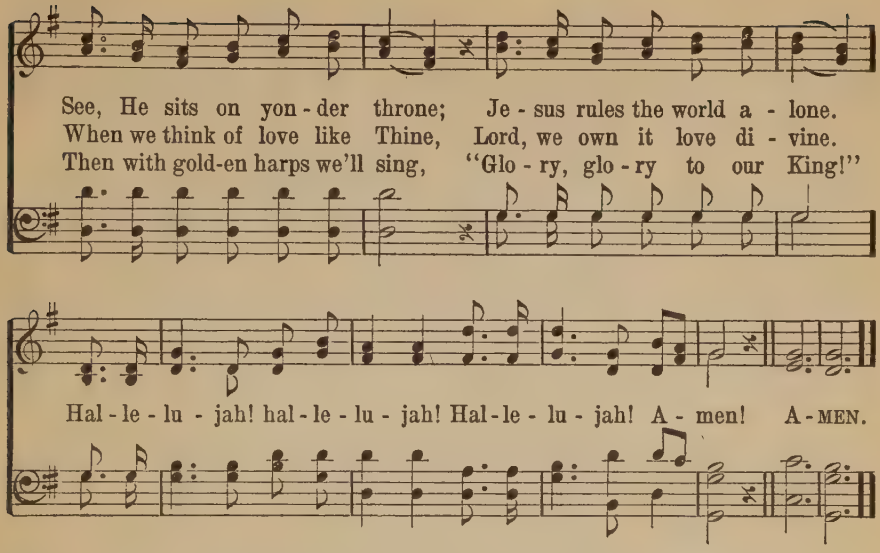

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Sons of men and an - gels say:
2. Love's re - deem-ing work is done; Fought the fight; the bat - tle won:
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
4. Lives a - gain our glo-rious King: Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heav'n's; thou earth, reply.
Lo! our Sun's e-clipse is o'er; Lo! he sets in blood no more.
Death in vain for-bids His rise—Christ hath opened Par - a - dise.
Once He died our souls to save: Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave? A - MEN.

85 Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.

Thomas Kelly. *Harwell. 8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7. 7.* Lowell Mason.

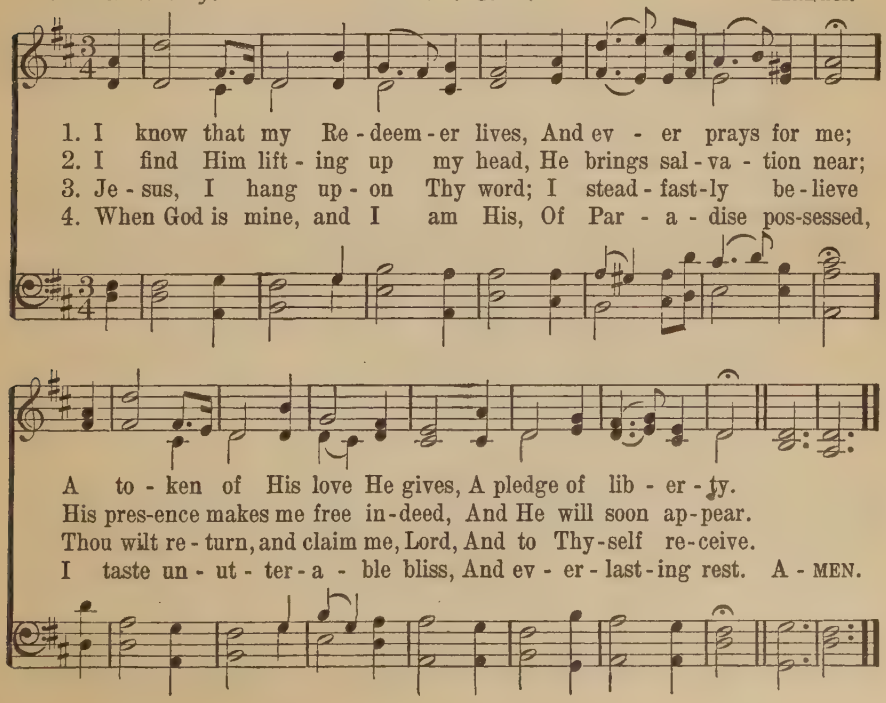

1. Hark, ten thou-sand harps and voi - ces Sound the note of praise a - bove!
2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo-ry bright-ens All a - bove, and gives it worth;
3. Sav - ior, has - ten Thine ap - pear - ing; Bring, O bring the glo-rious day,
Je - sus reigns, and Heav'n re - joi - ces, Je - sus reigns, the God of love;
Lord of life, Thy smile en - light-ens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When, the aw - ful sum-mons hear-ing, Heav'n and earth shall pass a - way;

Hark, Ten Thousand Harps.


See, He sits on yon - der throne; Je - sus rules the world a - lone.
When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it love di - vine.
Then with gold-en harps we'll sing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry to our King!"
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! A - MEN.

86 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Charles Wesley. *Messiah. C. M.* Handel.


1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And ev - er prays for me;
2. I find Him lift - ing up my head, He brings sal - va - tion near;
3. Je - sus, I hang up - on Thy word; I stead - fast-ly be - lieve
4. When God is mine, and I am His, Of Par - a - dise pos-sessed,
A to - ken of His love He gives, A pledge of lib - er - ty.
His pres-ence makes me free in - deed, And He will soon ap - pear.
Thou wilt re - turn, and claim me, Lord, And to Thy-self re - ceive.
I taste un - ut - ter - a - ble bliss, And ev - er - last - ing rest. A - MEN.

87 Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

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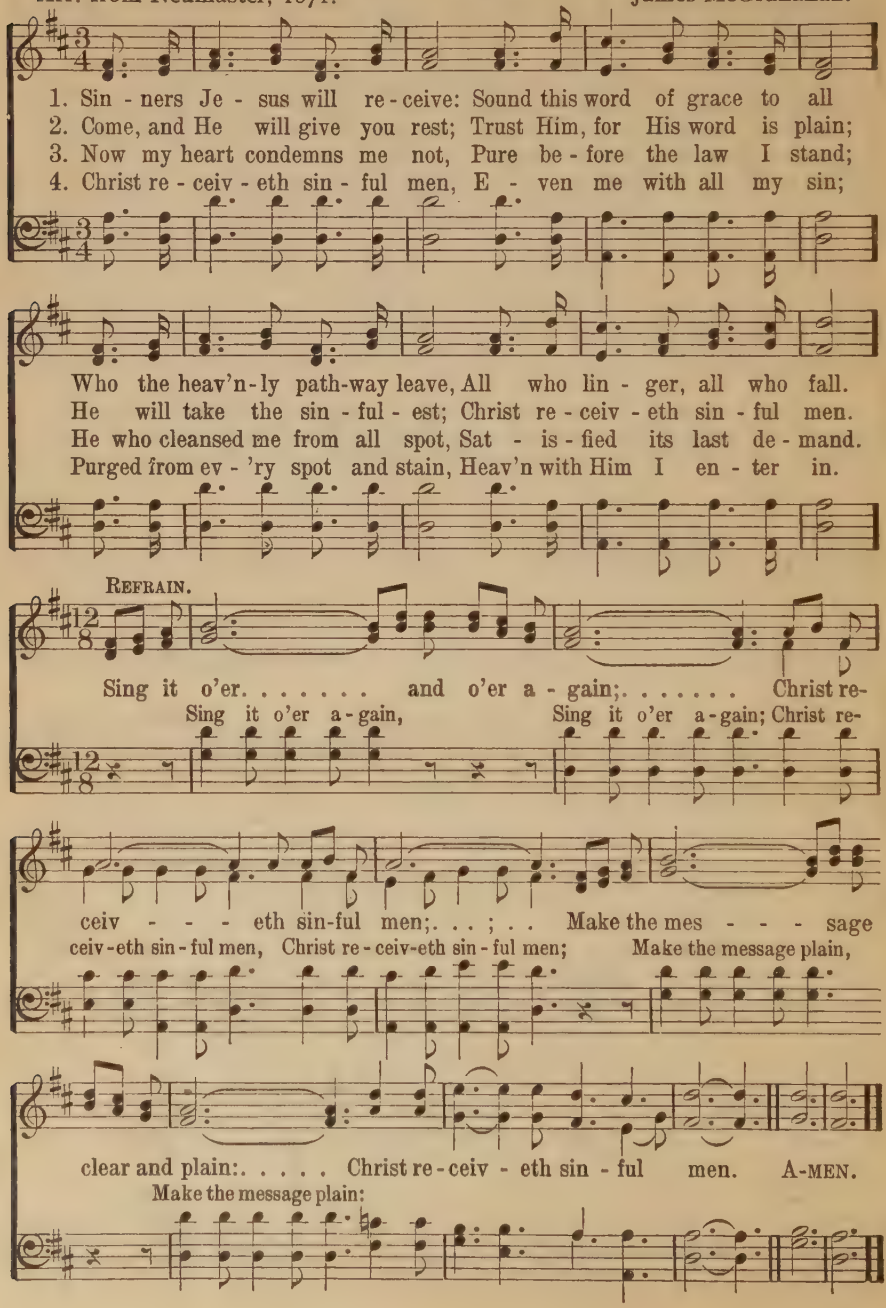
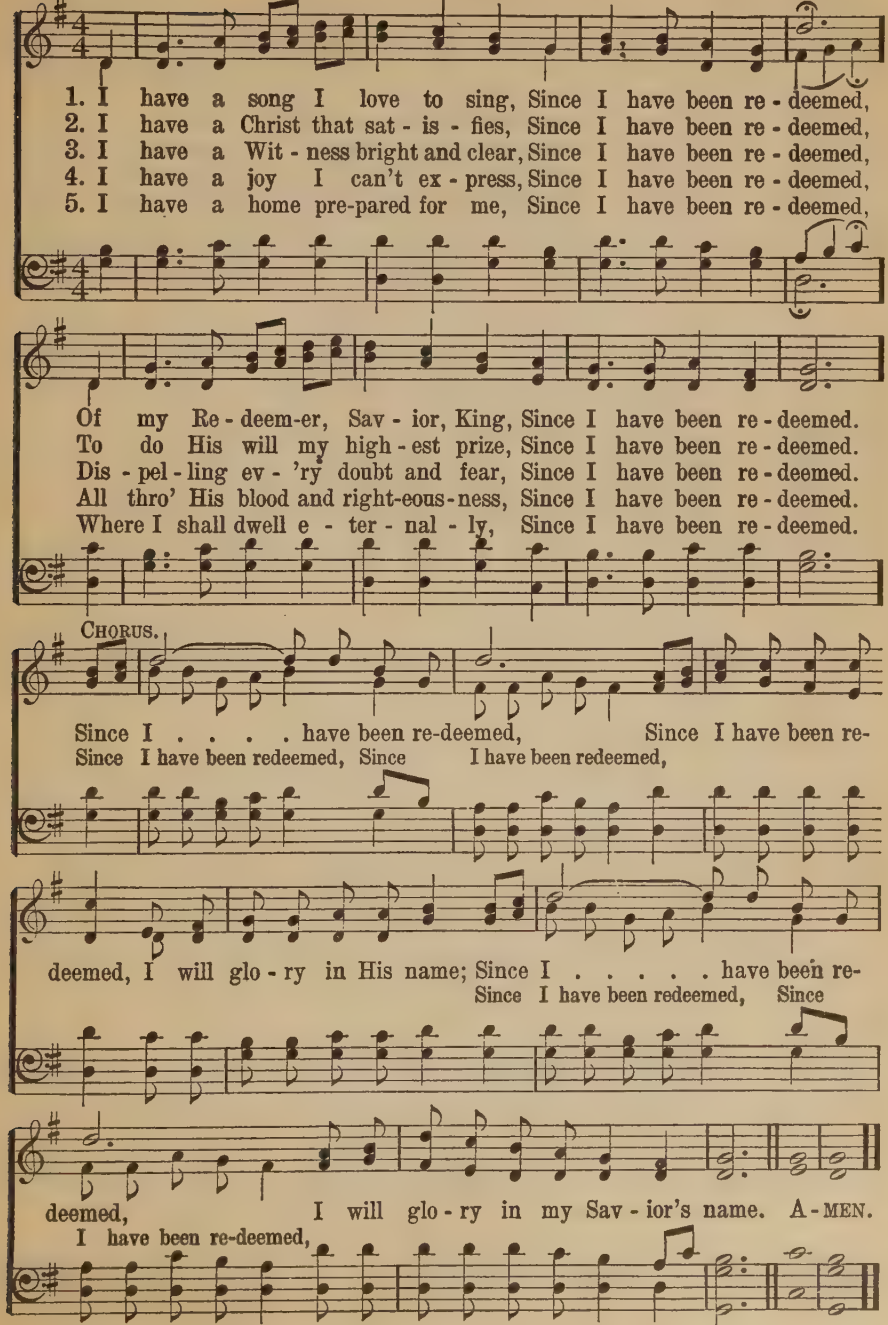
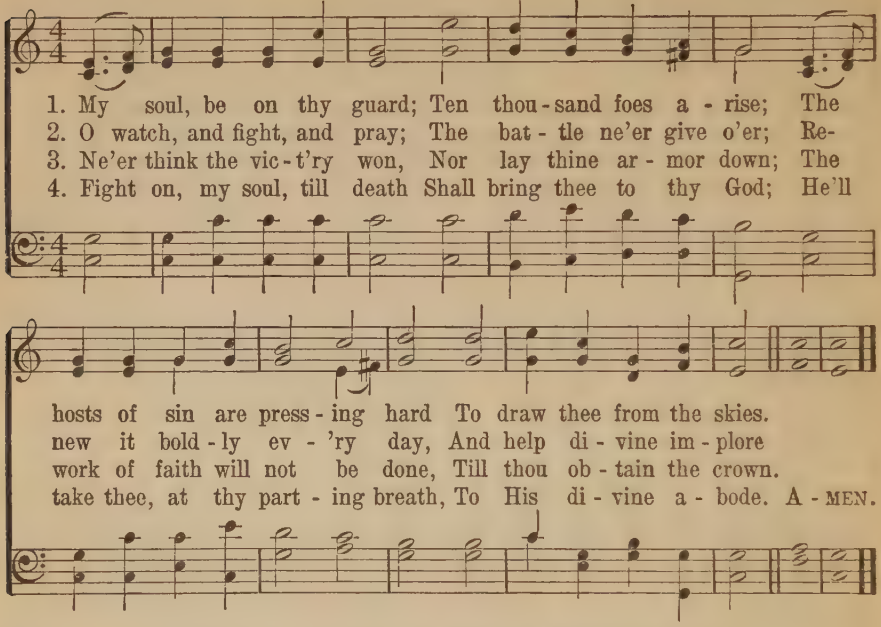
Arr. from Neumaster, 1671. James McGranahan.

1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him, for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;
Who the heav'n-ly path-way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
Purged from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.
REFRAIN.
Sing it o'er. . . . . and o'er a - gain;. . . . . Christ re-
Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain; Christ re-
ceiv - - - eth sin-ful men;. . . ; . . Make the mes - - - sage
ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,
clear and plain:. . . . . Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men. A-MEN.
Make the message plain:

88 Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been re - deemed,
2. I have a Christ that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re - deemed,
3. I have a Wit - ness bright and clear, Since I have been re - deemed,
4. I have a joy I can't ex - press, Since I have been re - deemed,
5. I have a home pre-pared for me, Since I have been re - deemed,
Of my Re - deem-er, Sav - ior, King, Since I have been re - deemed.
To do His will my high - est prize, Since I have been re - deemed.
Dis - pel - ling ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been re - deemed.
All thro' His blood and right-eous-ness, Since I have been re - deemed.
Where I shall dwell e - ter - nal - ly, Since I have been re - deemed.
CHORUS.
Since I . . . . have been re-deemed, Since I have been re-
Since I have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed,
deemed, I will glo - ry in His name; Since I . . . . . have been re-
Since I have been redeemed, Since
deemed, I will glo - ry in my Sav - ior's name. A - MEN.
I have been re-deemed,

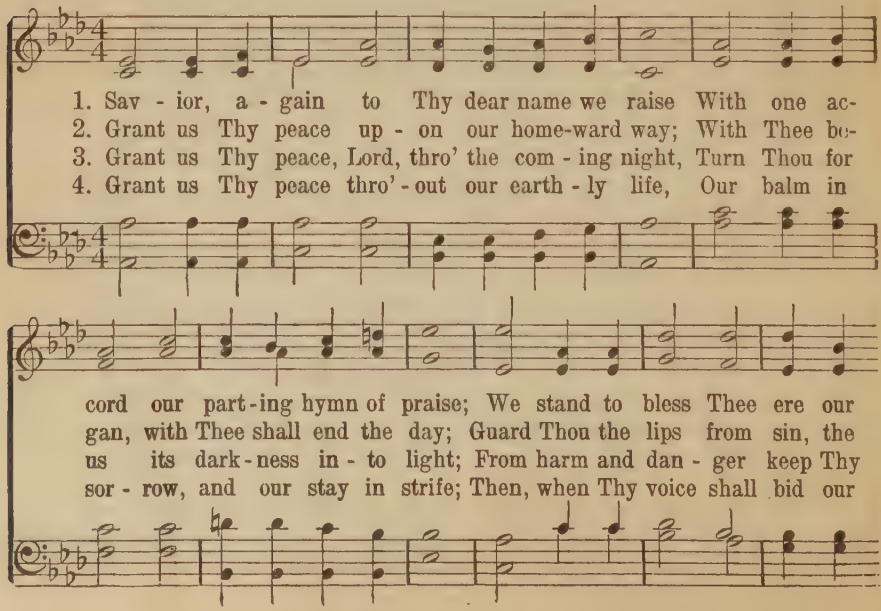
89 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath. *Laban. S. M.* Lowell Mason.

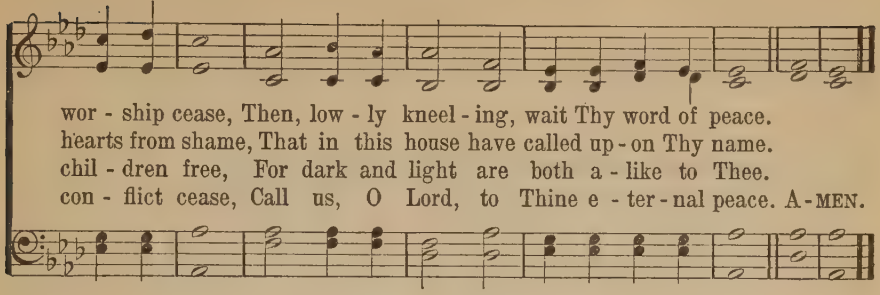

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thou-sand foes a-rise; The
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat-tle ne'er give o'er; Re-
3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down; The
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God; He'll
hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
new it bold-ly ev-'ry day, And help di-vine im-plore
work of faith will not be done, Till thou ob-tain the crown.
take thee, at thy part-ing breath, To His di-vine a-bode. A-MEN.

90 Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.

John Ellerton. *Ellers. 105.* Edward J. Hopkins.

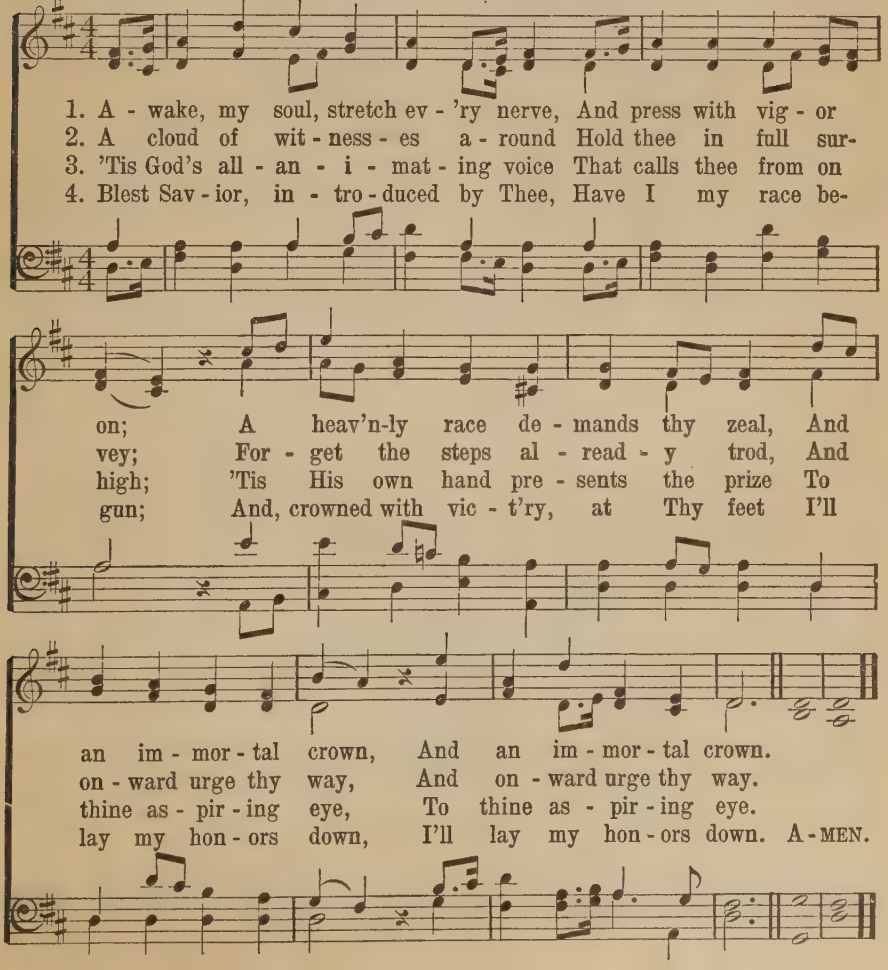

1. Sav-ior, a-gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us Thy peace up-on our home-ward way; With Thee be-
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night, Turn Thou for
4. Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our earth-ly life, Our balm in
cord our part-ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our
gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the
us its dark-ness in-to light; From harm and dan-ger keep Thy
sor-row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our

Savior, Again to Thy Dear Name.


wor - ship cease, Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - MEN.

91 Awake, My Soul.

Philip Doddridge. *Christmas. C. M.* George F. Handel.


1. A - wake, my soul, stretch ev - 'ry nerve, And press with vig - or
2. A cloud of wit - ness - es a - round Hold thee in full sur-
3. 'Tis God's all - an - i - mat - ing voice That calls thee from on
4. Blest Sav - ior, in - tro - duced by Thee, Have I my race be-
on; A heav'n-ly race de - mands thy zeal, And
vey; For - get the steps al - read - y trod, And
high; 'Tis His own hand pre - sents the prize To
gun; And, crowned with vic - t'ry, at Thy feet I'll
an im - mor - tal crown, And an im - mor - tal crown.
on - ward urge thy way, And on - ward urge thy way.
thine as - pir - ing eye, To thine as - pir - ing eye.
lay my hon - ors down, I'll lay my hon - ors down. A - MEN.

92 As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

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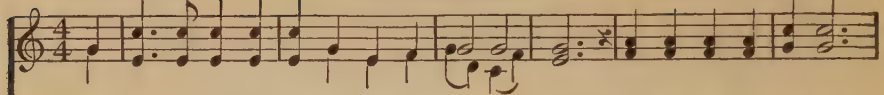
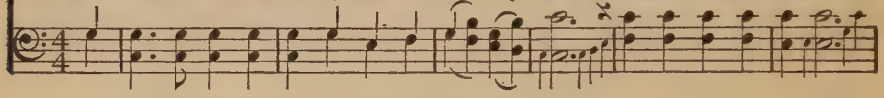
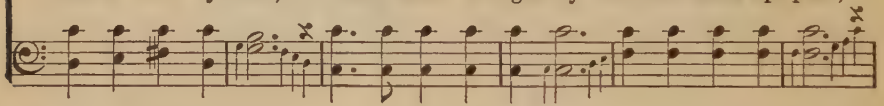
Chas. H. Gabriel.

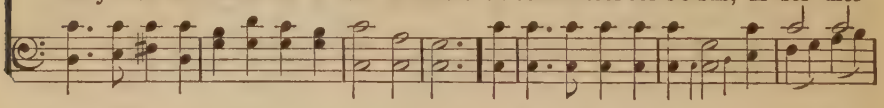


1. A call for loy-al sol-diers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful

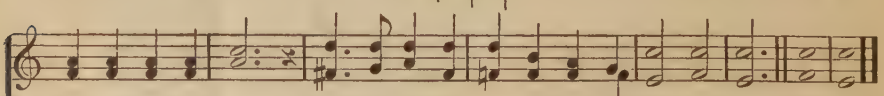


Will you heed the call! Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;

CHORUS.

Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus, A sol-dier



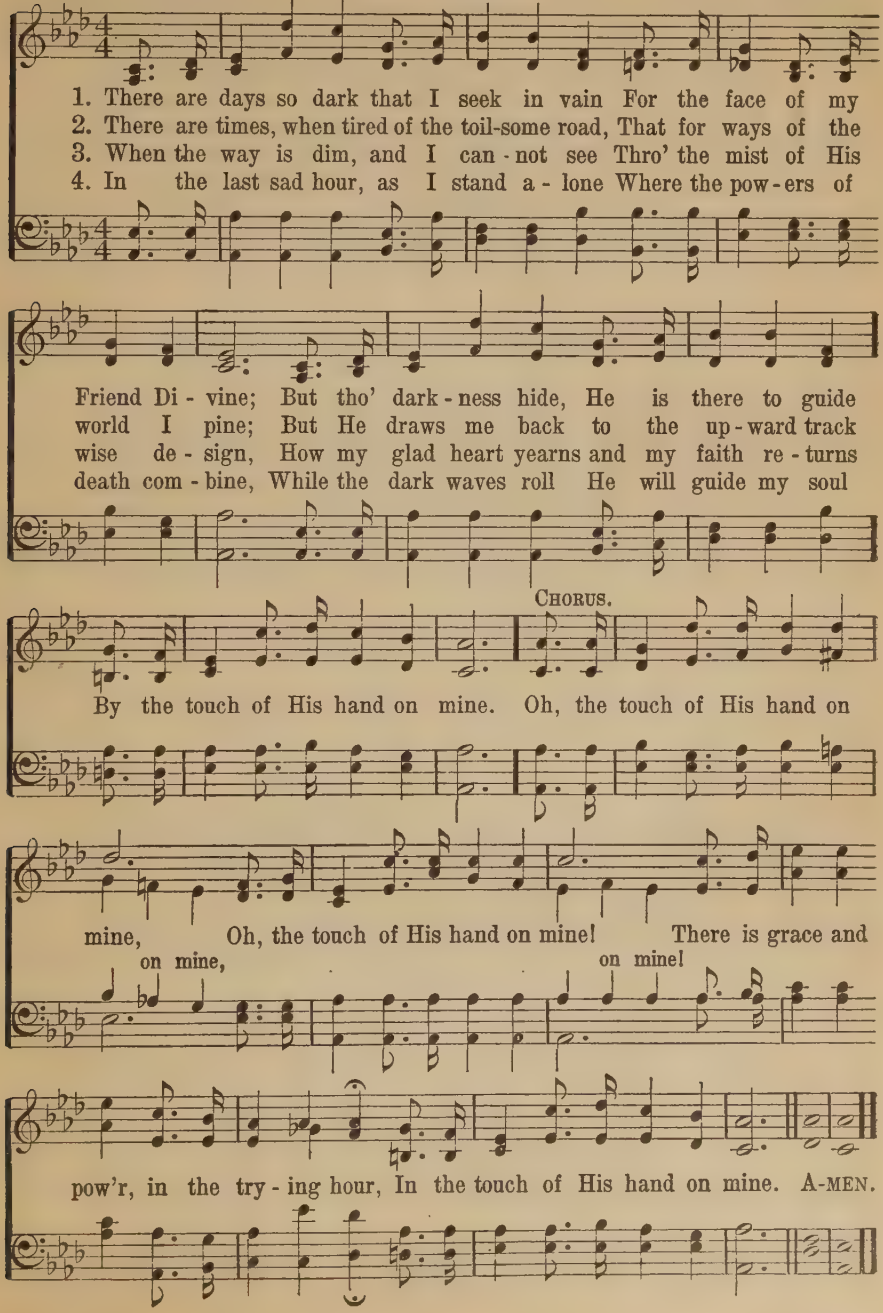
true! Oth-ers have enlisted, Why not you? Je-sus is the Cap-tain,
O why not?



We will nev-er fear; Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A-MEN.

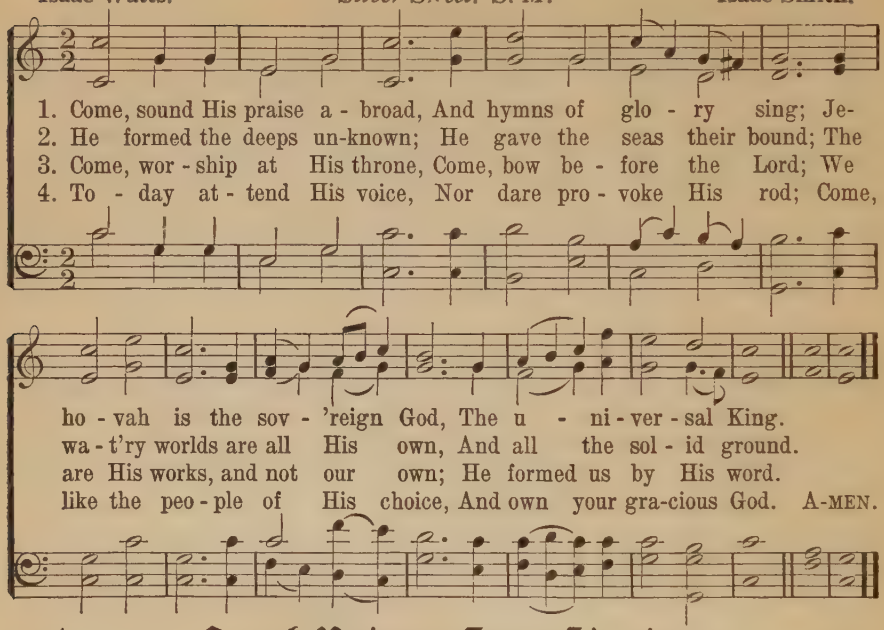
93 The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Henry P. Morton.


1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of
Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul
CHORUS.
By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on
mine, Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and
on mine,
on mine!
pow'r, in the try-ing hour, In the touch of His hand on mine. A-MEN.

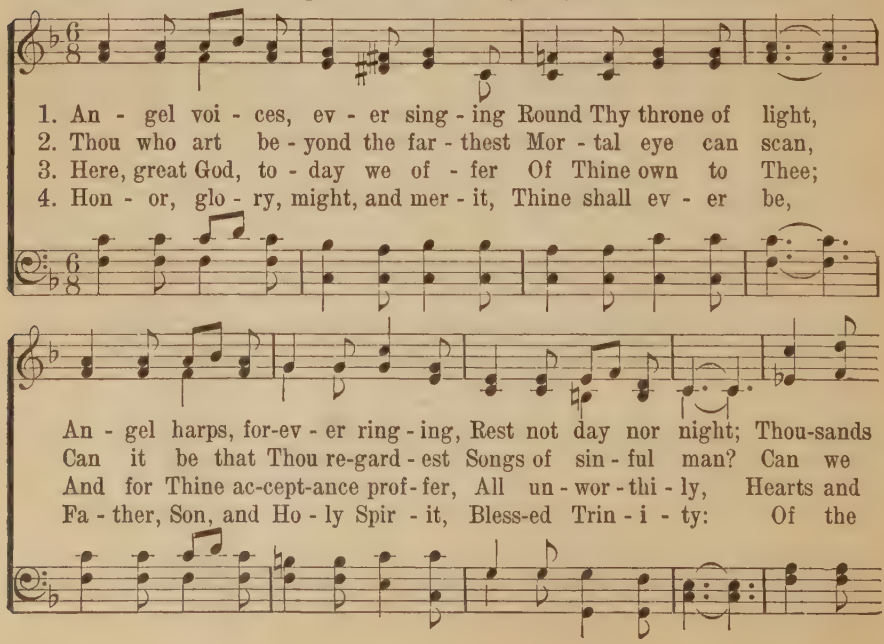
94 Come, Sound His Praise.

Isaac Watts. *Silver Street. S. M.* Isaac Smith.

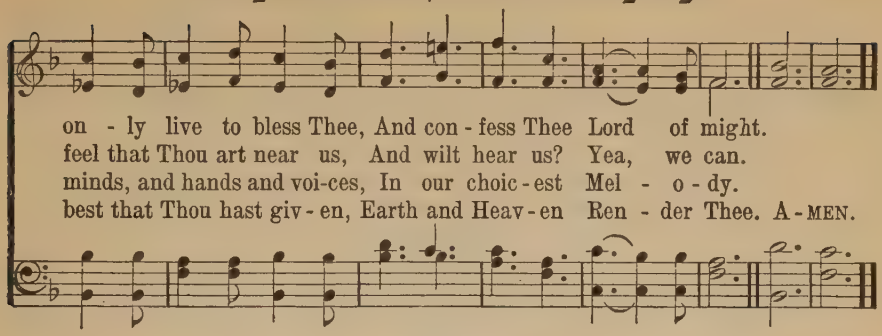

1. Come, sound His praise a - broad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je-
2. He formed the deeps un-known; He gave the seas their bound; The
3. Come, wor - ship at His throne, Come, bow be - fore the Lord; We
4. To - day at - tend His voice, Nor dare pro - voke His rod; Come,
ho - vah is the sov - 'reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.
wa - t'ry worlds are all His own, And all the sol - id ground.
are His works, and not our own; He formed us by His word.
like the peo - ple of His choice, And own your gra-cious God. A-MEN.

95 Angel Voices, Ever Singing.

Francis Pott. *Angel Voices. 8. 5. 8. 5. 8. 4. 3.* Sir Arthur Sullivan.

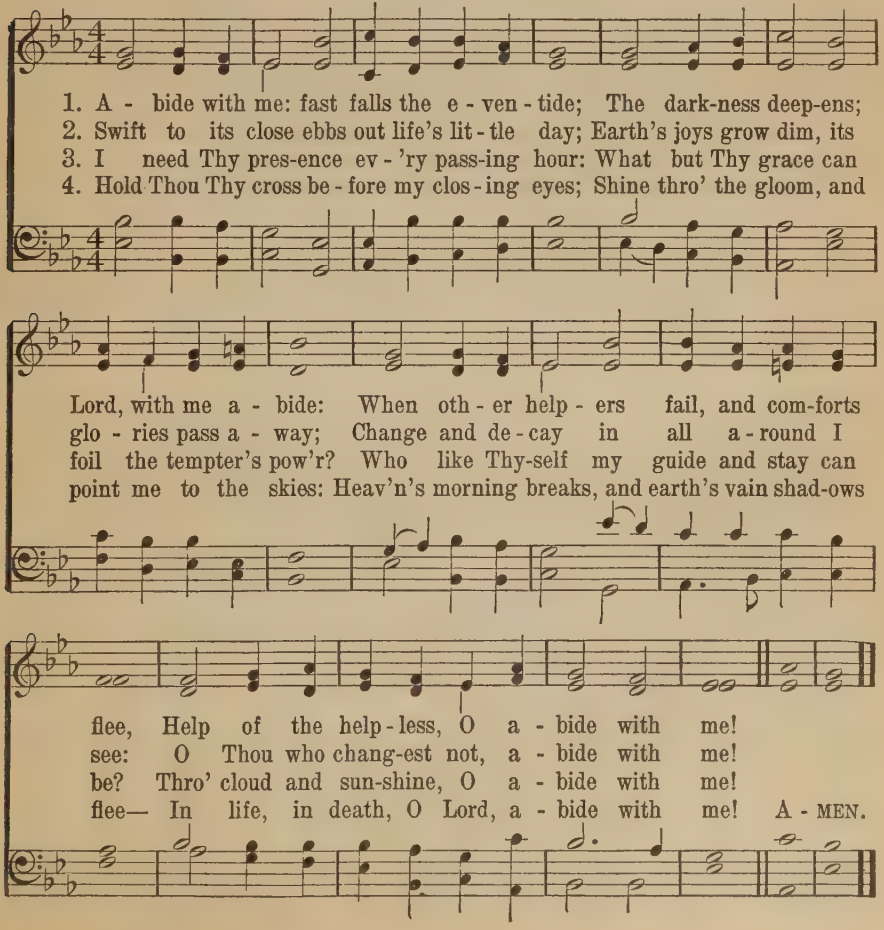

1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,
2. Thou who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan,
3. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee;
4. Hon - or, glo - ry, might, and mer - it, Thine shall ev - er be,
An - gel harps, for-ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night; Thou-sands
Can it be that Thou re-gard - est Songs of sin - ful man? Can we
And for Thine ac-cept-ance prof - fer, All un - wor - thi - ly, Hearts and
Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it, Bless-ed Trin - i - ty: Of the

Angel Voices, Ever Singing.


on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might.
feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
minds, and hands and voi-ces, In our choic - est Mel - o - dy.
best that Thou hast giv - en, Earth and Heav - en Ren - der Thee. A - MEN.

96 Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. *Eventide. 10s.* W. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark-ness deep-ens;
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour: What but Thy grace can
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and
Lord, with me a - bide: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts
glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a - round I
foil the tempter's pow'r? Who like Thy-self my guide and stay can
point me to the skies: Heav'n's morning breaks, and earth's vain shad-ows
flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
see: O Thou who chang-est not, a - bide with me!
be? Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a - bide with me!
flee— In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me! A - MEN.

97 Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

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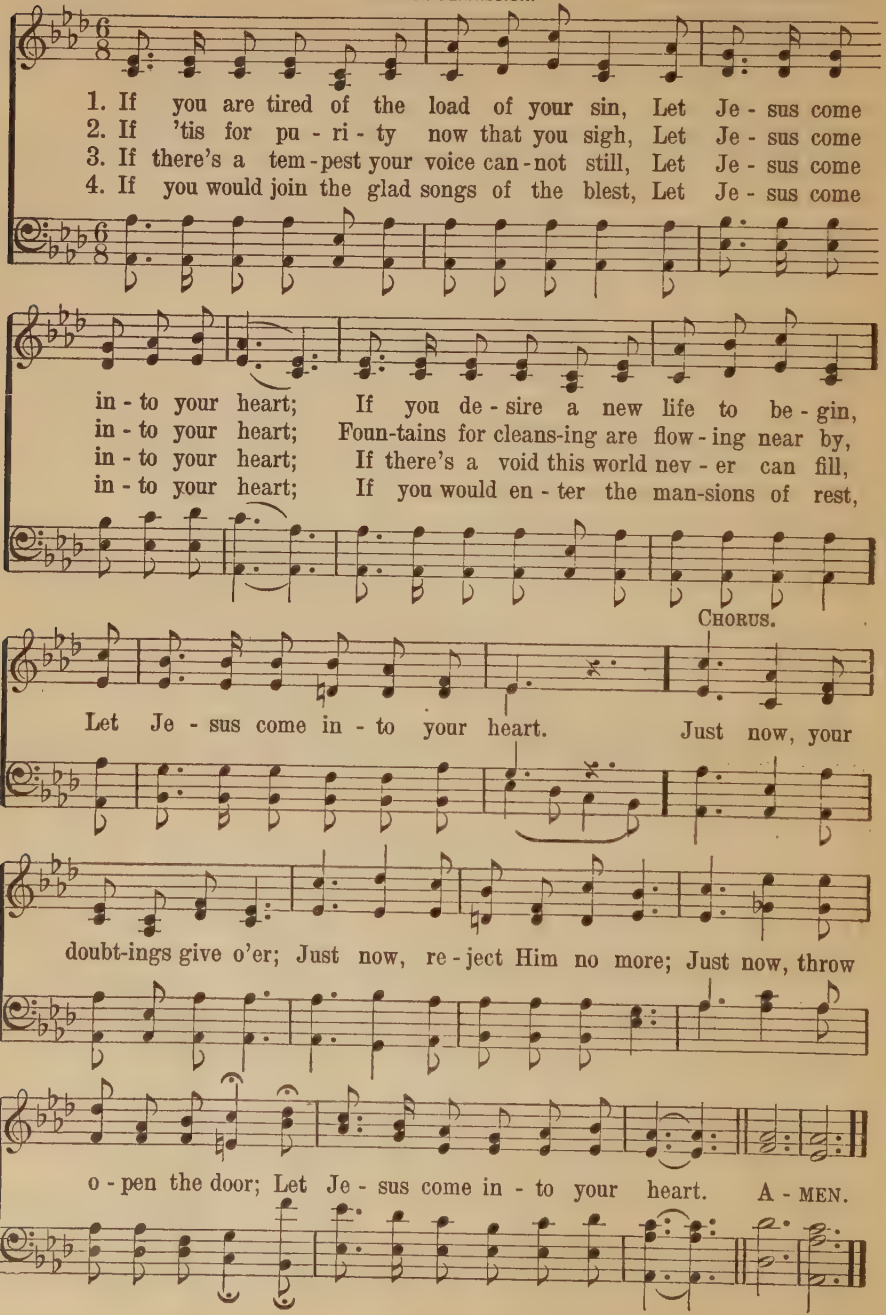
1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
3. If there's a tem - pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
Foun-tains for cleans-ing are flow - ing near by,
If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,
CHORUS.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
doubt-ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. A - MEN.

98 He Included Me.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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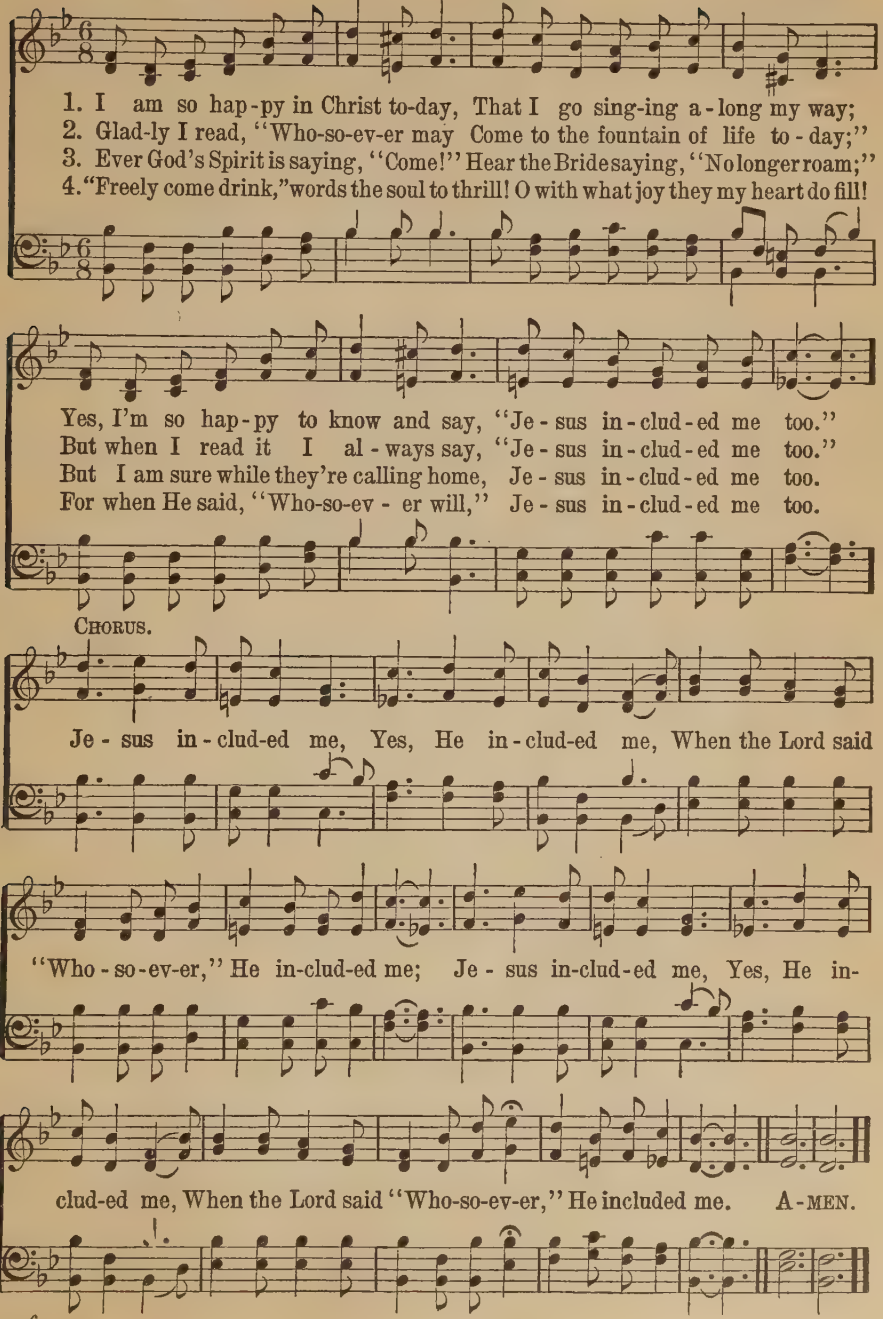
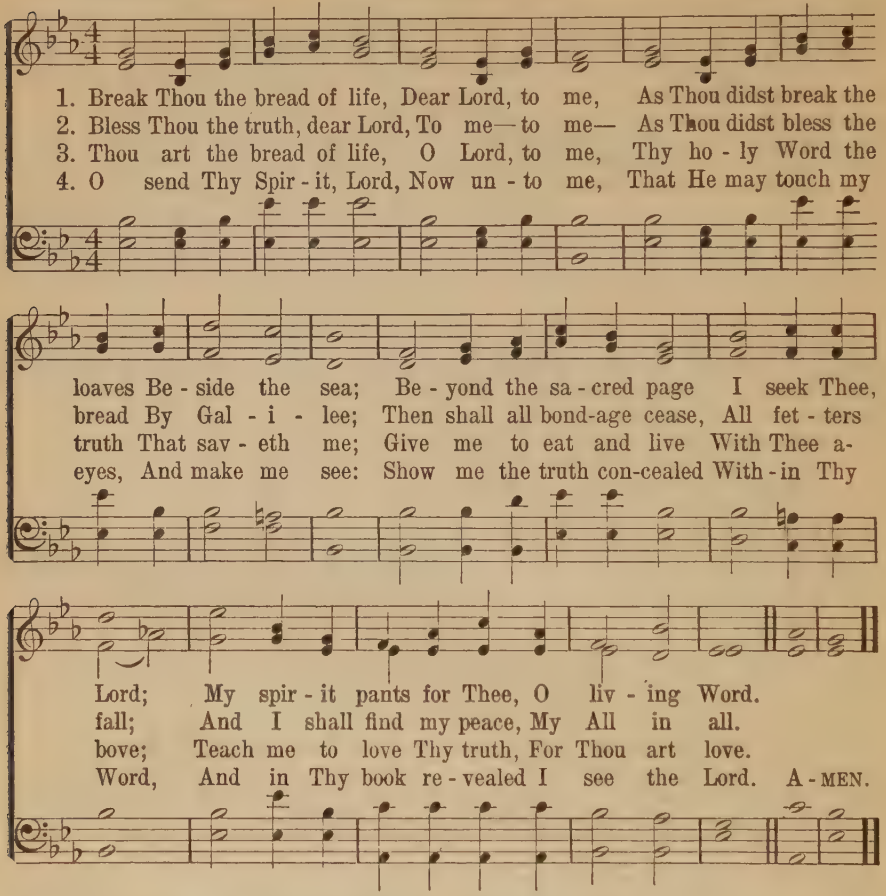
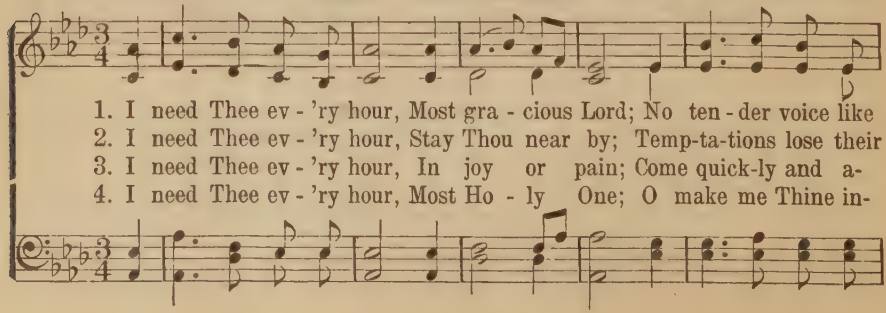

1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go sing-ing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ever God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But I am sure while they're calling home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
CHORUS.
Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said
"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-
clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He included me. A-MEN.

99 Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. *Bread of Life. 6. 4. D.* William F. Sherwin.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me— As Thou didst bless the
3. Thou art the bread of life, O Lord, to me, Thy ho - ly Word the
4. O send Thy Spir - it, Lord, Now un - to me, That He may touch my
loaves Be - side the sea; Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee,
bread By Gal - i - lee; Then shall all bond-age cease, All fet - ters
truth That sav - eth me; Give me to eat and live With Thee a-
eyes, And make me see: Show me the truth con-cealed With - in Thy
Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word.
fall; And I shall find my peace, My All in all.
bove; Teach me to love Thy truth, For Thou art love.
Word, And in Thy book re - vealed I see the Lord. A - MEN.

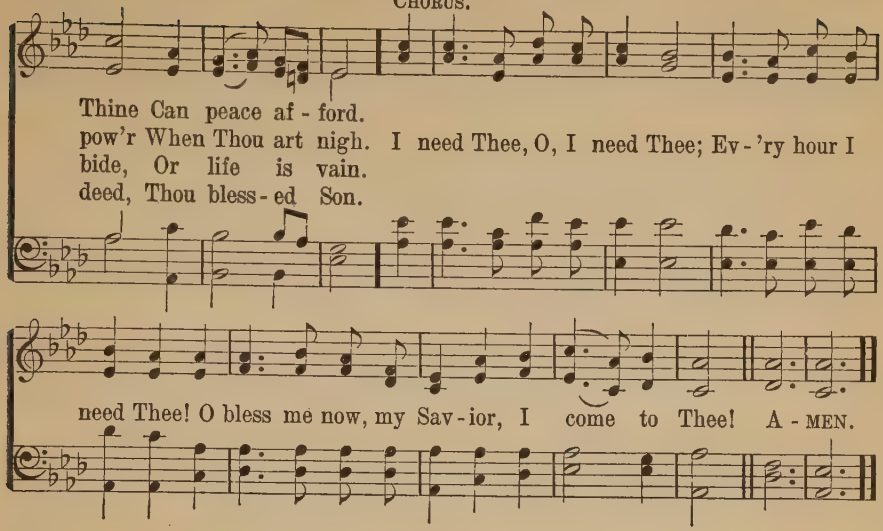
100 I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

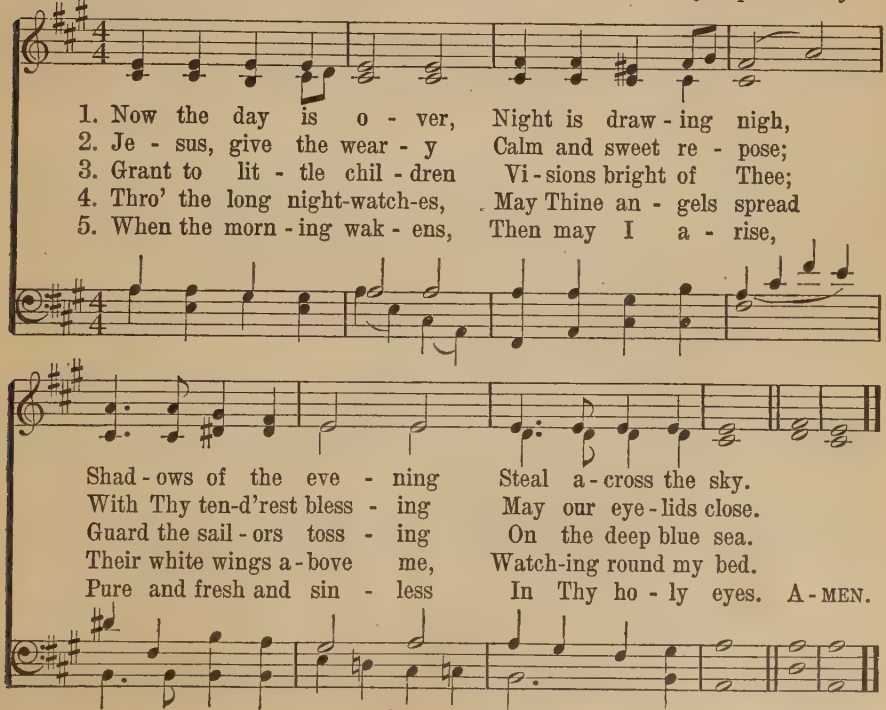
I Need Thee Every Hour.

CHORUS.

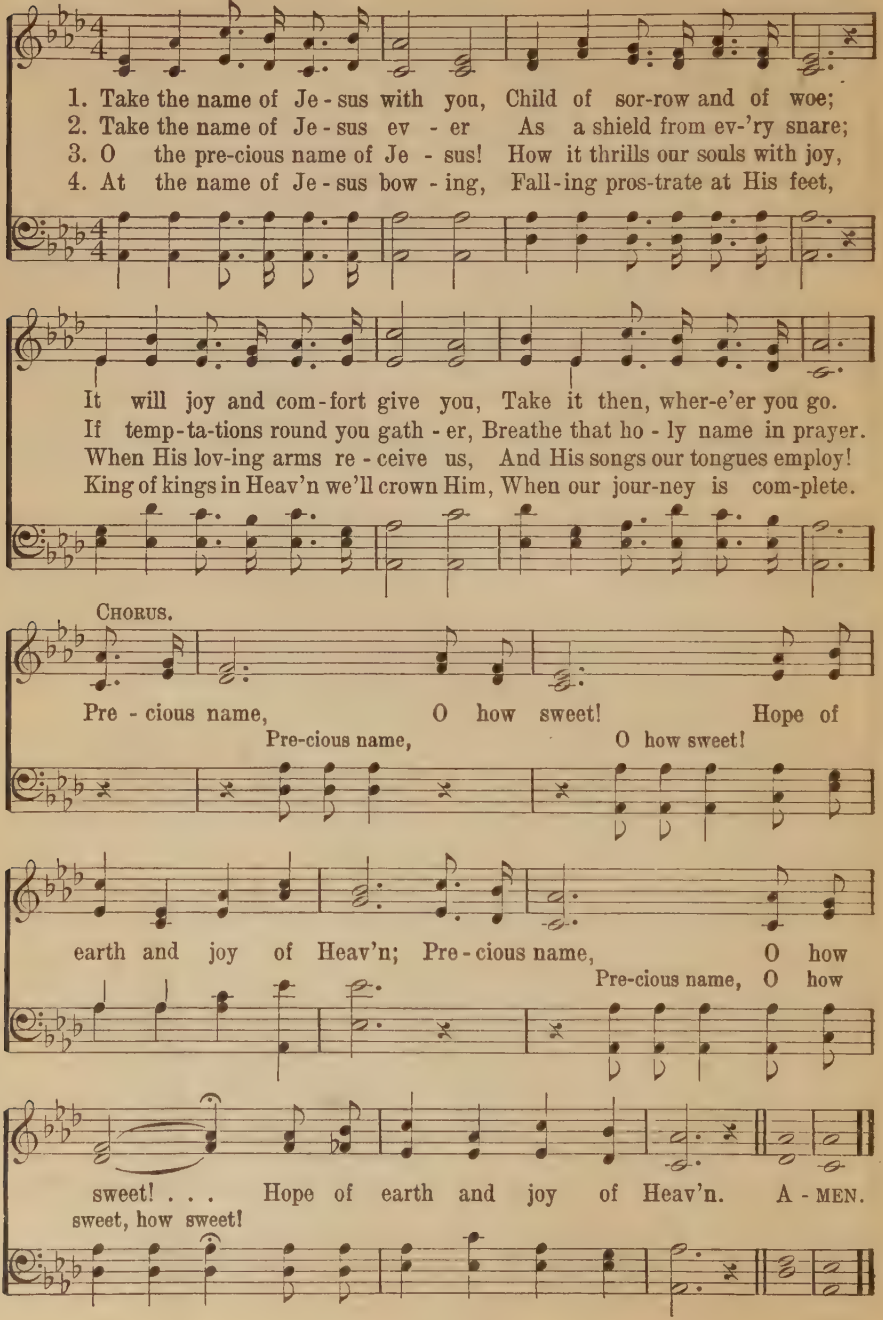

Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O, I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son.
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee! A - MEN.

101 Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. *Barnby. 6s. 5s.* Joseph Barnby.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of Thee;
4. Thro' the long night-watch-es, May Thine an - gels spread
5. When the morn - ing wak - ens, Then may I a - rise,
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch-ing round my bed.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes. A - MEN.
Steal a - cross the sky.

102 Take the Name of Jesus With You.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. W H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er As a shield from ev-'ry snare;
3. O the pre-cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp-ta-tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in prayer.
When His lov-ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues employ!
King of kings in Heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.
Chorus.
Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of
Pre-cious name, O how sweet!
earth and joy of Heav'n; Pre - cious name, O how
Pre-cious name, O how
sweet! . . . Hope of earth and joy of Heav'n. A - men.
sweet, how sweet!

103 The Bible.

B. Barton.

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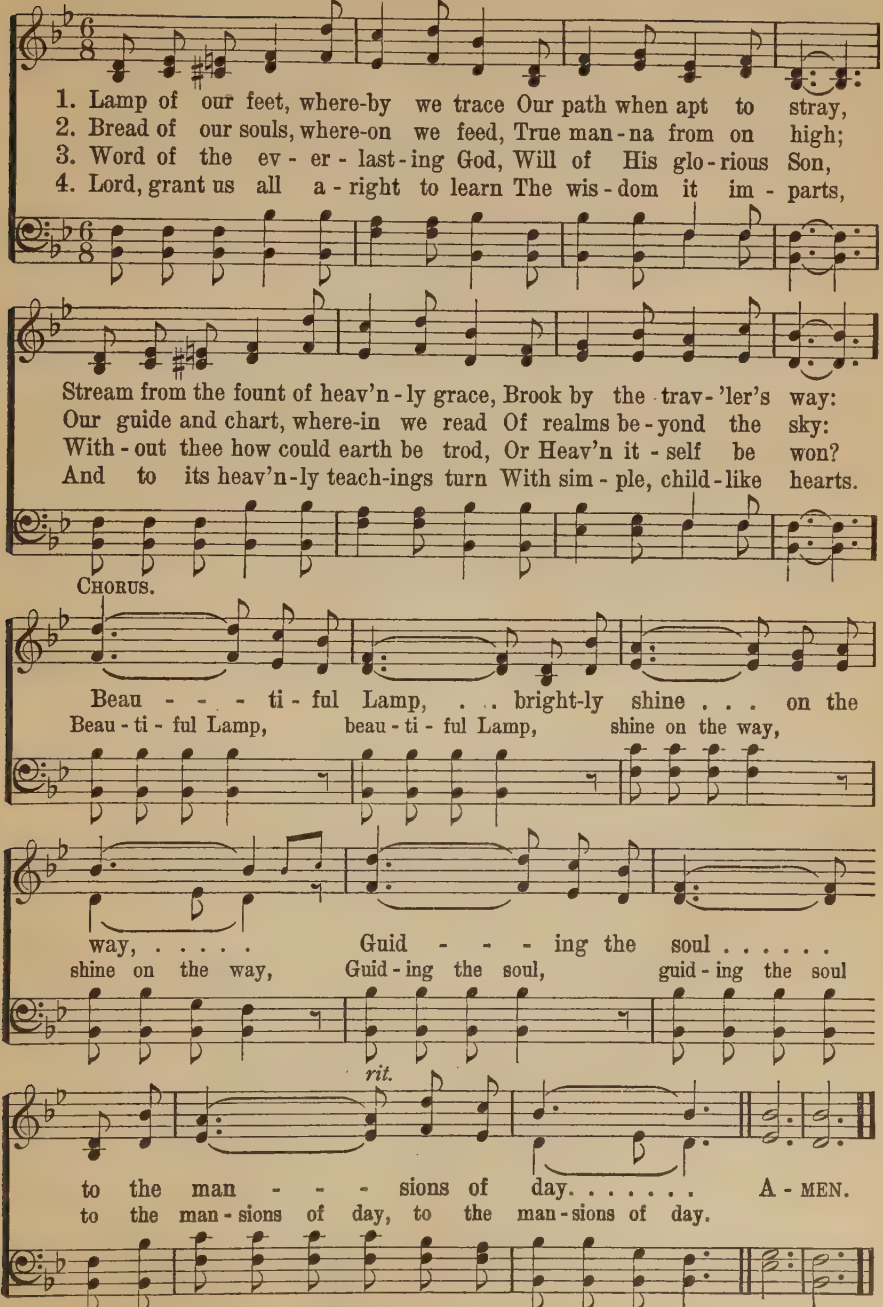
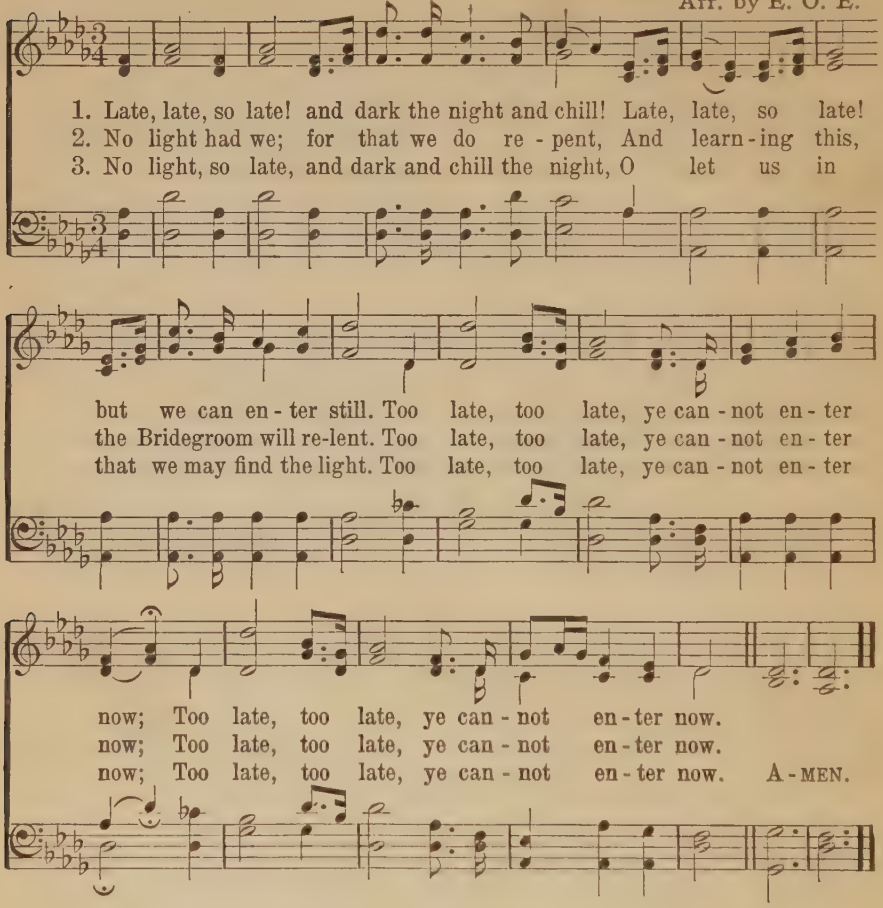
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Lamp of our feet, where-by we trace Our path when apt to stray,
2. Bread of our souls, where-on we feed, True man-na from on high;
3. Word of the ev - er - last-ing God, Will of His glo-rious Son,
4. Lord, grant us all a-right to learn The wis-dom it im - parts,
Stream from the fount of heav'n-ly grace, Brook by the trav-'ler's way:
Our guide and chart, where-in we read Of realms be-yond the sky:
With-out thee how could earth be trod, Or Heav'n it-self be won?
And to its heav'n-ly teach-ings turn With sim-ple, child-like hearts.
CHORUS.
Beau - - - ti-ful Lamp, . . . bright-ly shine . . . on the way,
Beau-ti-ful Lamp, beau-ti-ful Lamp, shine on the way,
Guid - - - ing the soul . . . . . .
shine on the way, Guid-ing the soul, guid-ing the soul
rit.
to the man - - - sions of day. . . . . A-MEN.
to the man-sions of day, to the man-sions of day.

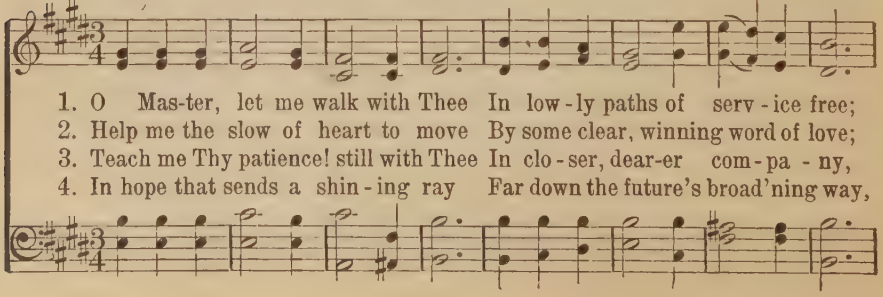
104 Too Late, Too Late.

Alfred Tennyson. ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. Brahms. Arr. by E. O. E.

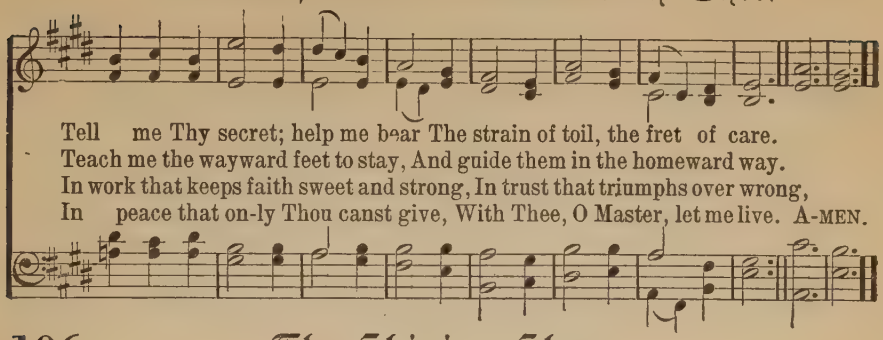

1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill! Late, late, so late!
2. No light had we; for that we do re - pent, And learn - ing this,
3. No light, so late, and dark and chill the night, O let us in
but we can en - ter still. Too late, too late, ye can - not en - ter
the Bridegroom will re-lent. Too late, too late, ye can - not en - ter
that we may find the light. Too late, too late, ye can - not en - ter
now; Too late, too late, ye can - not en - ter now.
now; Too late, too late, ye can - not en - ter now.
now; Too late, too late, ye can - not en - ter now. A - MEN.

105 O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.

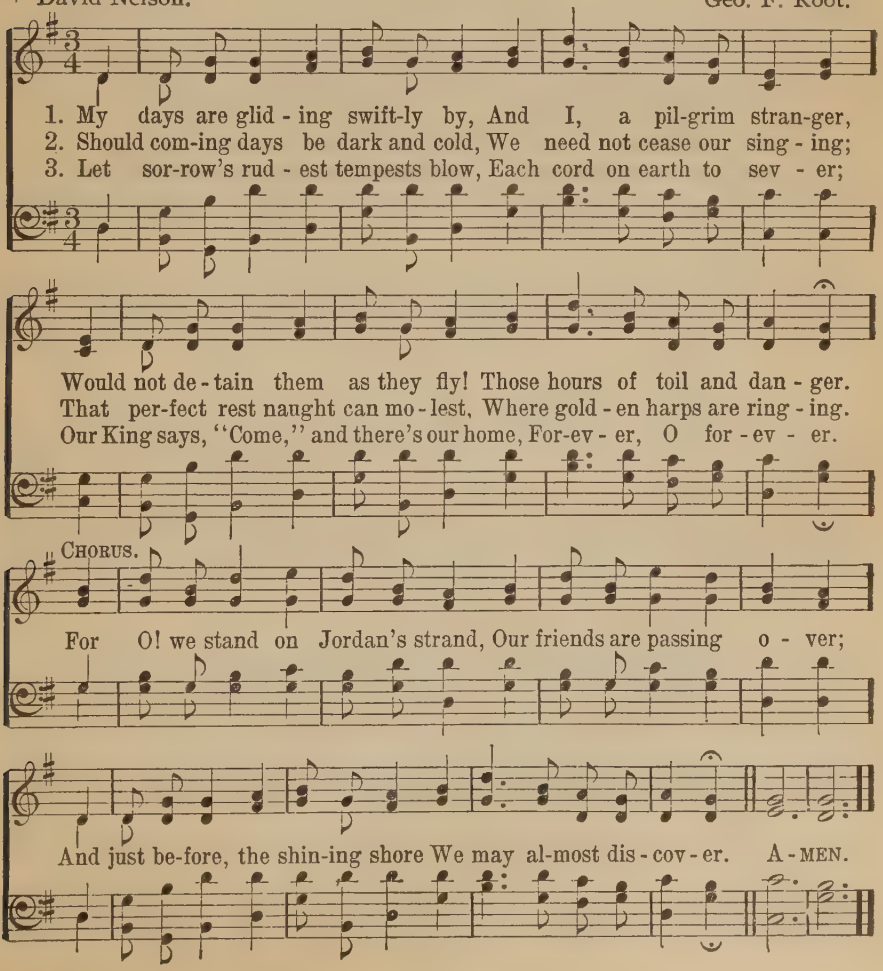
W. Gladden. *Maryton. L. M.* H. P. Smith.


1. O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low - ly paths of serv - ice free;
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear, winning word of love;
3. Teach me Thy patience! still with Thee In clo - ser, dear-er com - pa - ny,
4. In hope that sends a shin - ing ray Far down the future's broad'ning way,

O Master, Let Me Walk With Thee.


Tell me Thy secret; help me bear The strain of toil, the fret of care.
Teach me the wayward feet to stay, And guide them in the homeward way.
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumphs over wrong,
In peace that on-ly Thou canst give, With Thee, O Master, let me live. A-MEN.

106 The Shining Shore.

David Nelson. Geo. F. Root.

1. My days are glid - ing swift-ly by, And I, a pil-grim stran-ger,
2. Should com-ing days be dark and cold, We need not cease our sing - ing;
3. Let sor-row's rud - est tempests blow, Each cord on earth to sev - er;
Would not de - tain them as they fly! Those hours of toil and dan - ger.
That per-fect rest naught can mo - lest, Where gold - en harps are ring - ing.
Our King says, "Come," and there's our home, For-ev - er, O for - ev - er.
CHORUS.
For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o - ver;
And just be-fore, the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis - cov - er. A - MEN.

107 Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

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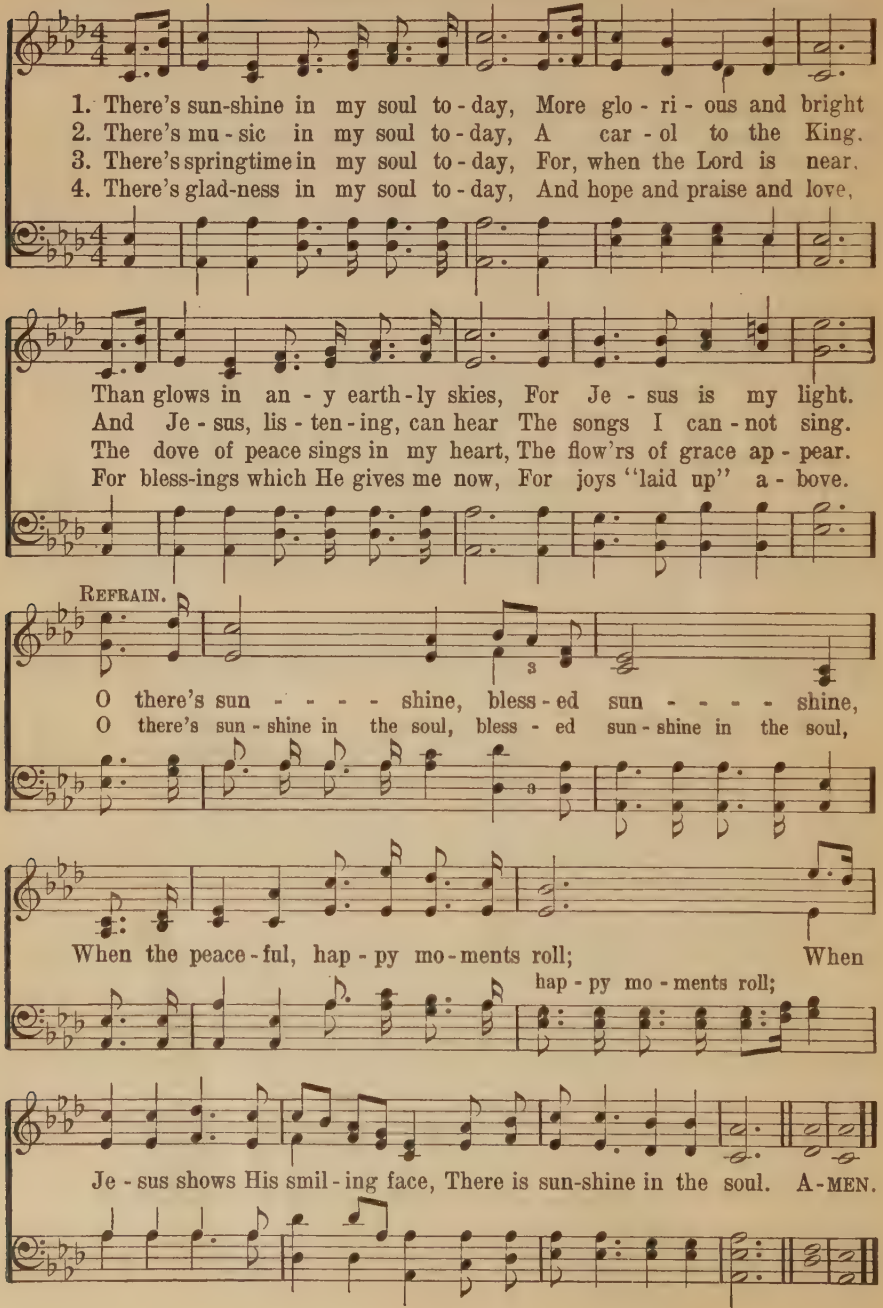
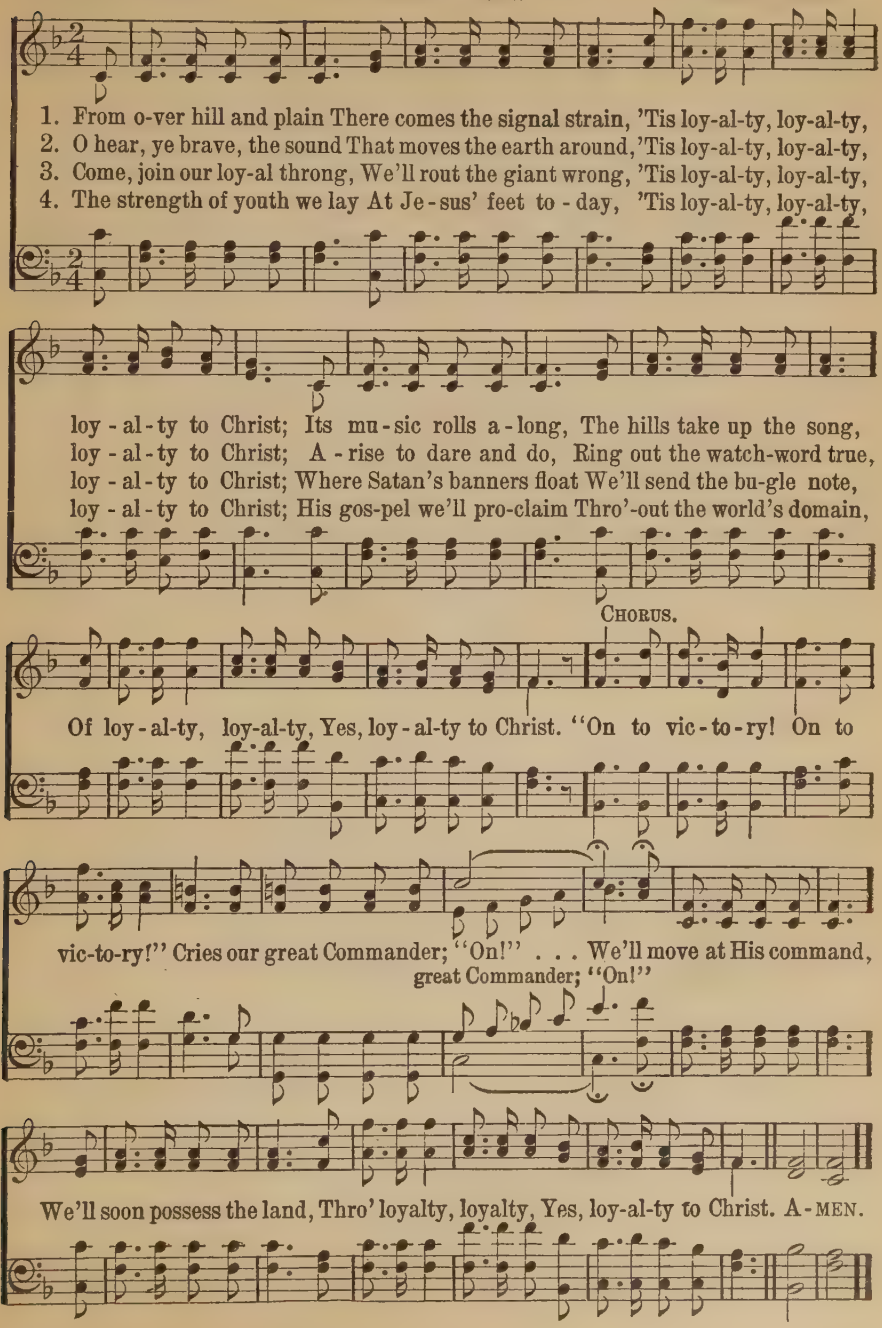
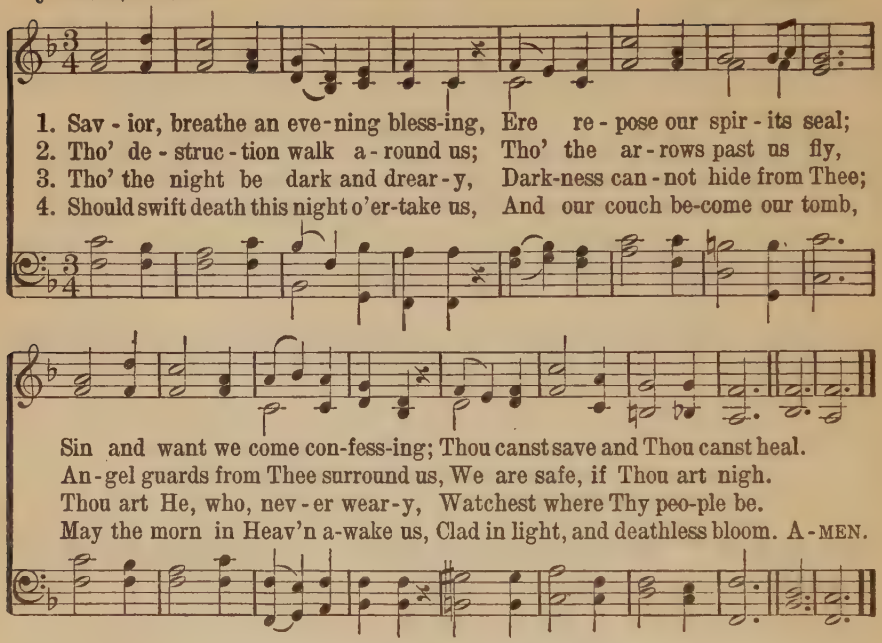
Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to the King.
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near.
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope and praise and love,
Than glows in an-y earth-ly skies, For Je-sus is my light.
And Je-sus, lis-ten-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.
REFRAIN.
O there's sun - - - - shine, bless-ed sun - - - - shine,
O there's sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,
When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll; When
hap-py mo-ments roll;
Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul. A-MEN.

108 Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o-ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu-sic rolls a-long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A-rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu-gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,
CHORUS.
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to
vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"
We'll soon possess the land, Thro' loyalty, loyalty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. A-MEN.

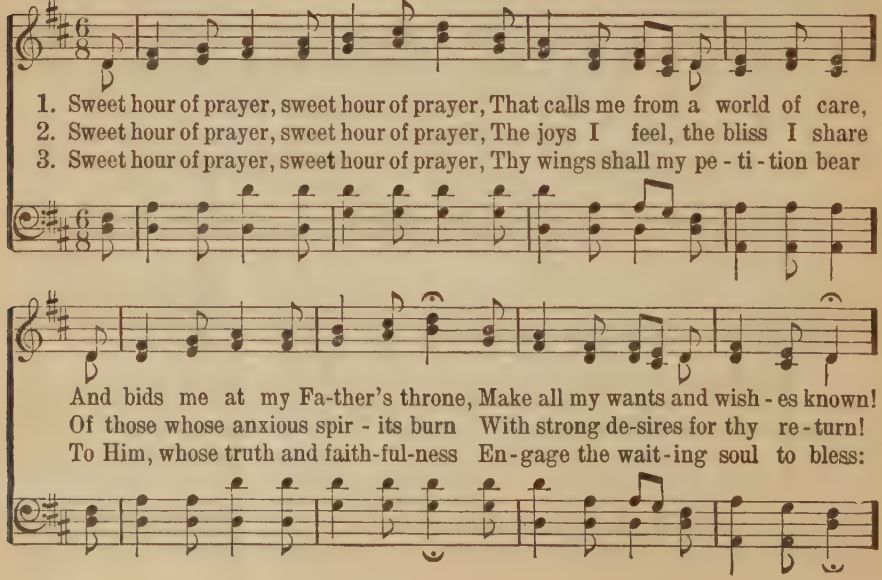
109 Closing Hymn.

James Edmeston. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

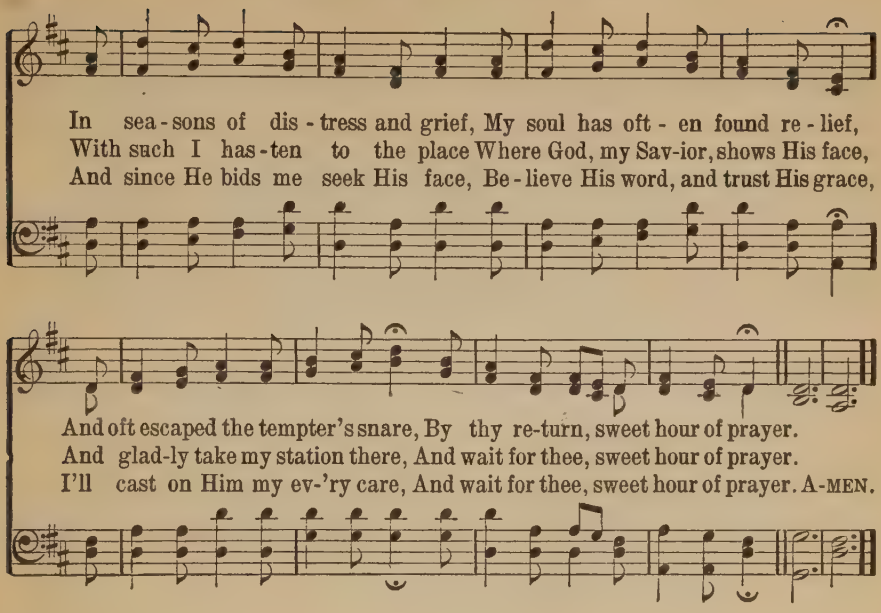

1. Sav - ior, breathe an eve - ning bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal;
2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us; Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,
3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark-ness can - not hide from Thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be-come our tomb,
Sin and want we come con-fess-ing; Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
An - gel guards from Thee surround us, We are safe, if Thou art nigh.
Thou art He, who, nev - er wear - y, Watchest where Thy peo-ple be.
May the morn in Heav'n a-wake us, Clad in light, and deathless bloom. A - MEN.

110 Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, The joys I feel, the bliss I share
3. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and wish - es known!
Of those whose anxious spir - its burn With strong de-sires for thy re - turn!
To Him, whose truth and faith-ful-ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless:

Sweet Hour of Prayer.


In sea-sons of dis-tress and grief, My soul has oft-en found re-lief,
With such I has-ten to the place Where God, my Sav-ior, shows His face,
And since He bids me seek His face, Be-lieve His word, and trust His grace,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer.
And glad-ly take my station there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.
I'll cast on Him my ev-'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer. A-MEN.

111 No Dying There.

F. A. B.

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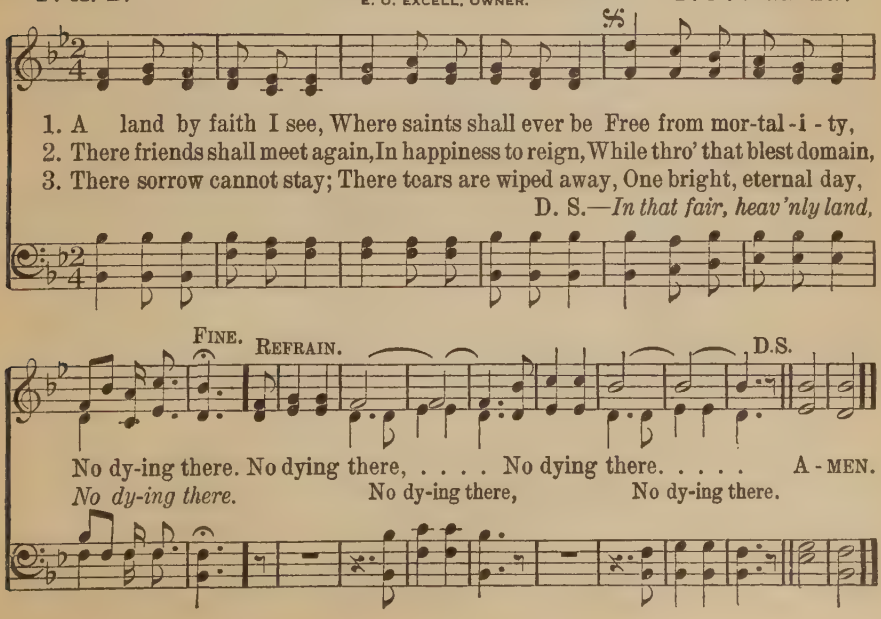
F. A. Blackmer.


1. A land by faith I see, Where saints shall ever be Free from mor-tal-i-ty,
2. There friends shall meet again, In happiness to reign, While thro' that blest domain,
3. There sorrow cannot stay; There tears are wiped away, One bright, eternal day,
D. S.—In that fair, heav'nly land,
FINE.
REFRAIN.
D.S.
No dy-ing there. No dying there, ... No dying there. . . . . A-MEN.
No dy-ing there. No dy-ing there, No dy-ing there.

112 There is Power in the Blood.

L. E. J.

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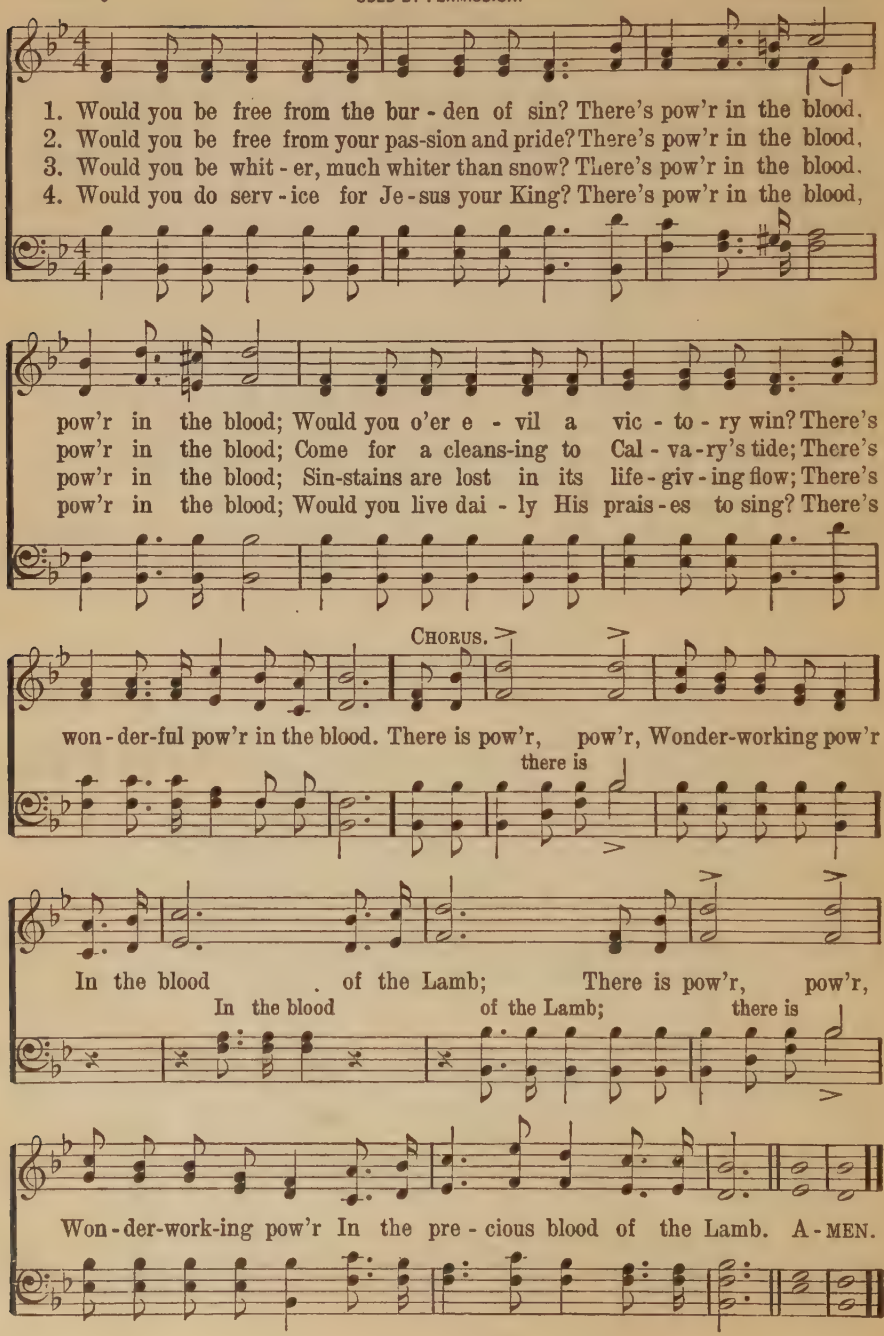
L. E. Jones.


1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood.
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood.
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win? There's
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide; There's
pow'r in the blood; Sin-stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow; There's
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing? There's
CHORUS.
won - der-ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r
there is
In the blood of the Lamb; There is pow'r, pow'r,
In the blood of the Lamb; there is
Won - der-work-ing pow'r In the pre - cious blood of the Lamb. A - MEN.

113 Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C.

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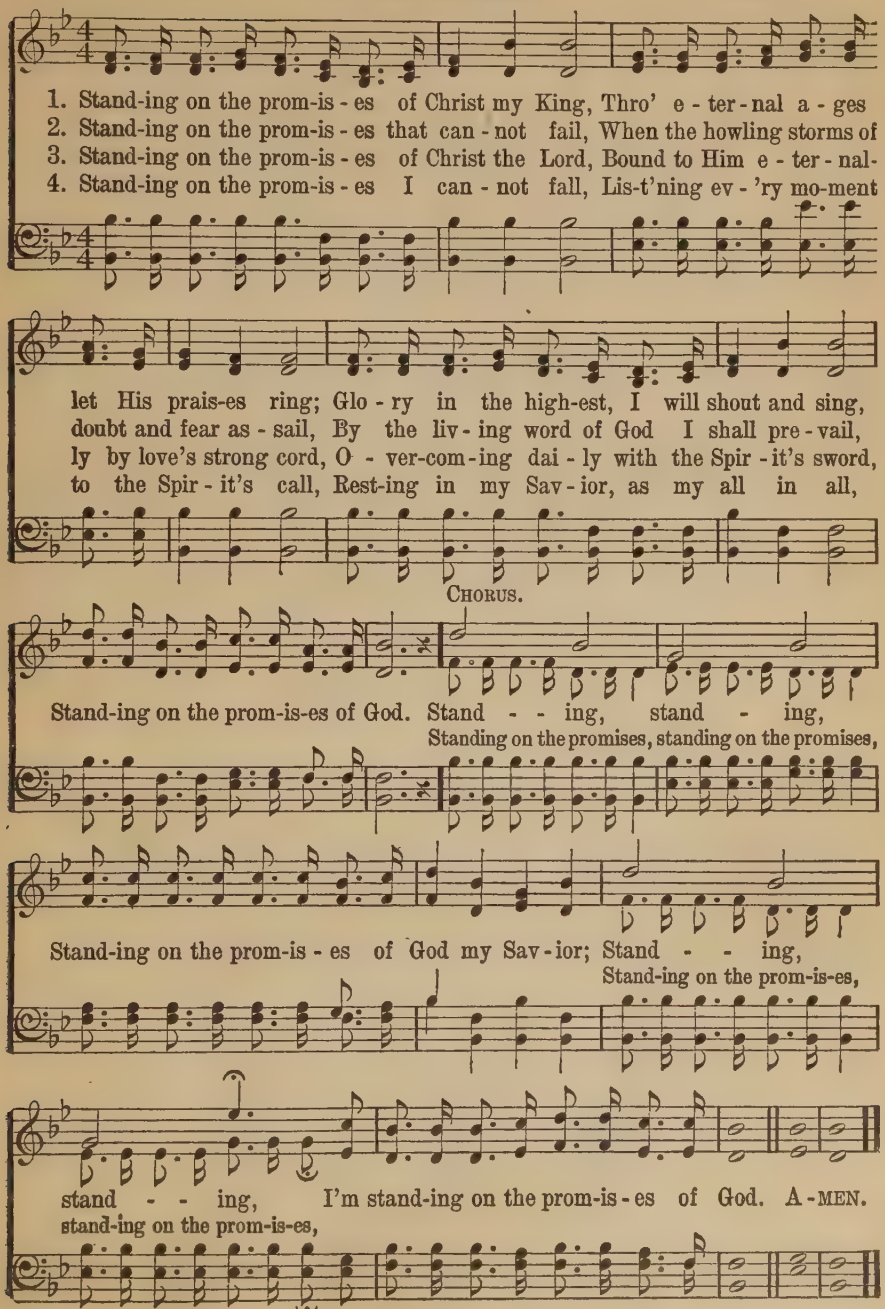
R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges
2. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling storms of
3. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e - ter - nal-
4. Stand-ing on the prom-is - es I can - not fail, Lis-t'ning ev - 'ry mo-ment
let His prais-es ring; Glo - ry in the high-est, I will shout and sing,
doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing word of God I shall pre - vail,
ly by love's strong cord, O - ver-com - ing dai - ly with the Spir - it's sword,
to the Spir - it's call, Rest-ing in my Sav - ior, as my all in all,
CHORUS.
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es of God. Stand - - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, standing on the promises,
Stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God my Sav - ior; Stand - - ing,
Stand-ing on the prom-is-es,
stand - - ing, I'm stand-ing on the prom-is - es of God. A - MEN.
stand-ing on the prom-is-es,

114 I'll Live for Him.

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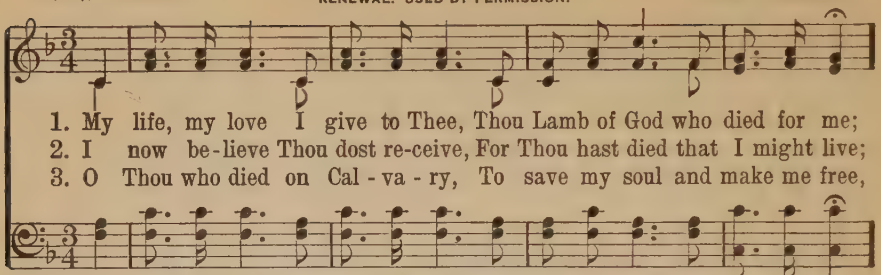
1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,
CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!
D. C. for Chorus.
Oh, may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God! A-MEN.
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

115 Almost Persuaded.

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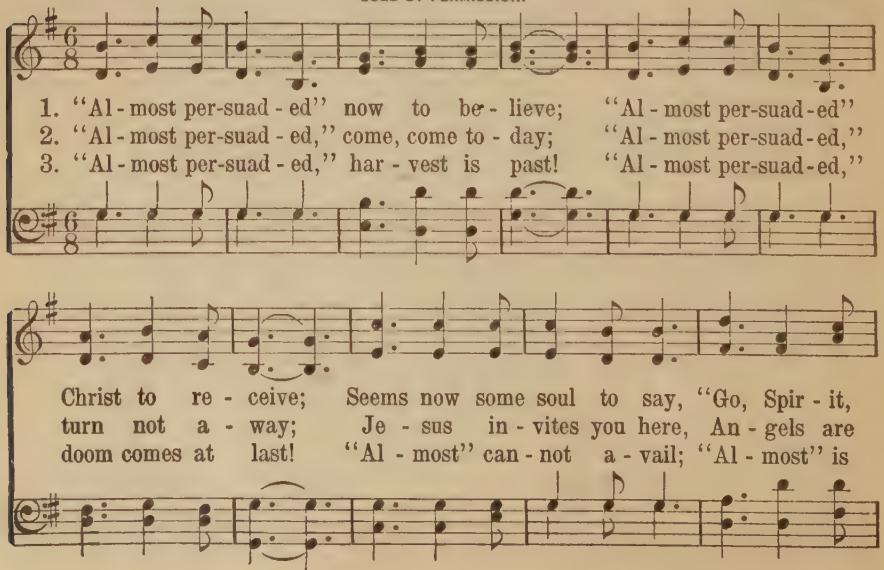
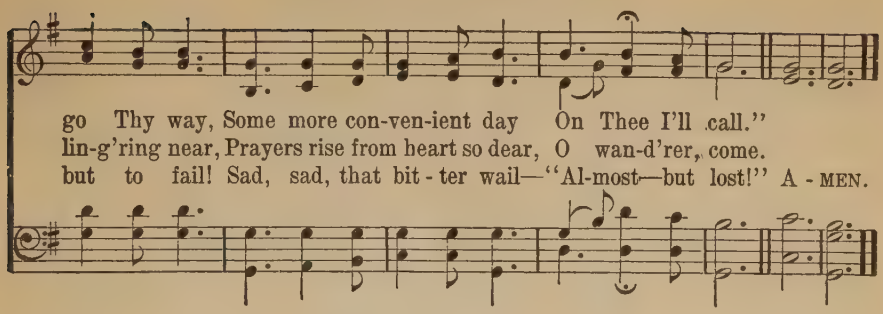

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is

Almost Persuaded.


go Thy way, Some more con-ven-ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit-ter wail—"Al-most—but lost!" A-MEN.

116 Why Not Now?

El Nathan.

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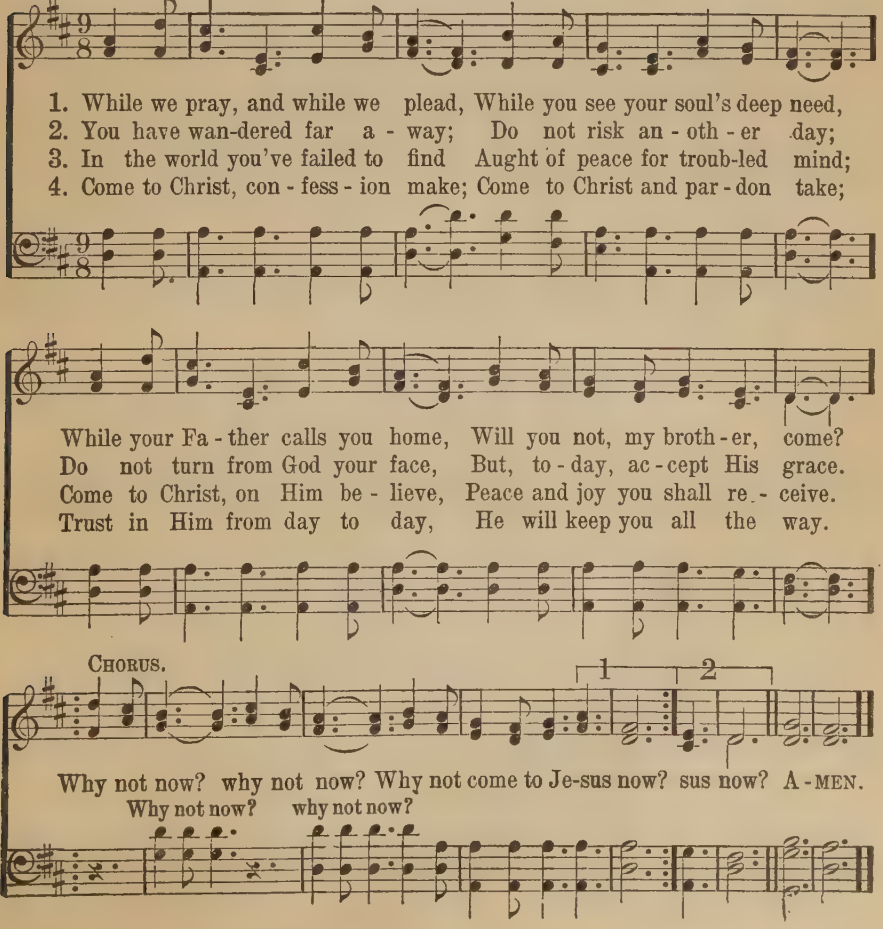
C. C. Case.


1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a-way; Do not risk an-oth-er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind;
4. Come to Christ, con-fess-ion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;
While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to-day, ac-cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be-lieve, Peace and joy you shall re-ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.
CHORUS.
1
2
Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je-sus now? sus now? A-MEN.
Why not now? why not now?

117 At the Cross.

Isaac Watts.

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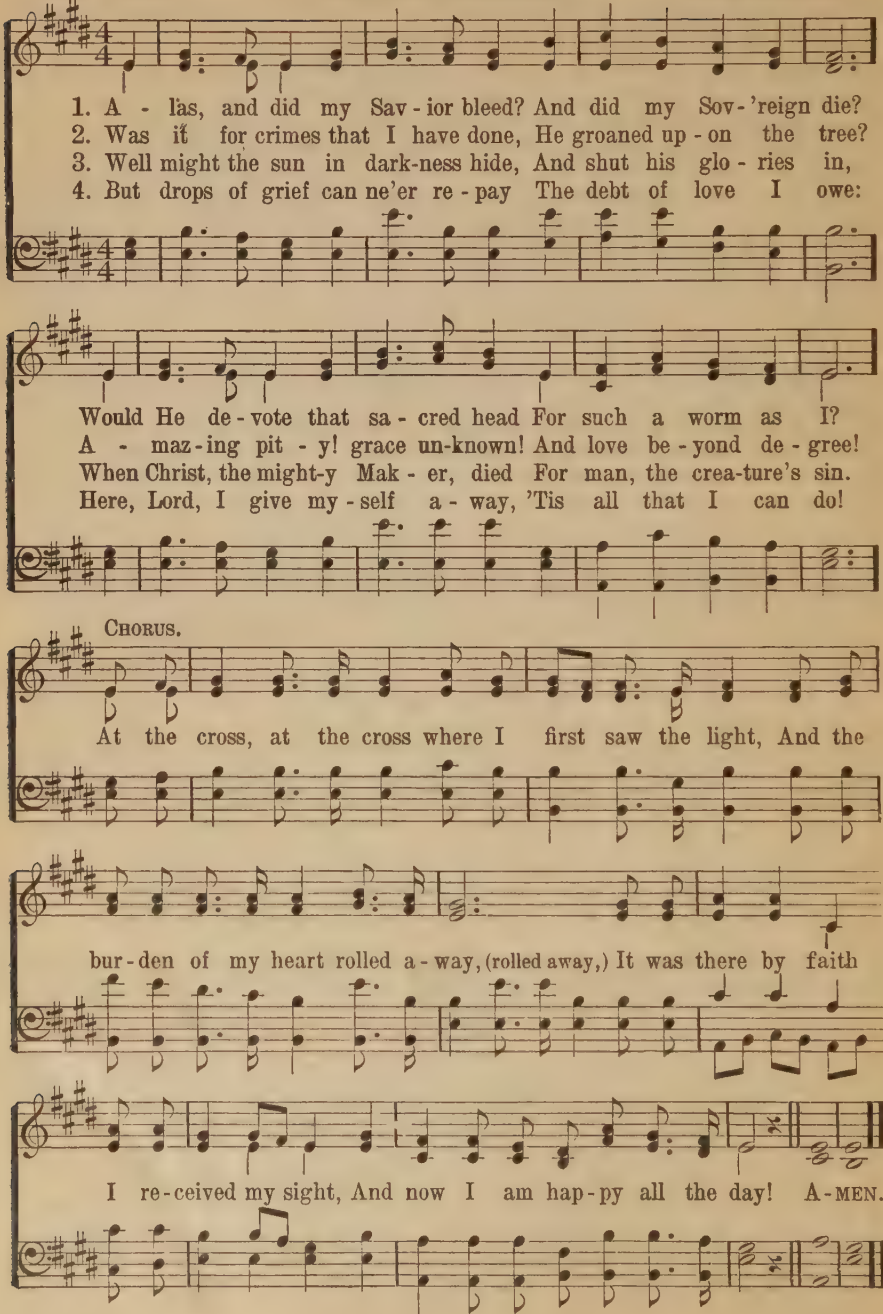
R. E. Hudson.

1. A - las, and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe:
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er, died For man, the crea-ture's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!
Chorus.
At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light, And the
bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, (rolled away,) It was there by faith
I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day! A - men.

118 Beulah Land.

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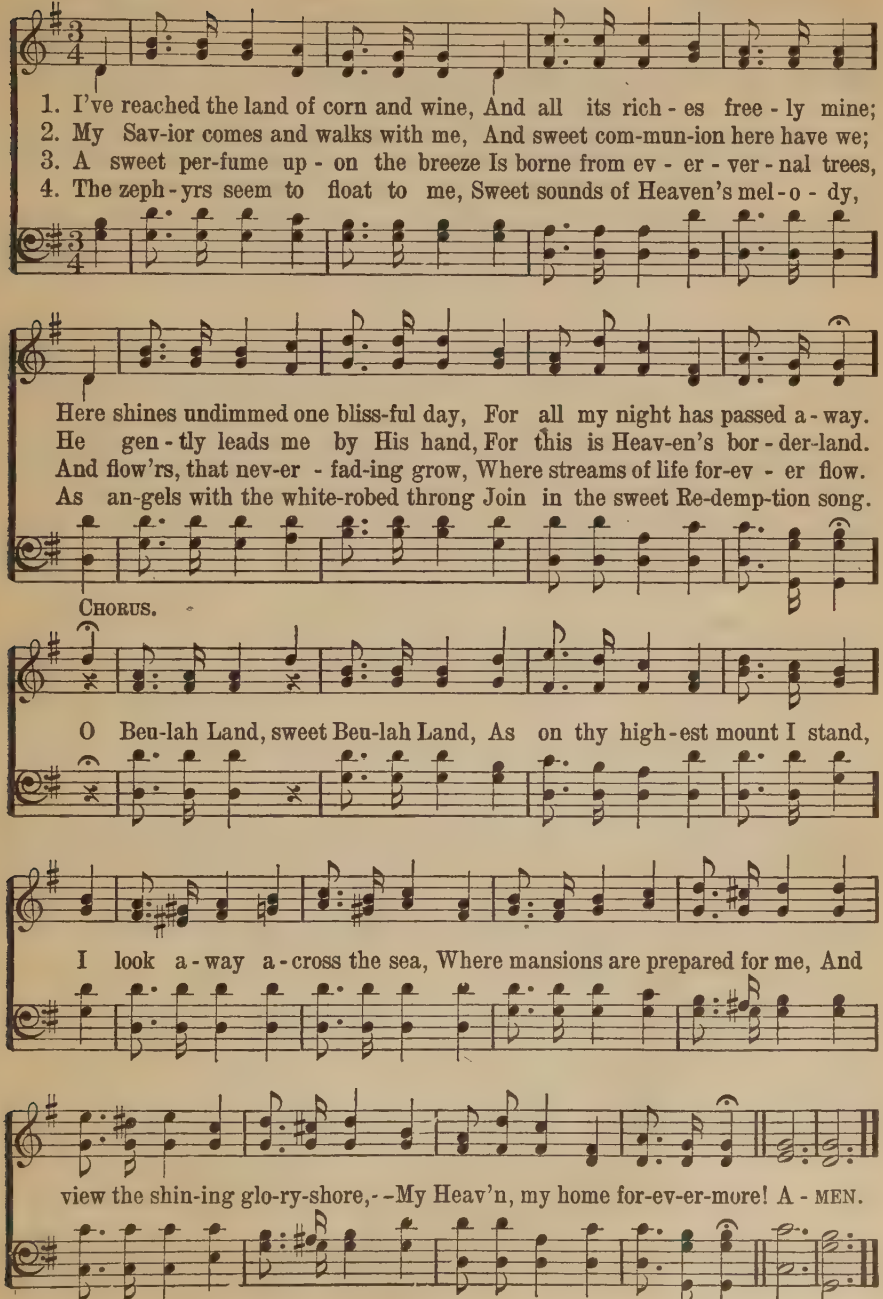
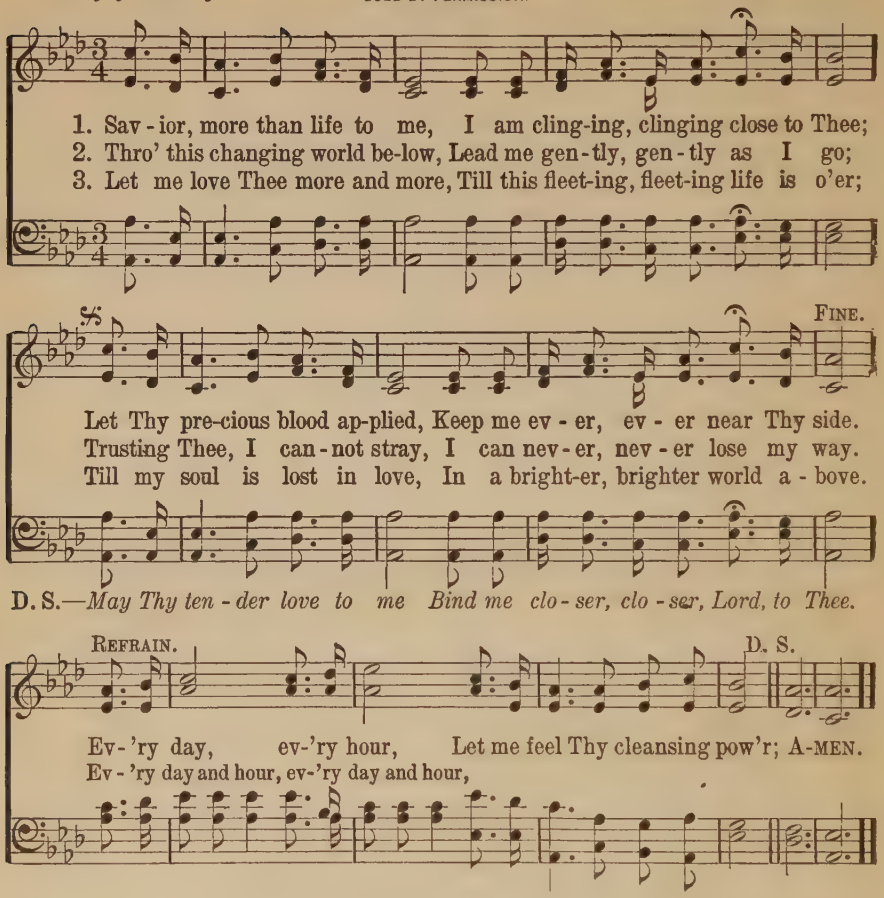
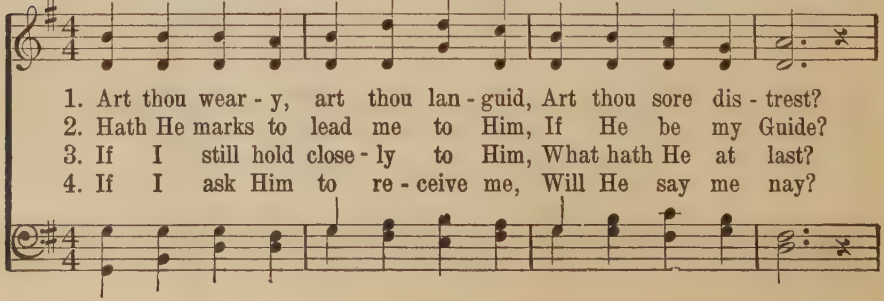

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun-ion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of Heaven's mel - o - dy,
Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is Heav-en's bor - der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev-er - fad-ing grow, Where streams of life for-ev - er flow.
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet Re-demp-tion song.
CHORUS.
O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high-est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me, And
view the shin-ing glo-ry-shore,--My Heav'n, my home for-ev-er-more! A - MEN.

119 Savior, More Than Life.

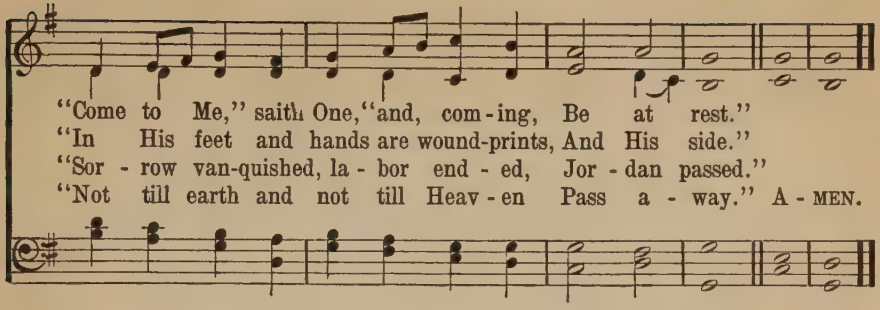
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;
FINE.
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, brighter world a - bove.
D. S.—May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clo - ser, clo - ser, Lord, to Thee.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r; A-MEN.
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

120 Art Thou Weary?

John M. Neale. *Stephanos. 8. 5. 8. 3.* Henry W. Baker.

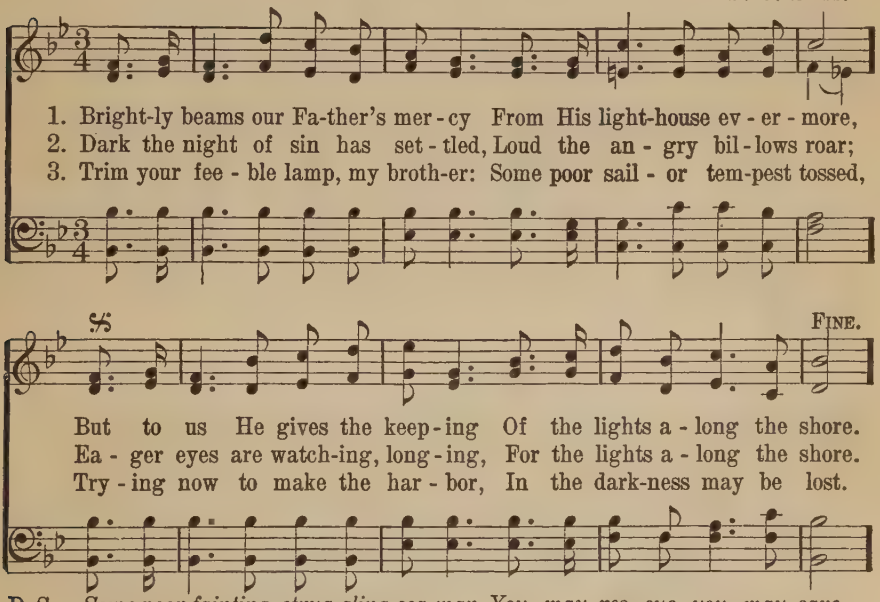

1. Art thou wear - y, art thou lan - guid, Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my Guide?
3. If I still hold close - ly to Him, What hath He at last?
4. If I ask Him to re - ceive me, Will He say me nay?

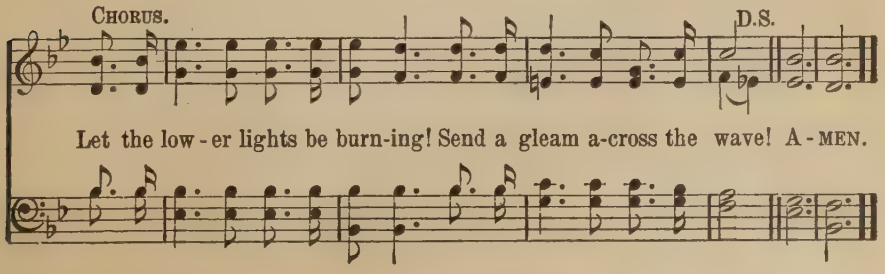
Art Thou Weary?


"Come to Me," saith One, "and, com-ing, Be at rest."
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."
"Sor-row van-quished, la-bor end-ed, Jor-dan passed."
"Not till earth and not till Heav-en Pass a-way." A-MEN.

121 Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

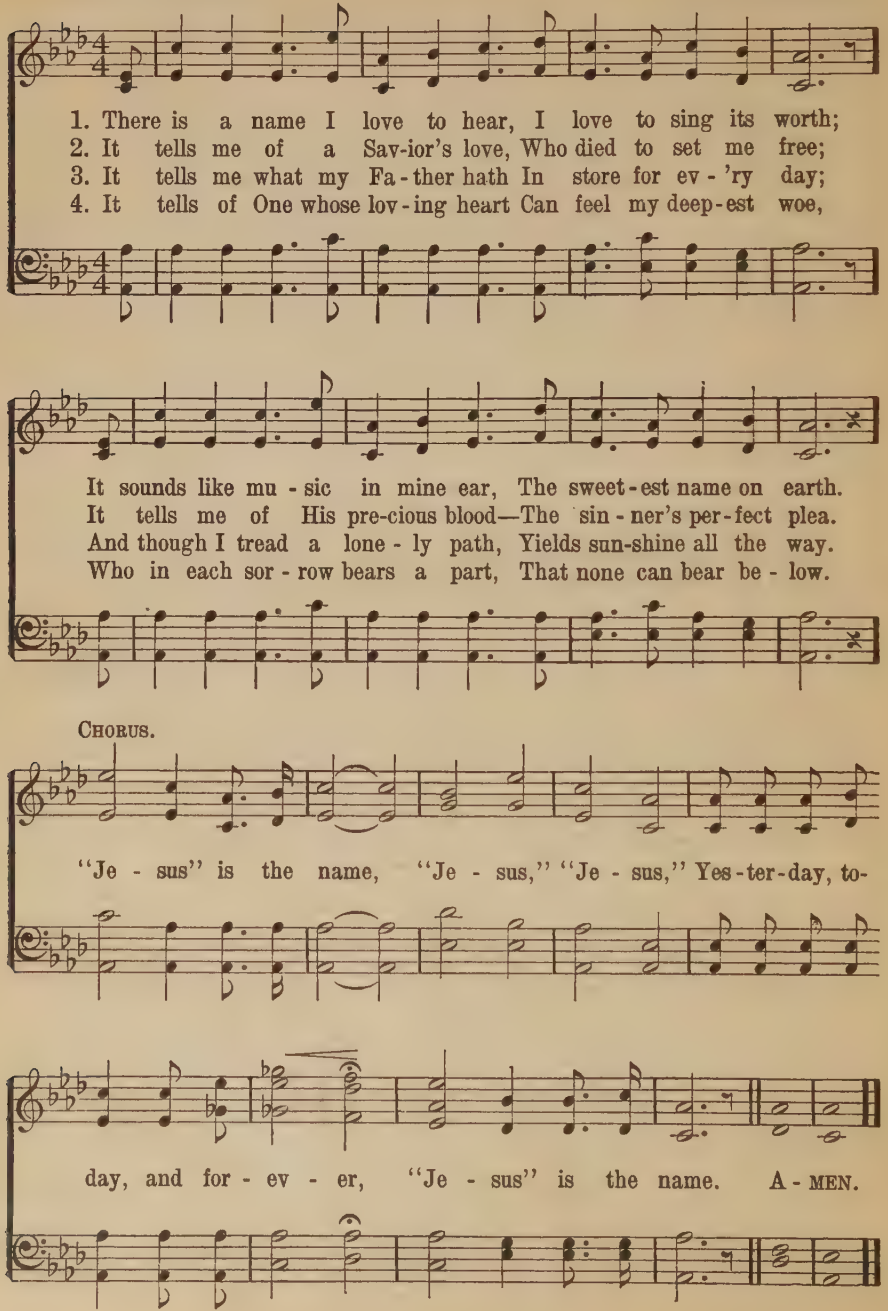
P. P. B. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er: Some poor sail-or tem-pest tossed,
FINE.
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
D. S.—Some poor fainting, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.



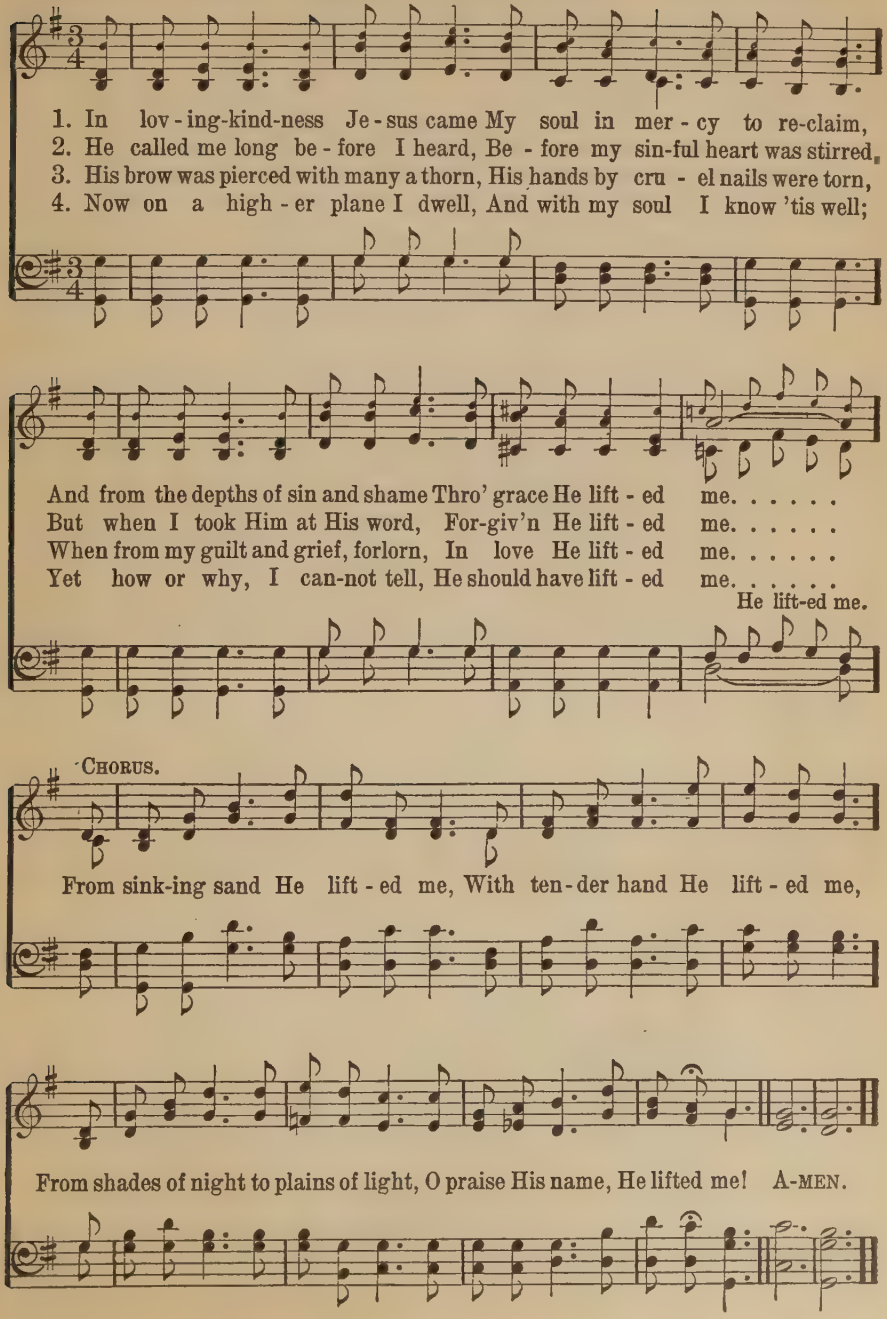
122 Jesus is the Name.

Frederick Whitfield. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. P. Scholfield.


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day;
4. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe,
It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His pre-cious blood—The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
And though I tread a lone-ly path, Yields sun-shine all the way.
Who in each sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.
CHORUS.
"Je-sus" is the name, "Je-sus," "Je-sus," Yes-ter-day, to-
day, and for-ev-er, "Je-sus" is the name. A-MEN.

123 He Lifted Me.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. M. ALEXANDER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. In lov - ing-kind-ness Je - sus came My soul in mer - cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be - fore I heard, Be - fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru - el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;
And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me. . . . . .
But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift - ed me. . . . . .
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift - ed me. . . . . .
Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift - ed me. . . . . .
He lift-ed me.
CHORUS.
From sink-ing sand He lift - ed me, With ten - der hand He lift - ed me,
From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lifted me! A-MEN.

124 Give Me Jesus.

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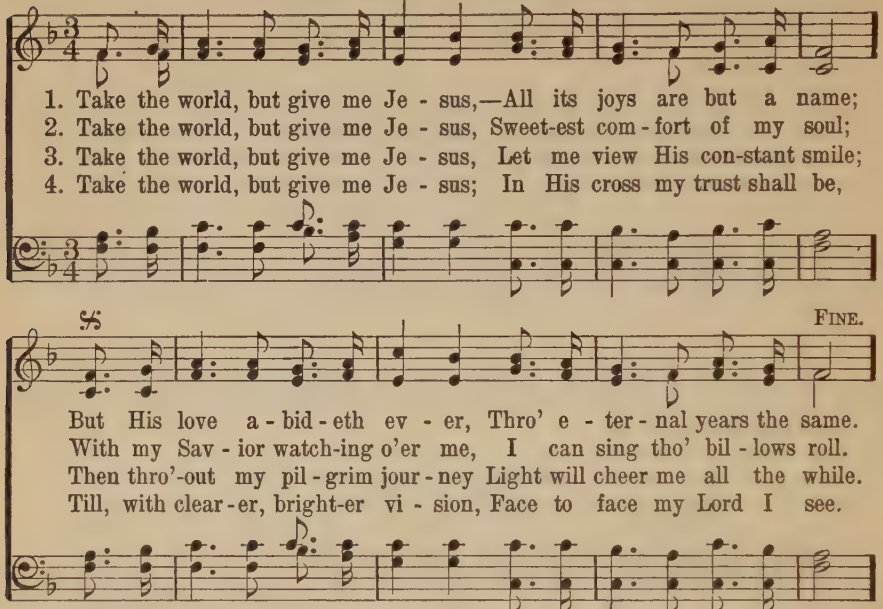
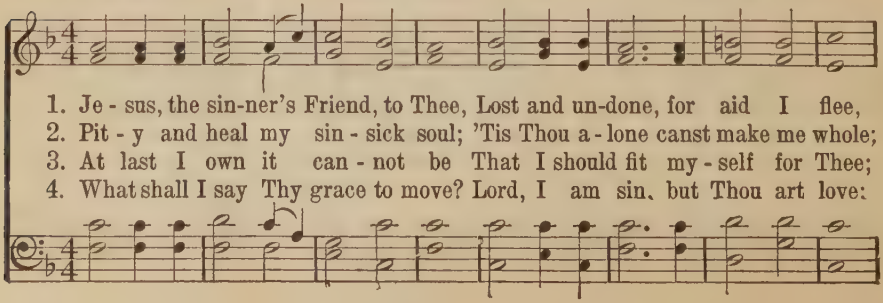
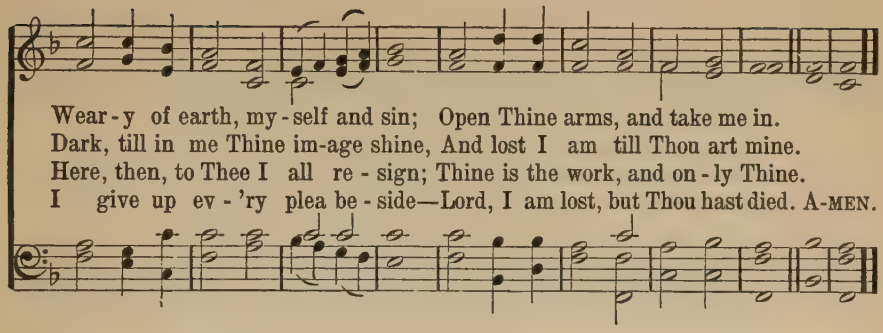

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His con-stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; In His cross my trust shall be,
FINE.
But His love a - bid - eth ev - er, Thro' e - ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - ior watch-ing o'er me, I can sing tho' bil - lows roll.
Then thro'-out my pil - grim jour - ney Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear - er, bright-er vi - sion, Face to face my Lord I see.
D. S.—Oh, the full - ness of re - demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!
CHORUS.
D. S.
Oh, the height and depth of mer-cy! Oh, the length and breadth of love! A - MEN.

125 Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.

Charles Wesley. *Federal Street. L. M.* Henry K. Oliver.


1. Je - sus, the sin-ner's Friend, to Thee, Lost and un-done, for aid I flee,
2. Pit - y and heal my sin - sick soul; 'Tis Thou a - lone canst make me whole;
3. At last I own it can - not be That I should fit my - self for Thee;
4. What shall I say Thy grace to move? Lord, I am sin, but Thou art love:

Jesus, the Sinner's Friend.


Wear-y of earth, my-self and sin; Open Thine arms, and take me in.
Dark, till in me Thine im-age shine, And lost I am till Thou art mine.
Here, then, to Thee I all re-sign; Thine is the work, and on-ly Thine.
I give up ev-'ry plea be-side—Lord, I am lost, but Thou hast died. A-MEN.

126 More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

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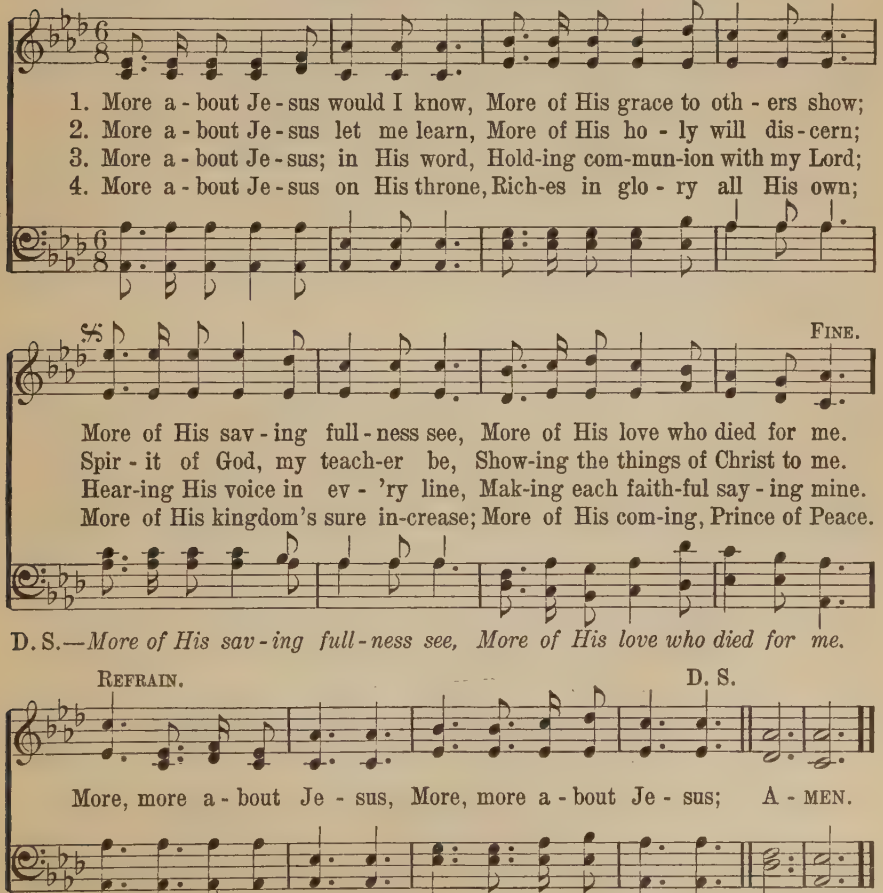
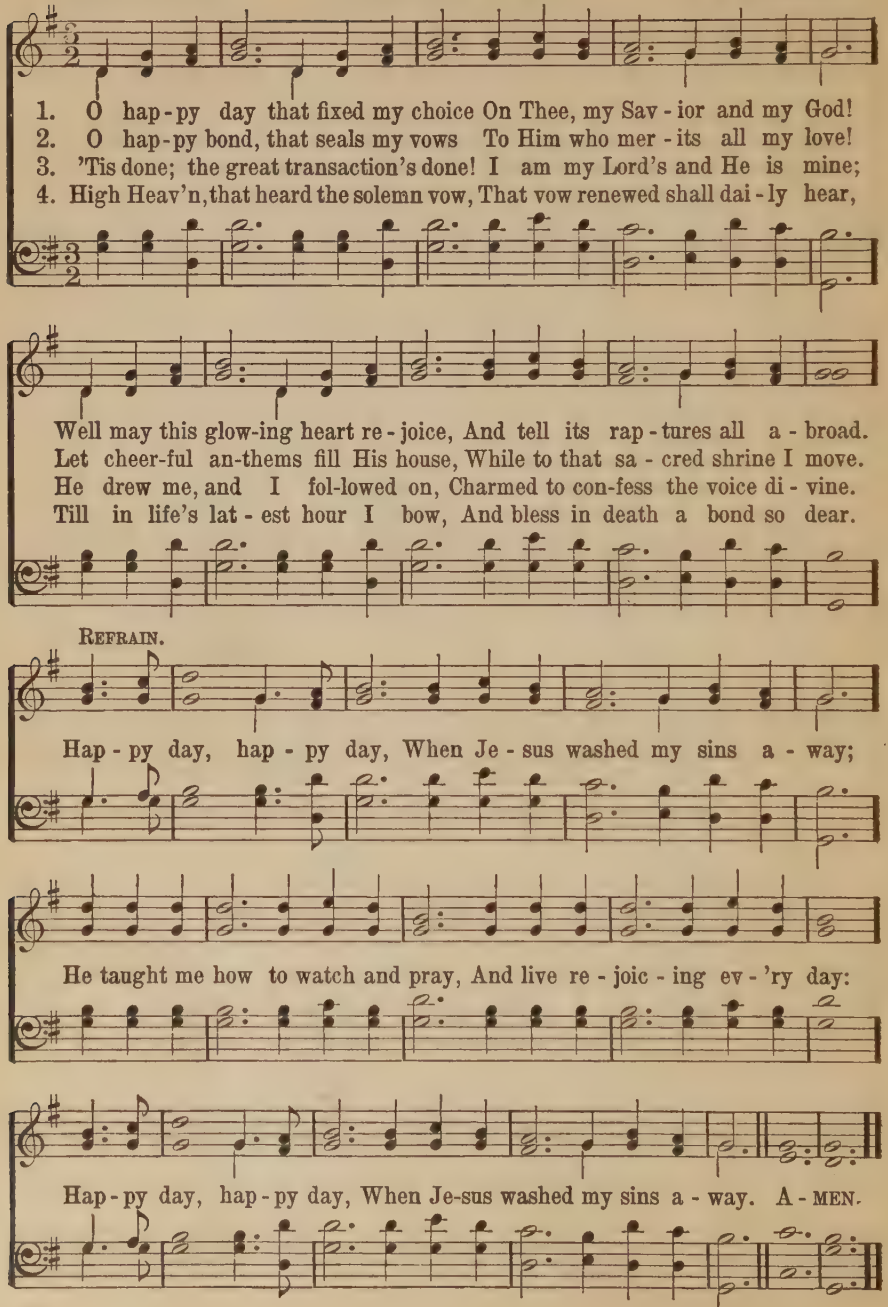
Jno. R. Sweney.

1. More a-bout Je-sus would I know, More of His grace to oth-ers show;
2. More a-bout Je-sus let me learn, More of His ho-ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je-sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je-sus on His throne, Rich-es in glo-ry all His own;
FINE.
More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir-it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear-ing His voice in ev-'ry line, Mak-ing each faith-ful say-ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure in-crease; More of His com-ing, Prince of Peace.
D. S.—More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
More, more a-bout Je-sus, More, more a-bout Je-sus; A-MEN.

127 O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. *Happy Day. L. M.* E. F. Rimbault.


1. O hap-py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer-its all my love!
3. 'Tis done; the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall dai-ly hear,
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sa-cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di-vine.
Till in life's lat-est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.
Refrain.
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day:
Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way. A-men.

128 Only a Sinner.

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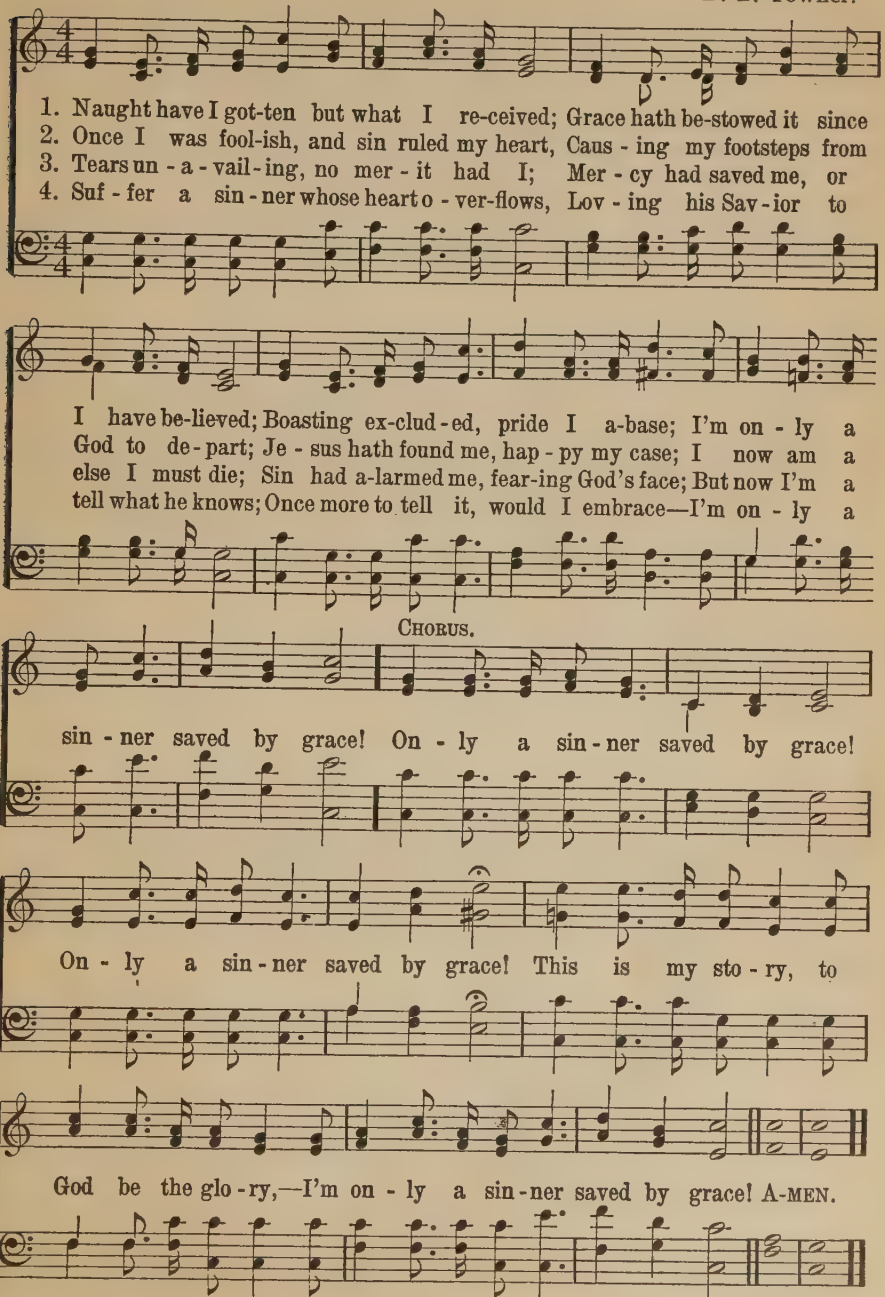
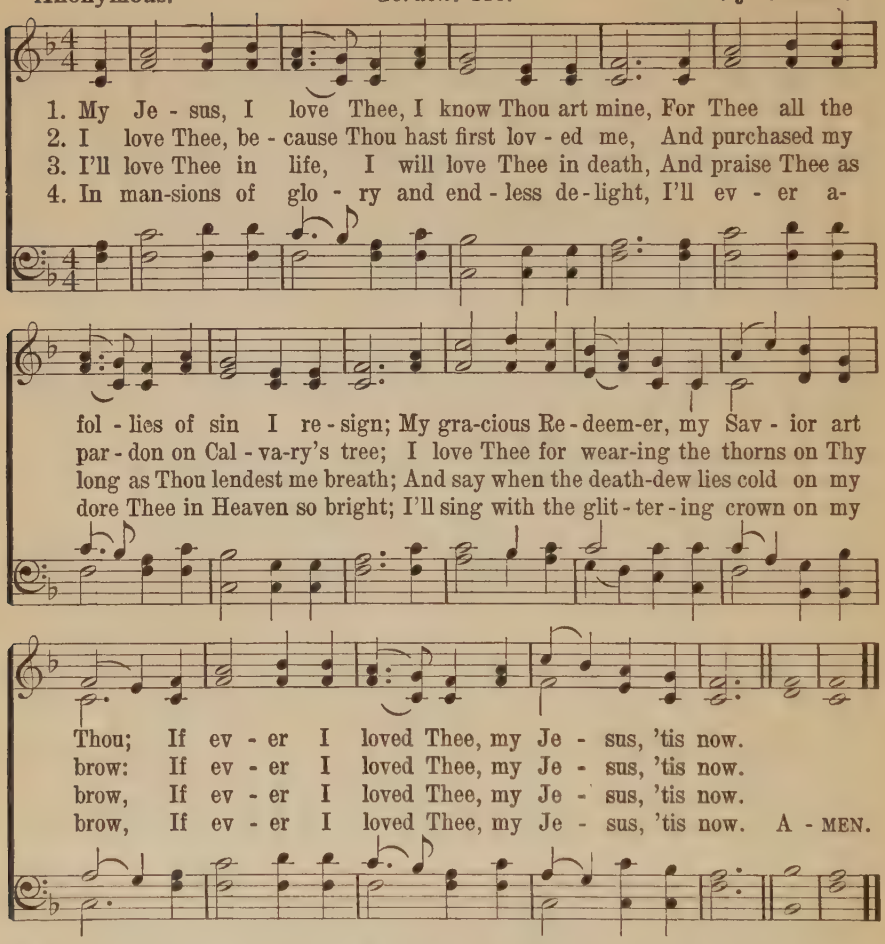
James M. Gray. D. B. Towner.


1. Naught have I got-ten but what I re-ceived; Grace hath be-stowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus - ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a - vail-ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin - ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing his Sav - ior to
I have be-lieved; Boasting ex-clud - ed, pride I a-base; I'm on - ly a
God to de - part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case; I now am a
else I must die; Sin had a-larmed me, fear-ing God's face; But now I'm a
tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm on - ly a
Chorus.
sin - ner saved by grace! On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace!
On - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to
God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin - ner saved by grace! A-men.

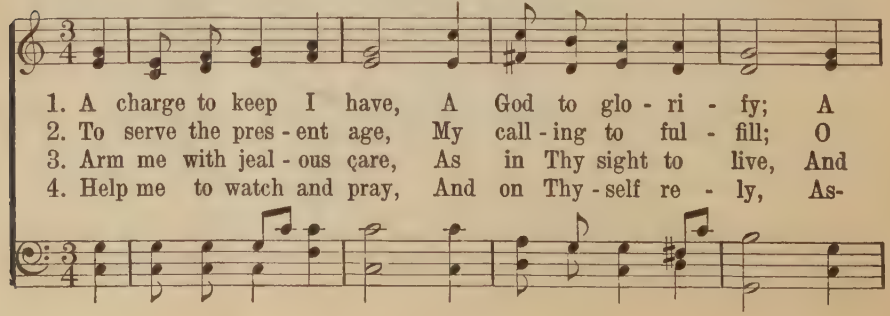
129 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Anonymous. *Gordon. 11s.* A. J. Gordon.

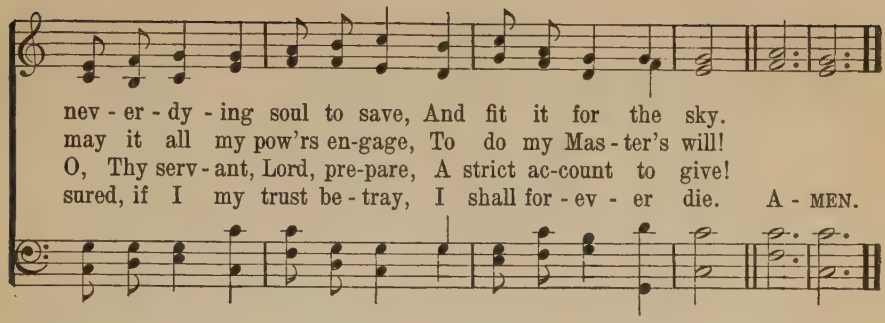

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra-cious Re - deem-er, my Sav - ior art
par - don on Cal - va-ry's tree; I love Thee for wear-ing the thorns on Thy
long as Thou lendest me breath; And say when the death-dew lies cold on my
dore Thee in Heaven so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my
Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
brow: If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now. A - MEN.

130 A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. *Boylston. S. M.* Lowell Mason.

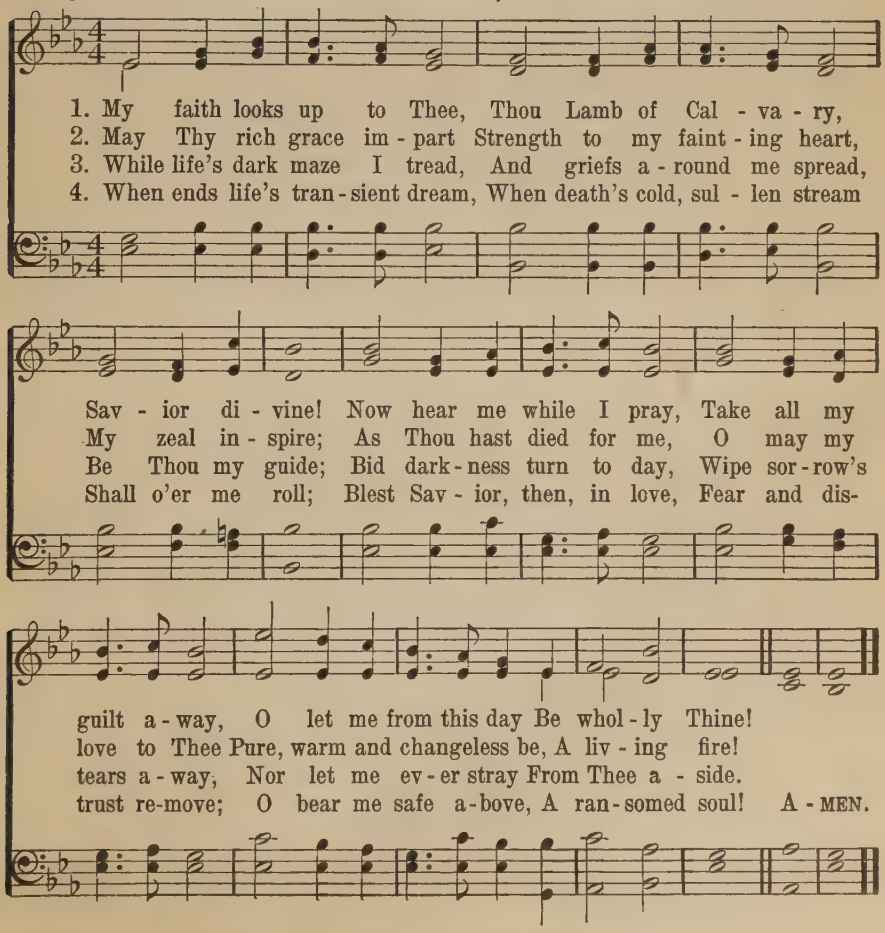

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill; O
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live, And
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly, As-

A Charge to Keep.


nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
may it all my pow'rs en-gage, To do my Mas - ter's will!
O, Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre-pare, A strict ac-count to give!
sured, if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die. A - MEN.

131 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. *Olivet. 6. 4.* Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream
Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-
guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
love to Thee Pure, warm and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re-move; O bear me safe a-bove, A ran - somed soul! A - MEN.

132 Jesus Will!

Ina Duley Ogdon.

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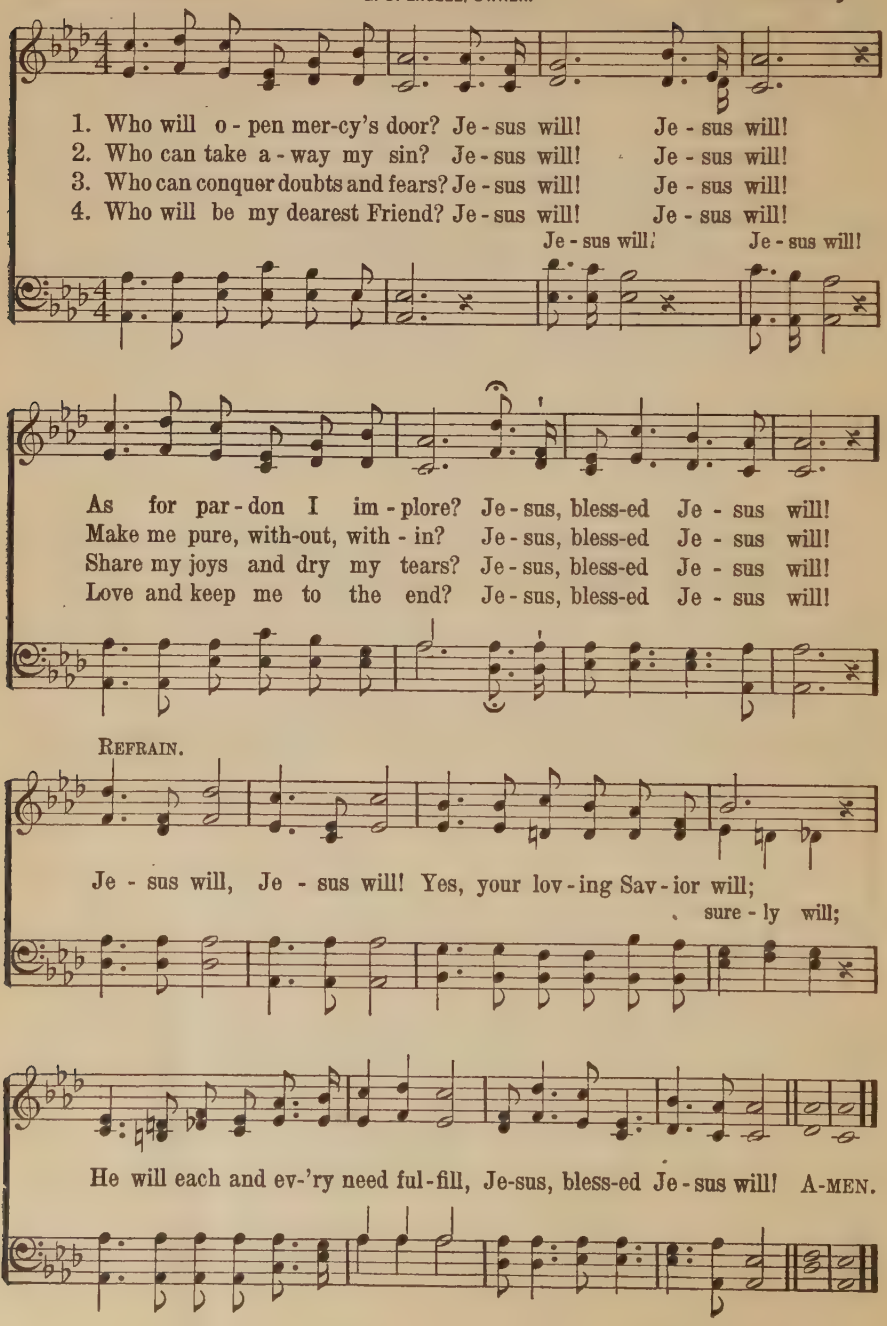
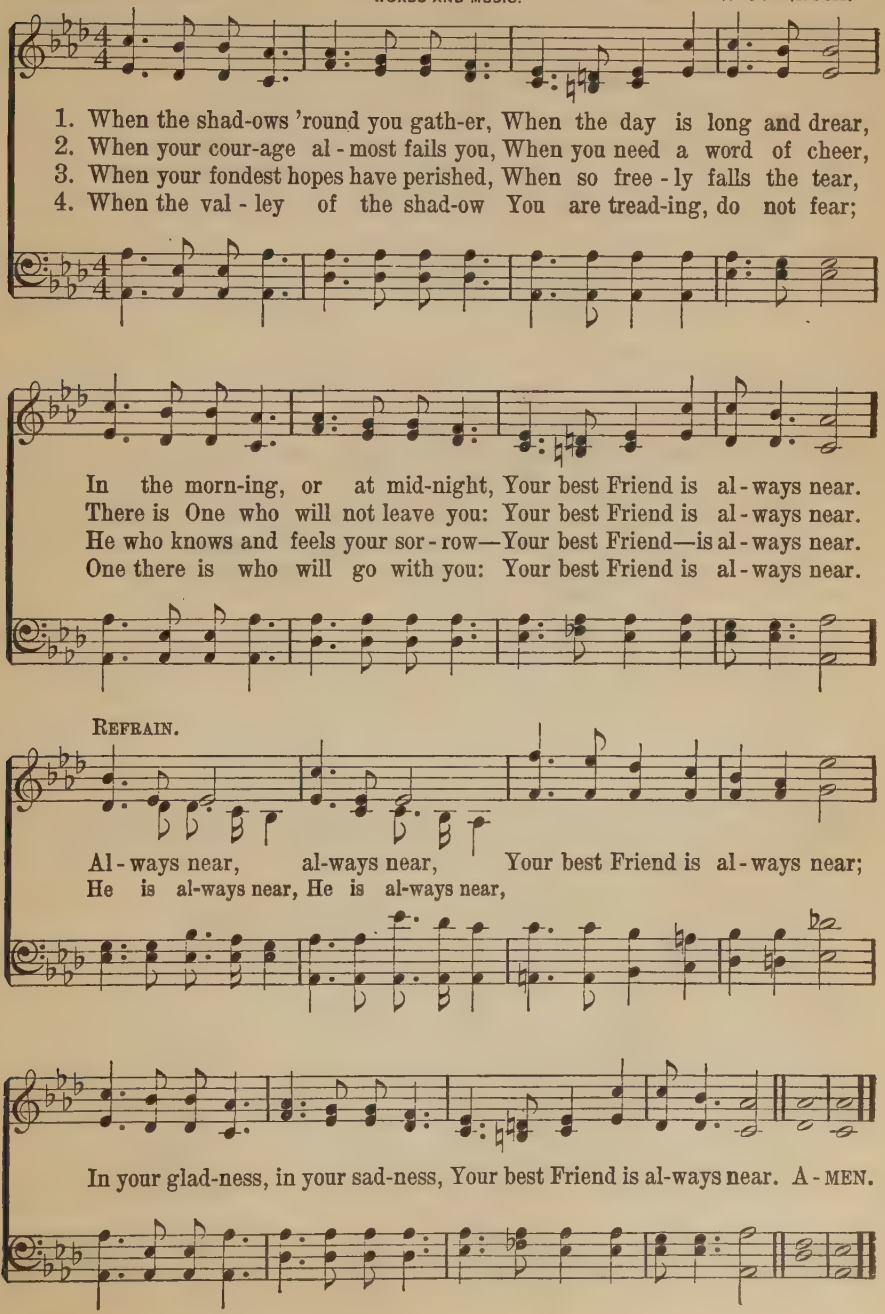
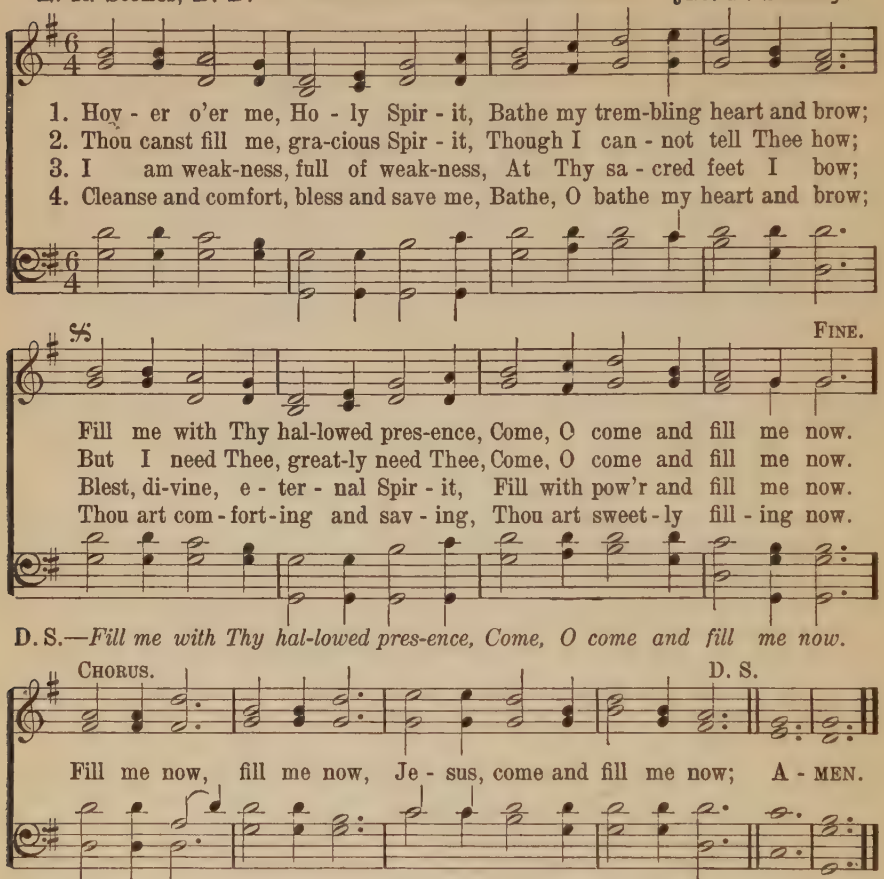
B. D. Ackley.

1. Who will o - pen mer-cy's door? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
4. Who will be my dearest Friend? Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
Je - sus will! Je - sus will!
As for par - don I im - plore? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with-out, with - in? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
REFRAIN.
Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov - ing Sav - ior will;
sure - ly will;
He will each and ev-'ry need ful - fill, Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will! A-MEN.

133 Your Best Friend is Always Near.

Isabel C. Allam. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

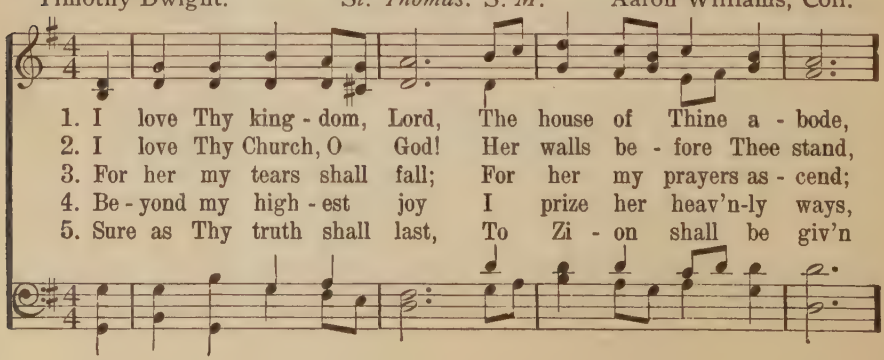

1. When the shad-ows 'round you gath-er, When the day is long and drear,
2. When your cour-age al-most fails you, When you need a word of cheer,
3. When your fondest hopes have perished, When so free-ly falls the tear,
4. When the val-ley of the shad-ow You are tread-ing, do not fear;
In the morn-ing, or at mid-night, Your best Friend is al-ways near.
There is One who will not leave you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.
He who knows and feels your sor-row—Your best Friend—is al-ways near.
One there is who will go with you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.
REFRAIN.
Al-ways near, al-ways near, Your best Friend is al-ways near;
He is al-ways near, He is al-ways near,
In your glad-ness, in your sad-ness, Your best Friend is al-ways near. A-MEN.

134 Fill Me Now.

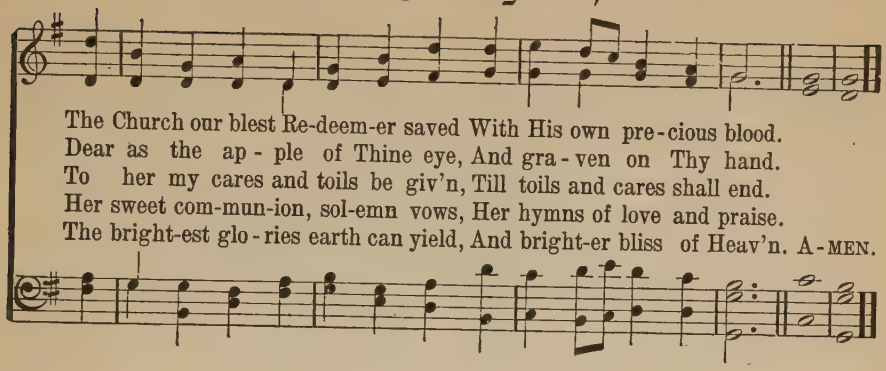
E. R. Stokes, D. D. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. RENEWAL. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my trem-bling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gra-cious Spir - it, Though I can - not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak-ness, full of weak-ness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me, Bathe, O bathe my heart and brow;
FINE.
Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great-ly need Thee, Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r and fill me now.
Thou art com - fort-ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.
D. S.—Fill me with Thy hal-lowed pres-ence, Come, O come and fill me now.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now; A - MEN.

135 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. *St. Thomas. S. M.* Aaron Williams, Coll.

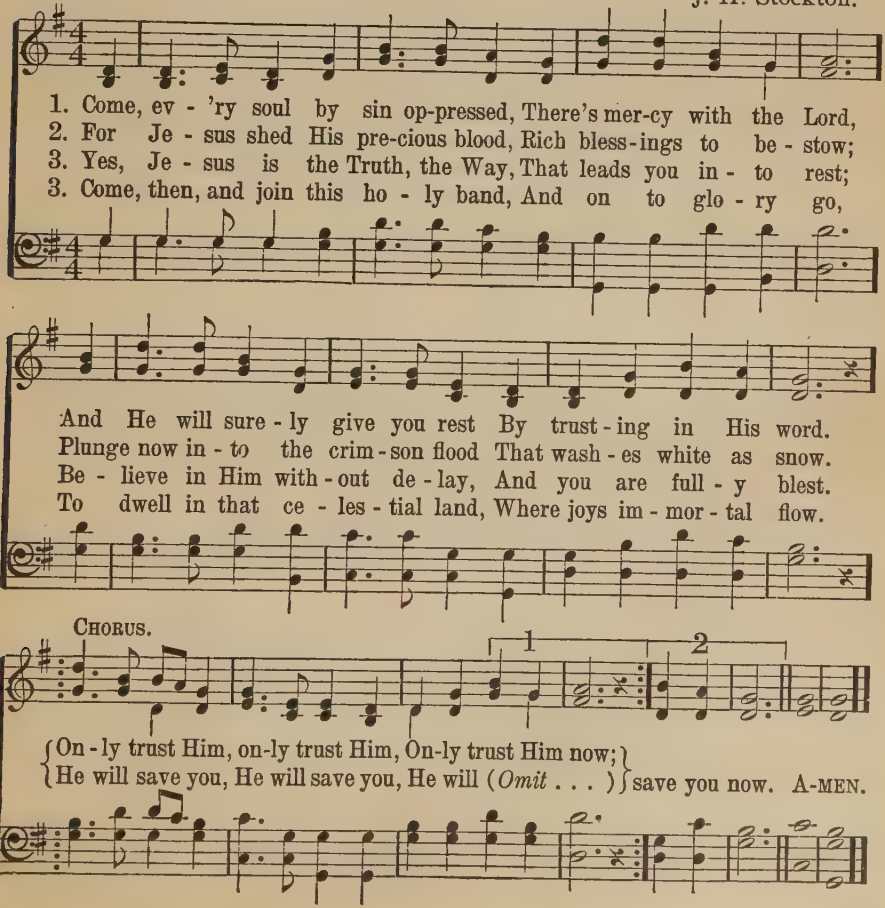

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,
2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my prayers as - cend;
4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav'n-ly ways,
5. Sure as Thy truth shall last, To Zi - on shall be giv'n

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.


The Church our blest Re-deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
Dear as the ap-ple of Thine eye, And gra-ven on Thy hand.
To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
Her sweet com-mun-ion, sol-emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.
The bright-est glo-ries earth can yield, And bright-er bliss of Heav'n. A-MEN.

136 Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.


1. Come, ev-'ry soul by sin op-pressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
3. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,
And He will sure-ly give you rest By trust-ing in His word.
Plunge now in-to the crim-son flood That wash-es white as snow.
Be-lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And you are full-y blest.
To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.
CHORUS.
1
2
On-ly trust Him, on-ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will (*Omit . . .*) save you now. A-MEN.

137 My Savior's Love.

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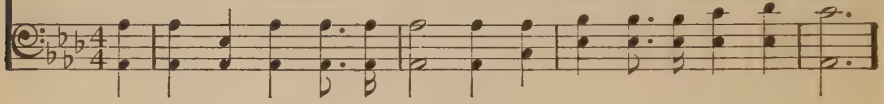
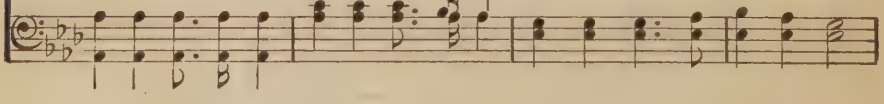
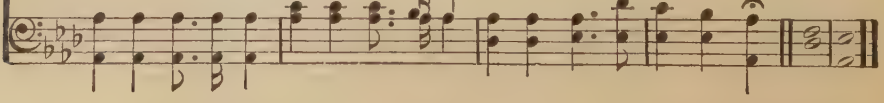
C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence Of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the gar - den He prayed: "Not My will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be - held Him, And came from the world of light
4. He took my sins and my sor - rows, He made them His ver - y own;
5. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,

And won - der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condemned, un-clean.
He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
To com - fort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
He bore the bur - den to Cal - v'ry, And suf-fered, and died a - lone.
'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.

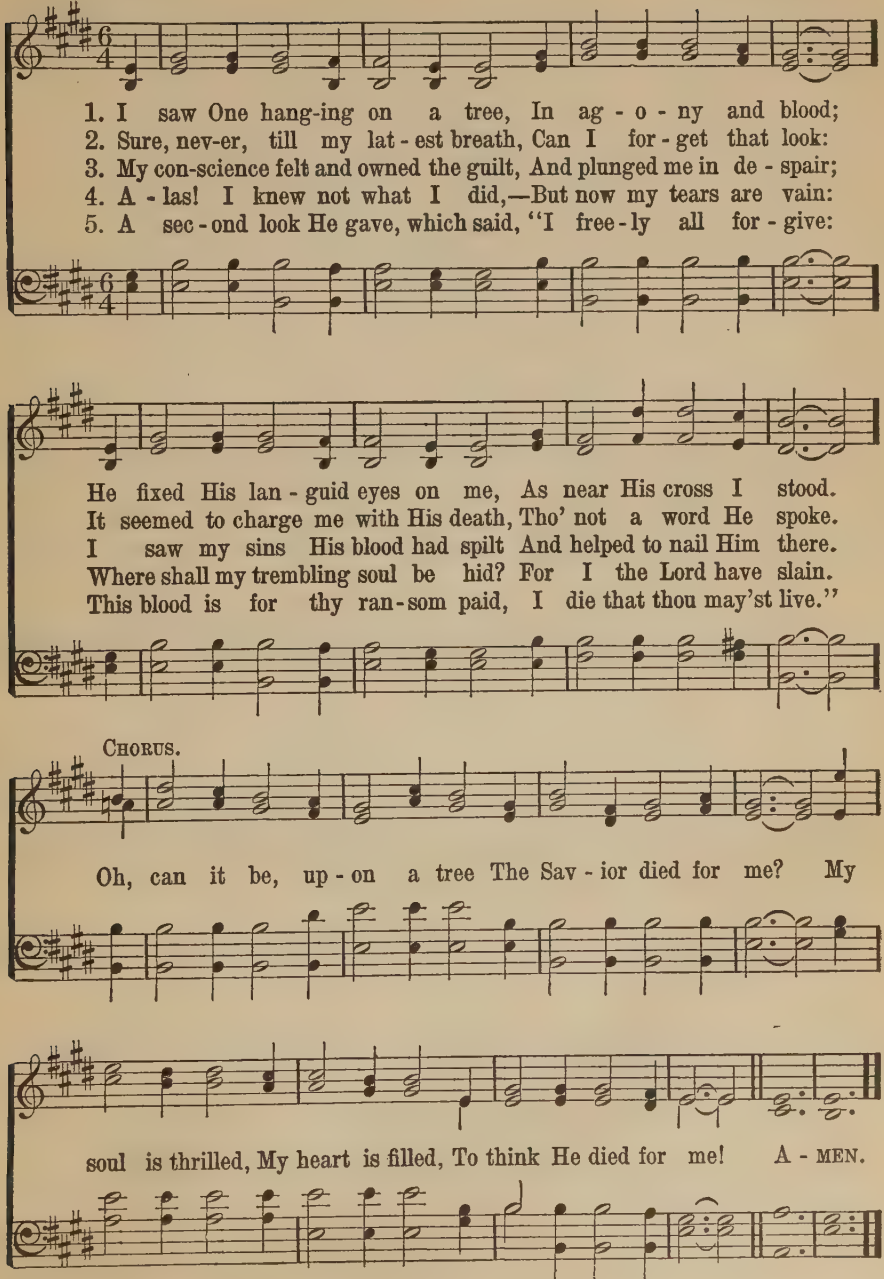
CHORUS.

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful!

How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-ior's love for me! A-MEN.
Oh, how mar-vel-ous! oh, how won-der-ful



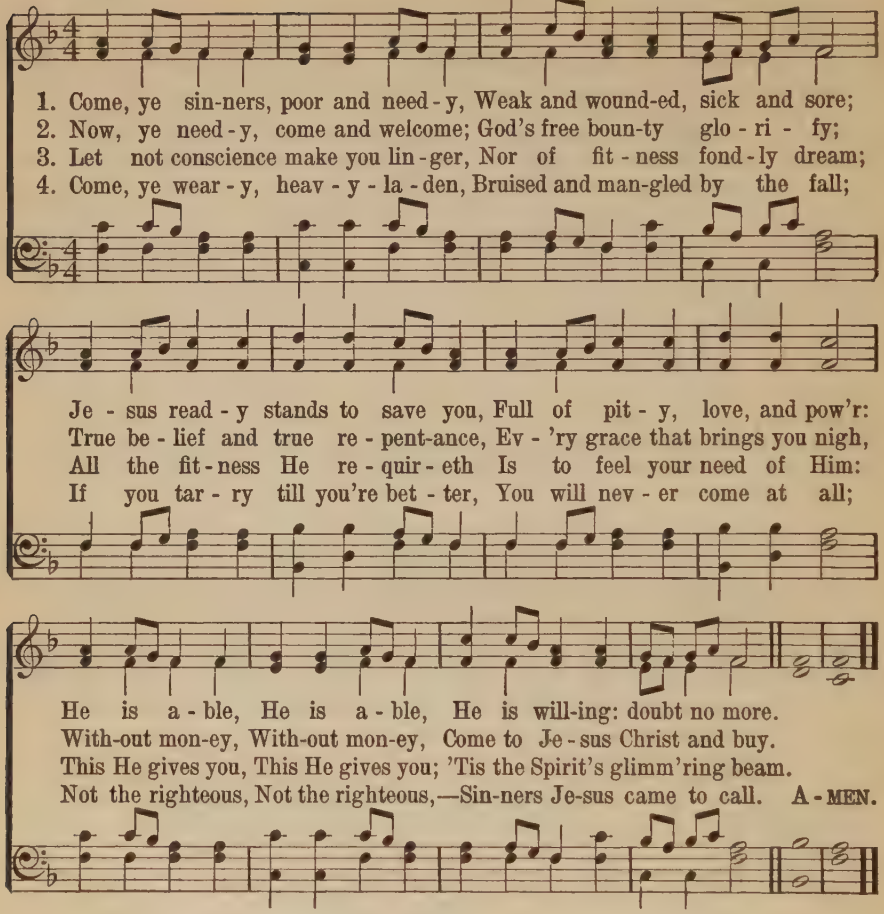
138 He Died For Me.

John Newton. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.


1. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev-er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look:
3. My con-science felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:
He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
Where shall my trembling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for thy ran - som paid, I die that thou may'st live."
CHORUS.
Oh, can it be, up - on a tree The Sav - ior died for me? My
soul is thrilled, My heart is filled, To think He died for me! A - MEN.

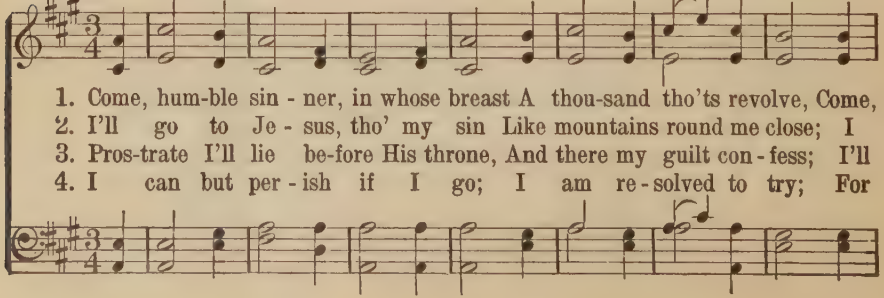
139 Come, Ye Sinners.

Joseph Hart. *Greenville. 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7.* Jean Jacques Rousseau.

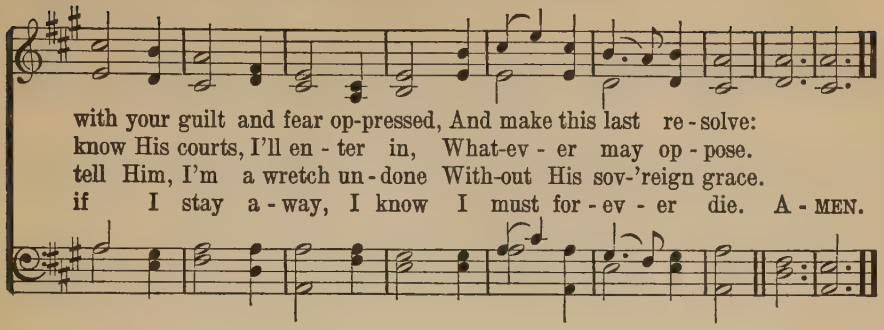

1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free boun-ty glo-ri-fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin-ger, Nor of fit-ness fond-ly dream;
4. Come, ye wear-y, heav-y-la-den, Bruised and man-gled by the fall;
Je-sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit-y, love, and pow'r:
True be-lief and true re-pent-ance, Ev-'ry grace that brings you nigh,
All the fit-ness He re-quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him:
If you tar-ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev-er come at all;
He is a-ble, He is a-ble, He is will-ing: doubt no more.
With-out mon-ey, With-out mon-ey, Come to Je-sus Christ and buy.
This He gives you, This He gives you; 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.
Not the righteous, Not the righteous,—Sin-ners Je-sus came to call. A-MEN.

140 Come, Humble Sinner.

Edmund Jones. *Balerma. C. M.* Arr. by Robert Simpson.

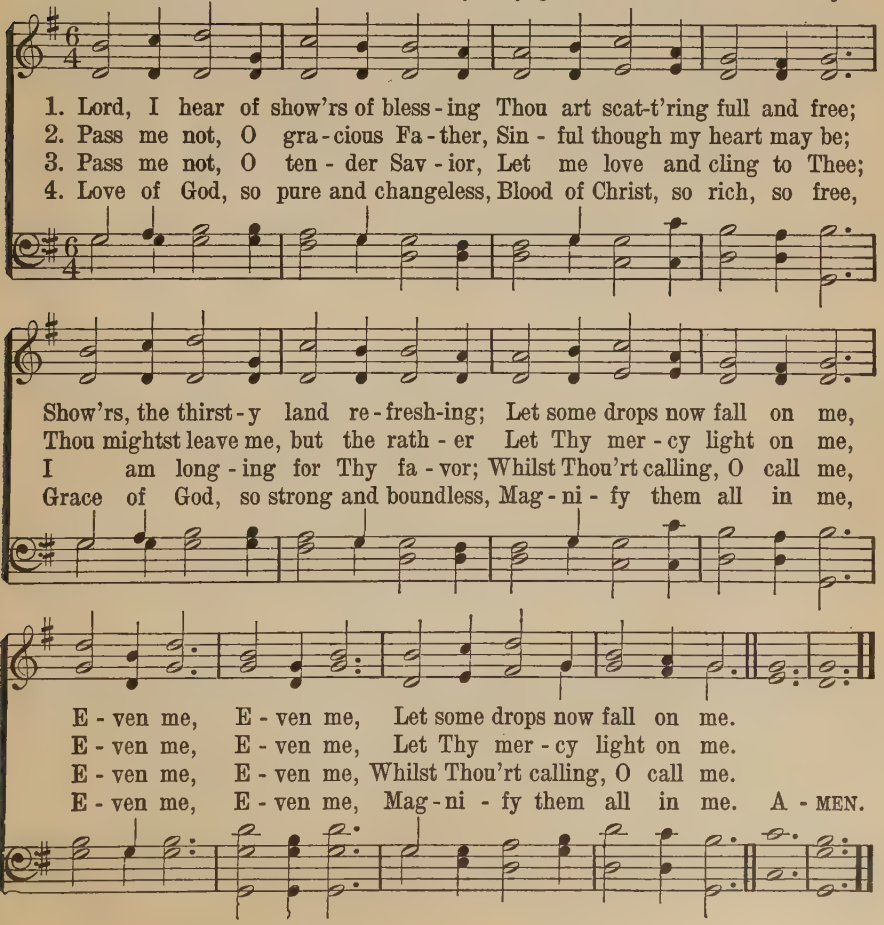

1. Come, hum-ble sin-ner, in whose breast A thou-sand tho'ts revolve, Come,
2. I'll go to Je-sus, tho' my sin Like mountains round me close; I
3. Pros-trate I'll lie be-fore His throne, And there my guilt con-fess; I'll
4. I can but per-ish if I go; I am re-solved to try; For

Come, Humble Sinner.


with your guilt and fear op-pressed, And make this last re-solve:
know His courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev-er may op-pose.
tell Him, I'm a wretch un-done With-out His sov-'reign grace.
if I stay a-way, I know I must for-ev-er die. A-MEN.

141 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing.

Elizabeth Codner. *Even Me. 8. 7. 8. 7. 3.* William B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless-ing Thou art scat-t'ring full and free;
2. Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther, Sin-ful though my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O ten-der Sav-ior, Let me love and cling to Thee;
4. Love of God, so pure and changeless, Blood of Christ, so rich, so free,
Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me,
Thou mightst leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy light on me,
I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me,
Grace of God, so strong and boundless, Mag-ni-fy them all in me,
E-ven me, E-ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
E-ven me, E-ven me, Let Thy mer-cy light on me.
E-ven me, E-ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
E-ven me, E-ven me, Mag-ni-fy them all in me. A-MEN.

142 The Same Old Way.

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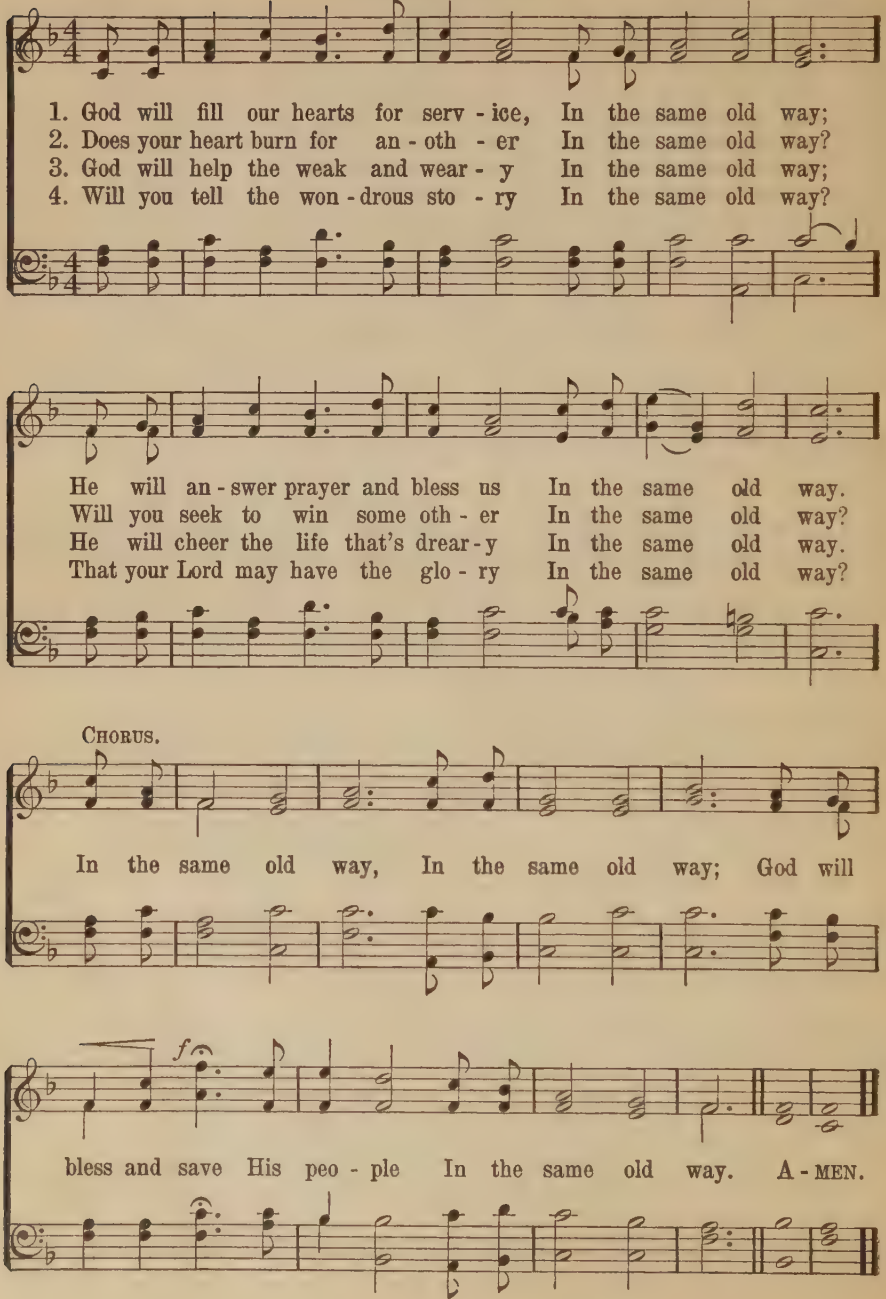
1. God will fill our hearts for serv - ice, In the same old way;
2. Does your heart burn for an - oth - er In the same old way?
3. God will help the weak and wear - y In the same old way;
4. Will you tell the won - drous sto - ry In the same old way?
He will an - swer prayer and bless us In the same old way.
Will you seek to win some oth - er In the same old way?
He will cheer the life that's drear - y In the same old way.
That your Lord may have the glo - ry In the same old way?
CHORUS.
In the same old way, In the same old way; God will
f
bless and save His peo - ple In the same old way. A - MEN.

143 There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

El Nathan.

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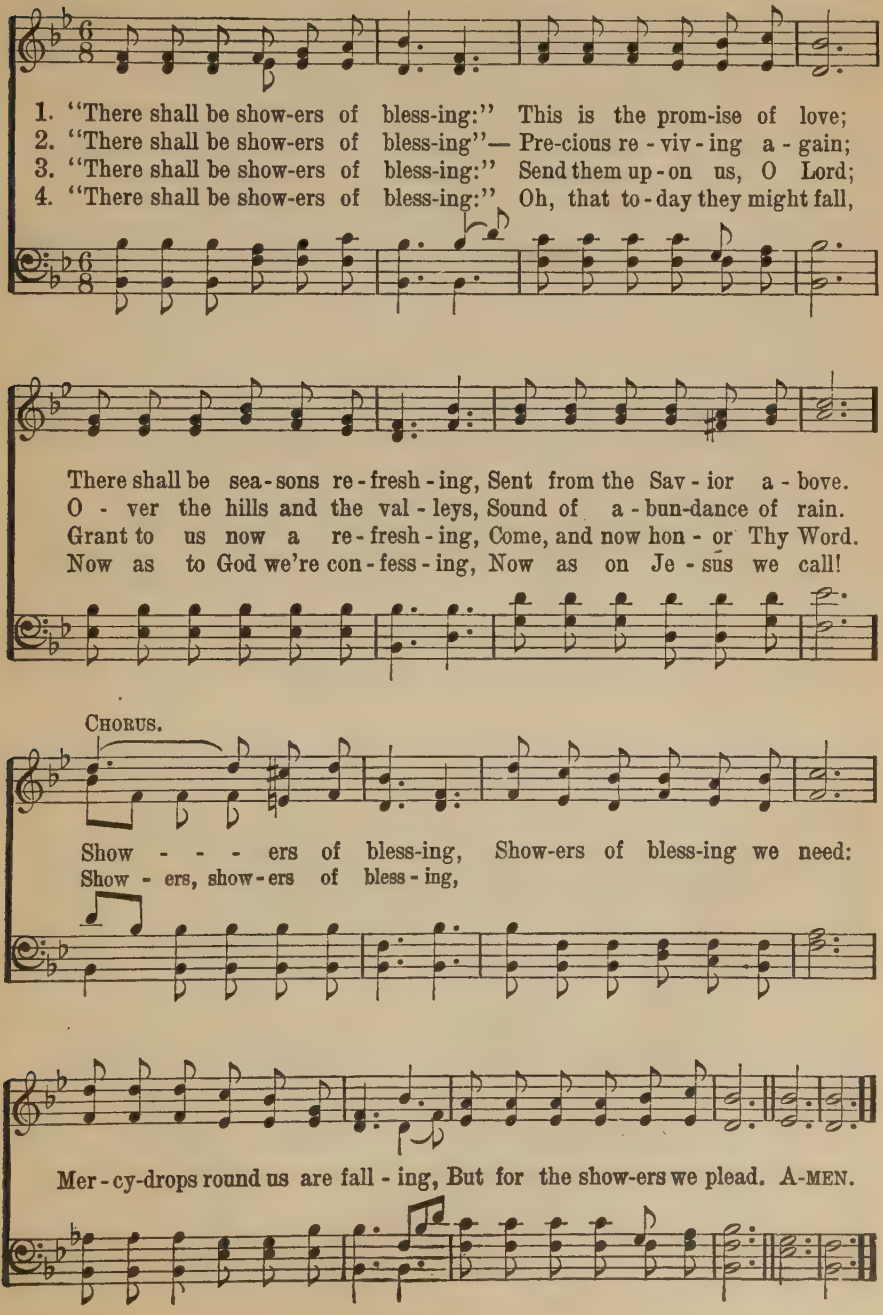
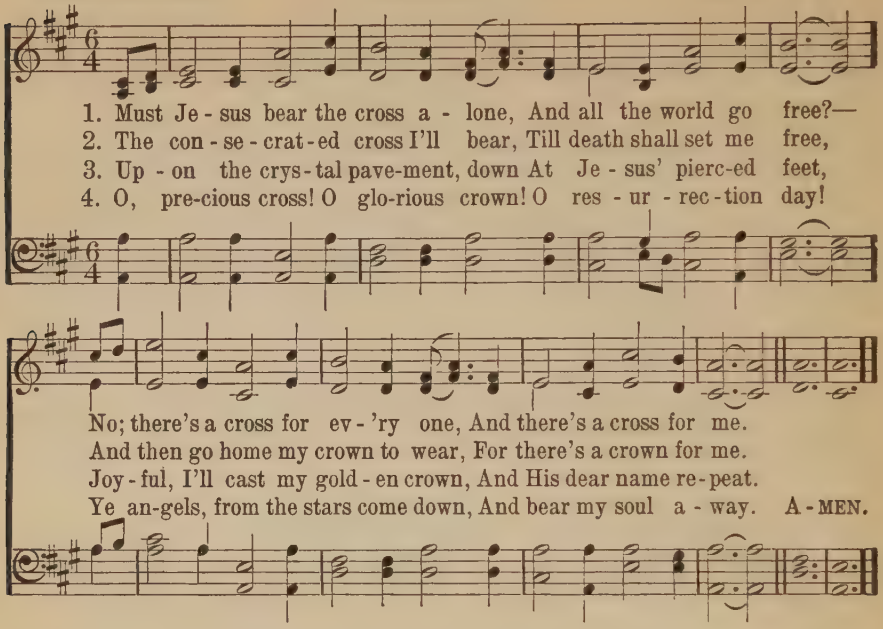
James McGranahan.


1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"— Pre-cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up - on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to - day they might fall,
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sav - ior a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun-dance of rain.
Grant to us now a re - fresh - ing, Come, and now hon - or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con - fess - ing, Now as on Je - sus we call!
CHORUS.
Show - - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:
Show - ers, show - ers of bless - ing,
Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead. A-MEN.

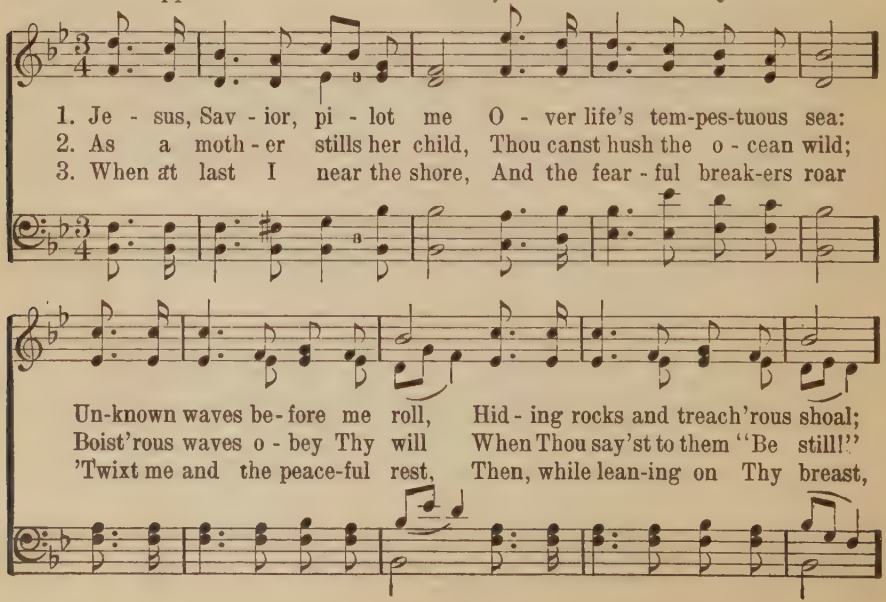
144 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Maitland. C. M.* Geo. N. Allen.


1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?—
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free,
3. Up - on the crys - tal pave-ment, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. O, pre-cious cross! O glo-rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!
No; there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way. A - MEN.

145 Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *Pilot. 6. 7.* J. E. Gould.


1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pes-tuous sea:
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
Un-known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while lean-ing on Thy breast,

Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

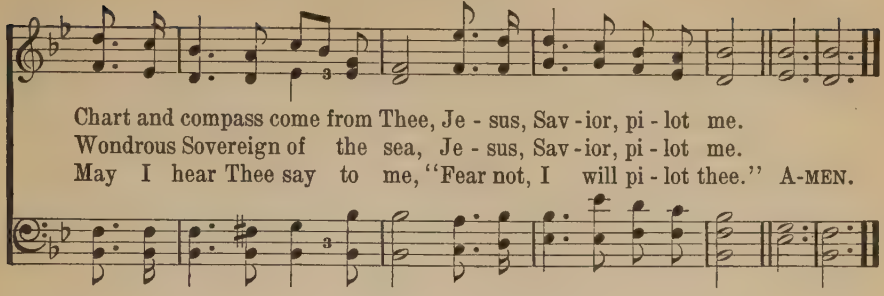
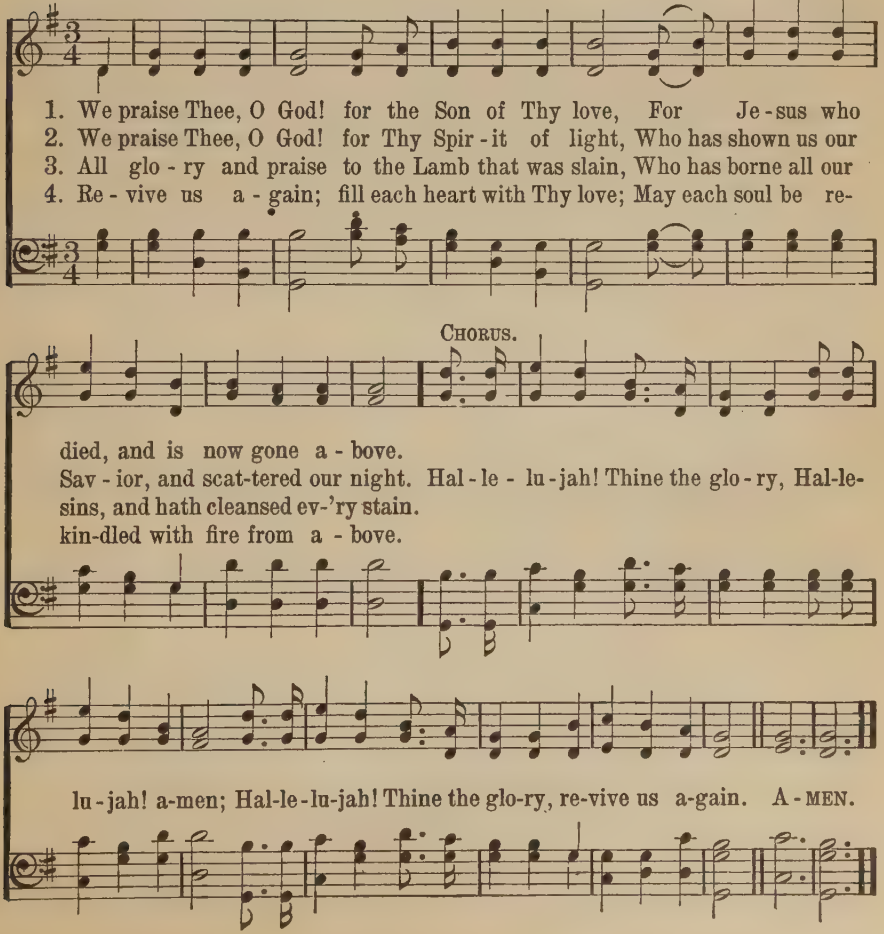


Chart and compass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee." A-MEN.

146 Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. John J. Husband.


1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-
CHORUS.
died, and is now gone a - bove.
Sav - ior, and scat-tered our night. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal-le-
sins, and hath cleansed ev-'ry stain.
kin-dled with fire from a - bove.
lu - jah! a-men; Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glo-ry, re-vive us a-gain. A - MEN.

147 The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC
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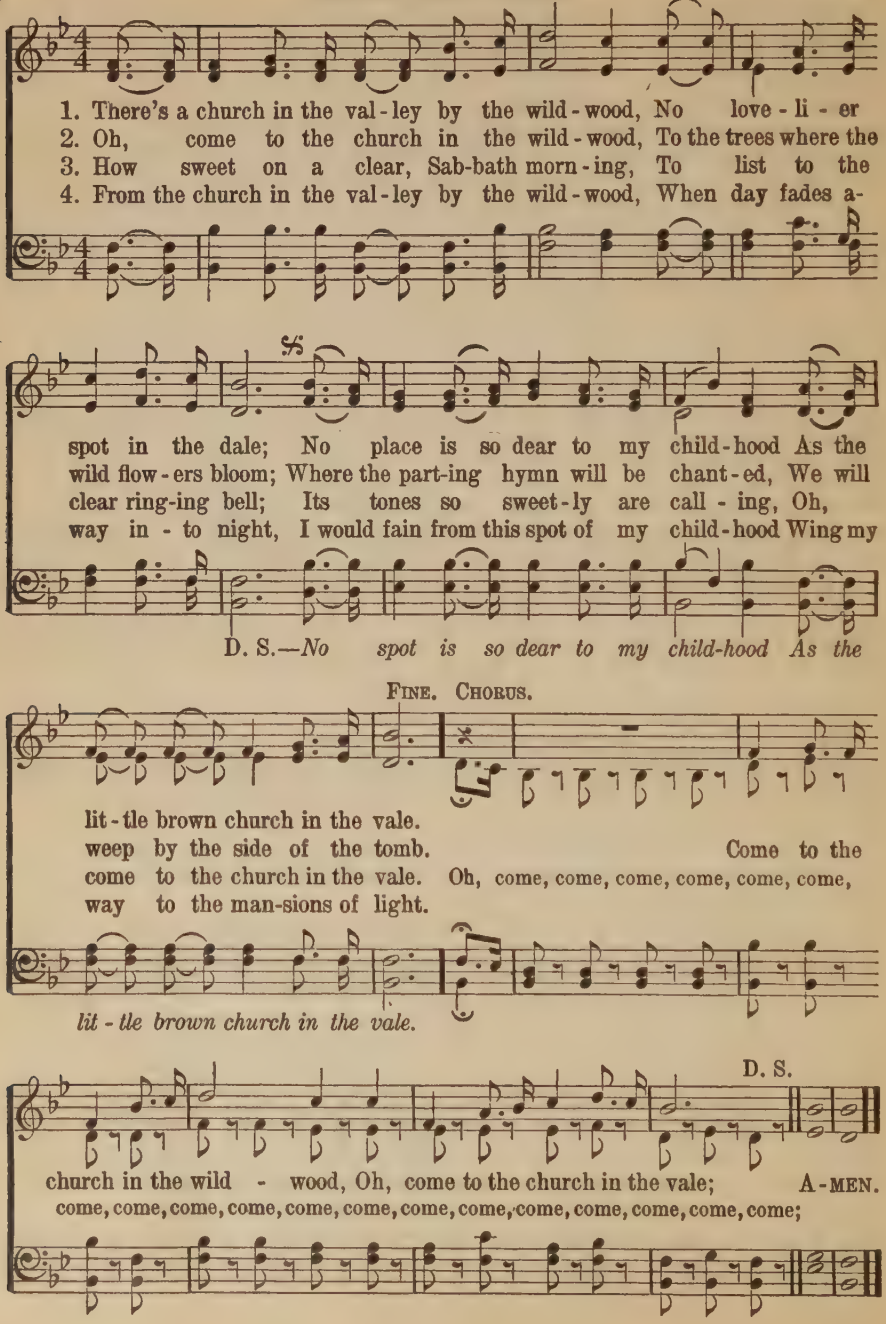
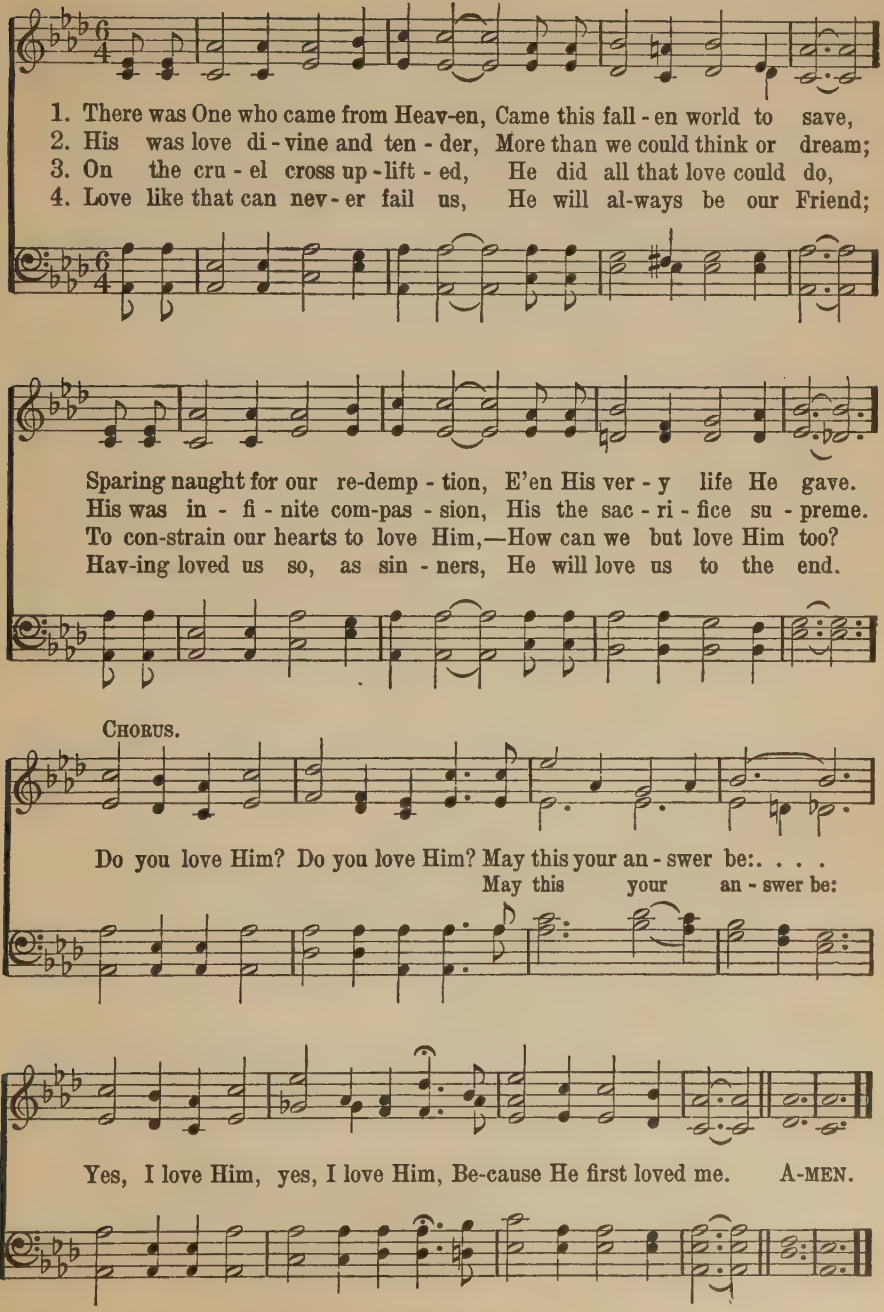
Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.


1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the
4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-
spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my
D. S.—No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
FINE. CHORUS.
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
weep by the side of the tomb. Come to the
come to the church in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
way to the man-sions of light.
lit-tle brown church in the vale.
D. S.
church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale; A-MEN.
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

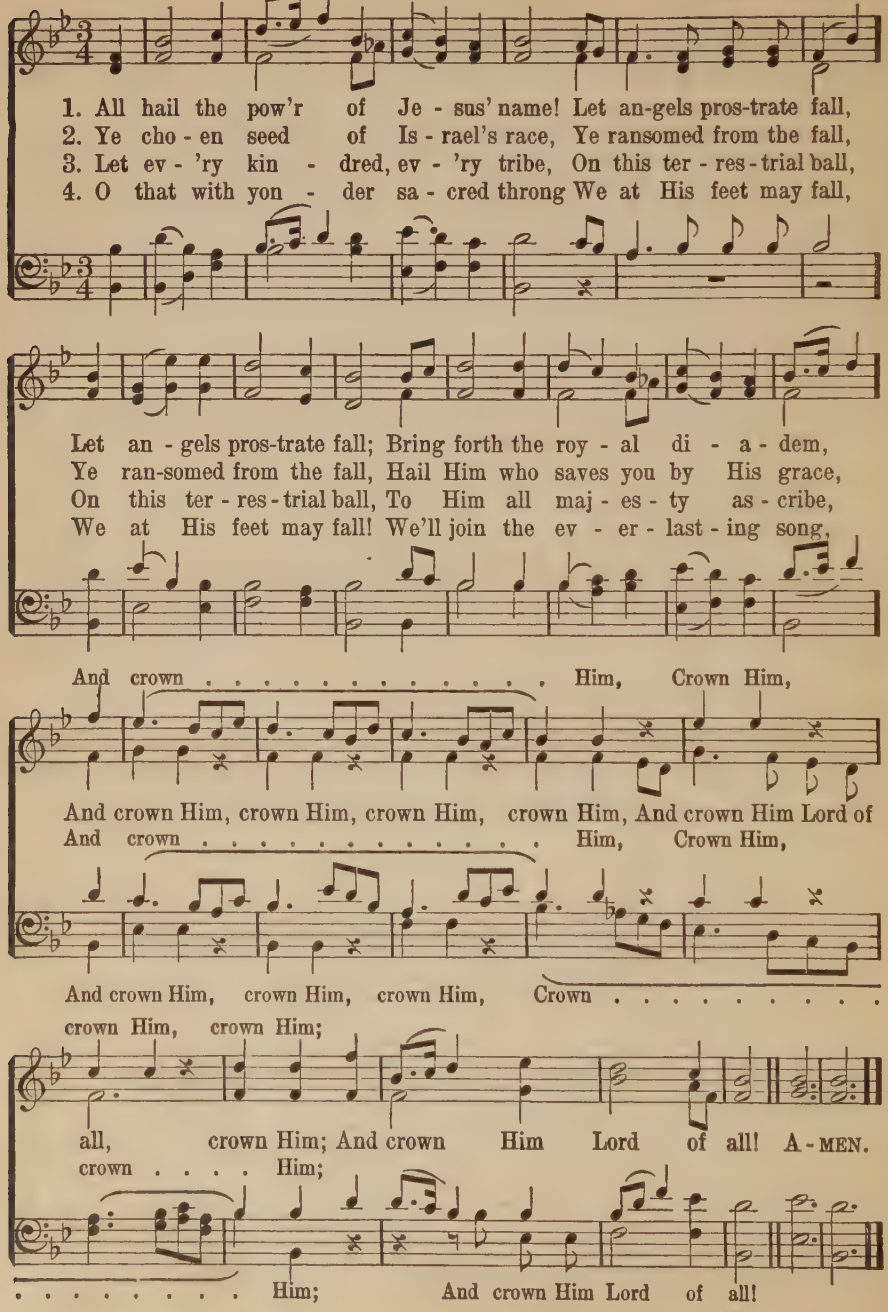
148 Do You Love Him?

T. O. Chisholm. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Henry P. Morton.


1. There was One who came from Heav-en, Came this fall - en world to save,
2. His was love di - vine and ten - der, More than we could think or dream;
3. On the cru - el cross up - lift - ed, He did all that love could do,
4. Love like that can nev - er fail us, He will al-ways be our Friend;
Sparing naught for our re-demp - tion, E'en His ver - y life He gave.
His was in - fi - nite com-pas - sion, His the sac - ri - fice su - preme.
To con-strain our hearts to love Him,—How can we but love Him too?
Hav-ing loved us so, as sin - ners, He will love us to the end.
Chorus.
Do you love Him? Do you love Him? May this your an - swer be:. . . .
May this your an - swer be:
Yes, I love Him, yes, I love Him, Be-cause He first loved me. A-men.

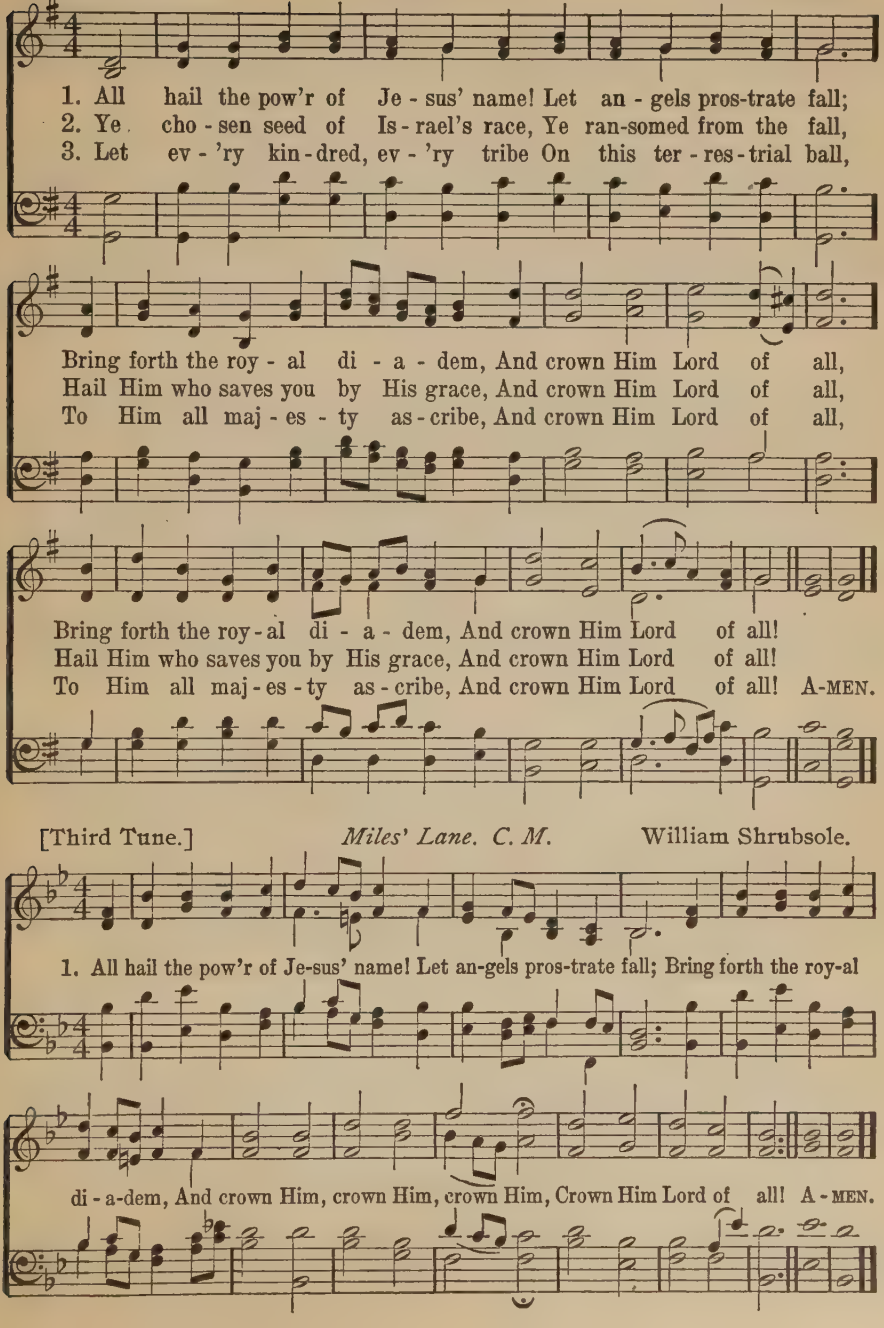
149 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

E. Perronet. *Diadem. C. M.* James Ellor.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall,
2. Ye cho - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,
Let an - gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
Ye ran-somed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,
And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
And crown . . . . . Him, Crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown . . . . . .
crown Him, crown Him;
all, crown Him; And crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.
crown . . . . Him;
. . . . . Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

150 All Hail the Power.

[Second Tune.] *Coronation. C. M.* Oliver Holden.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all! A-MEN.

[Third Tune.] *Miles' Lane. C. M.* William Shrubsole.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al
di - a-dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all! A - MEN.

151 Since I Found My Savior.

E. E. Hewitt.

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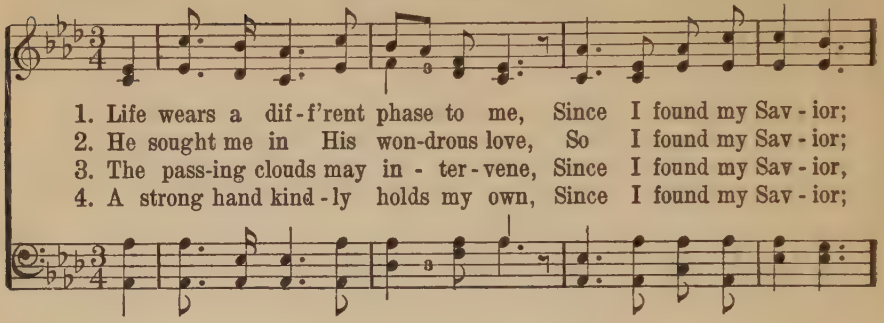
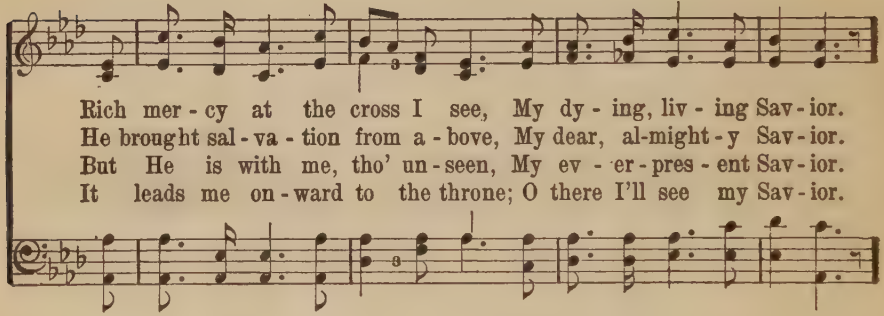
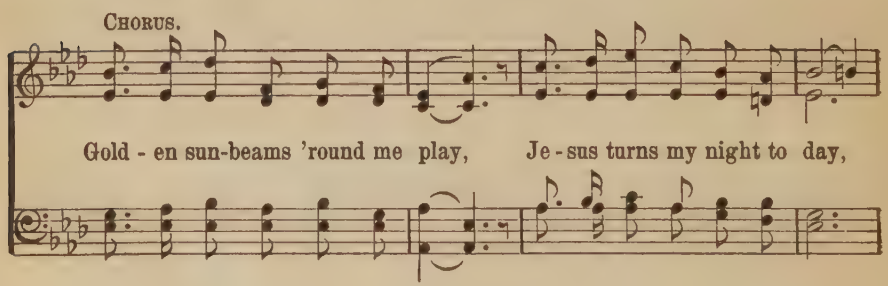
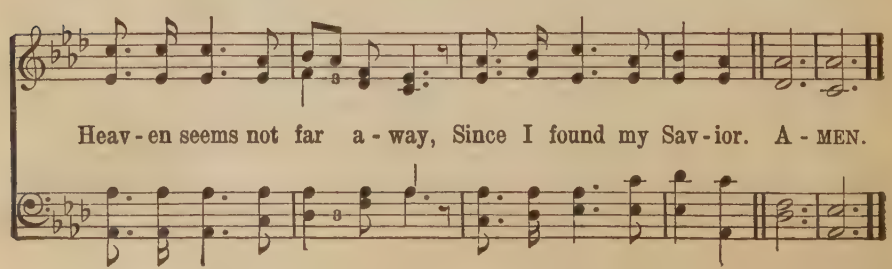
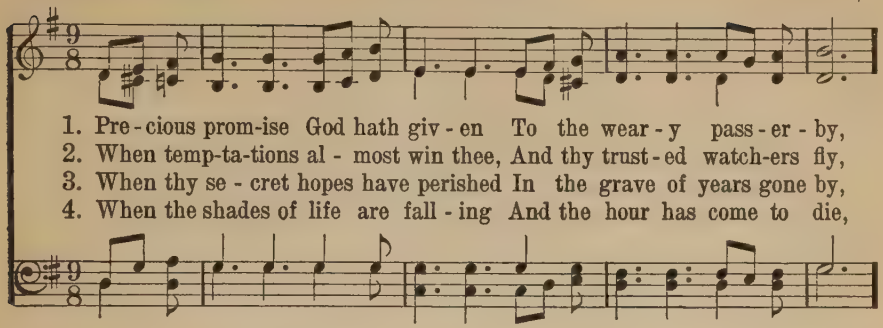
Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Life wears a dif-f'rent phase to me, Since I found my Sav-ior;
2. He sought me in His won-drous love, So I found my Sav-ior;
3. The pass-ing clouds may in-ter-vene, Since I found my Sav-ior,
4. A strong hand kind-ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav-ior;

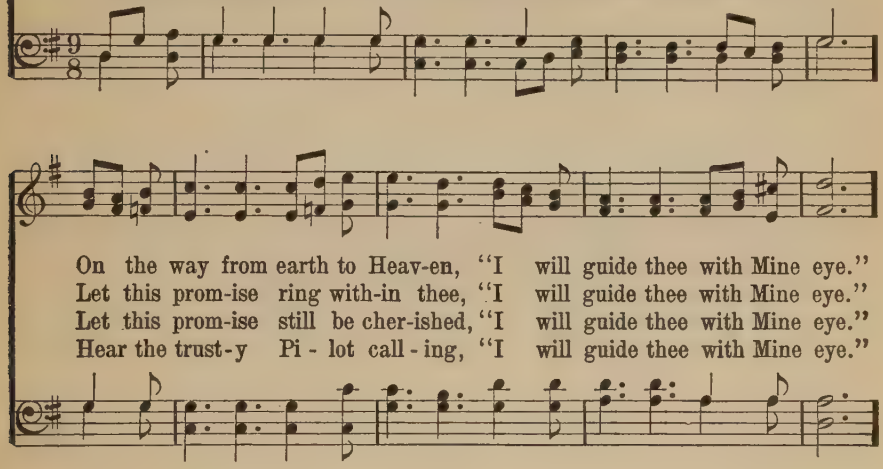

Rich mer-cy at the cross I see, My dy-ing, liv-ing Sav-ior.
He brought sal-va-tion from a-bove, My dear, al-might-y Sav-ior.
But He is with me, tho' un-seen, My ev-er-pres-ent Sav-ior.
It leads me on-ward to the throne; O there I'll see my Sav-ior.



152 Precious Promise.

Nathaniel Niles. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

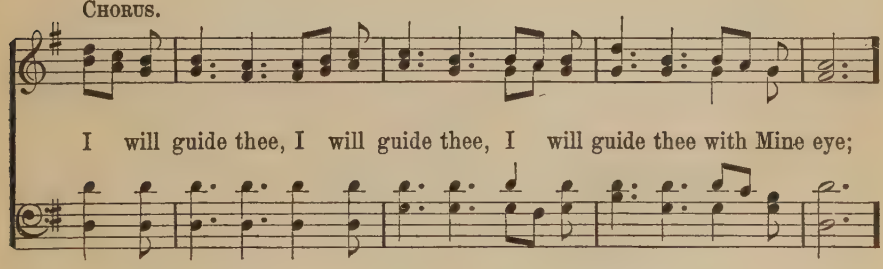


1. Pre - cious prom-ise God hath giv - en To the wear - y pass - er - by,
2. When temp-ta-tions al - most win thee, And thy trust - ed watch-ers fly,
3. When thy se - cret hopes have perished In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of life are fall - ing And the hour has come to die,

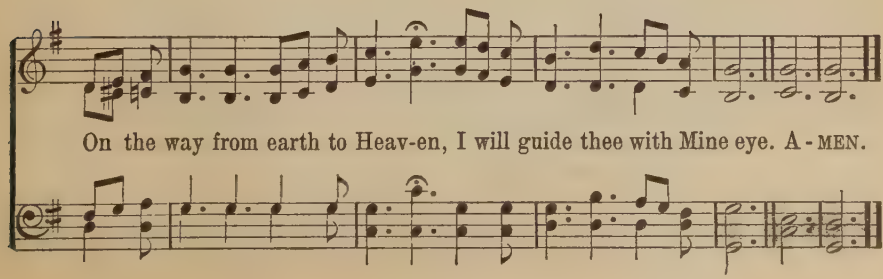


On the way from earth to Heav-en, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this prom-ise ring with-in thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this prom-ise still be cher-ished, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Hear the trust-y Pi - lot call - ing, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

CHORUS.



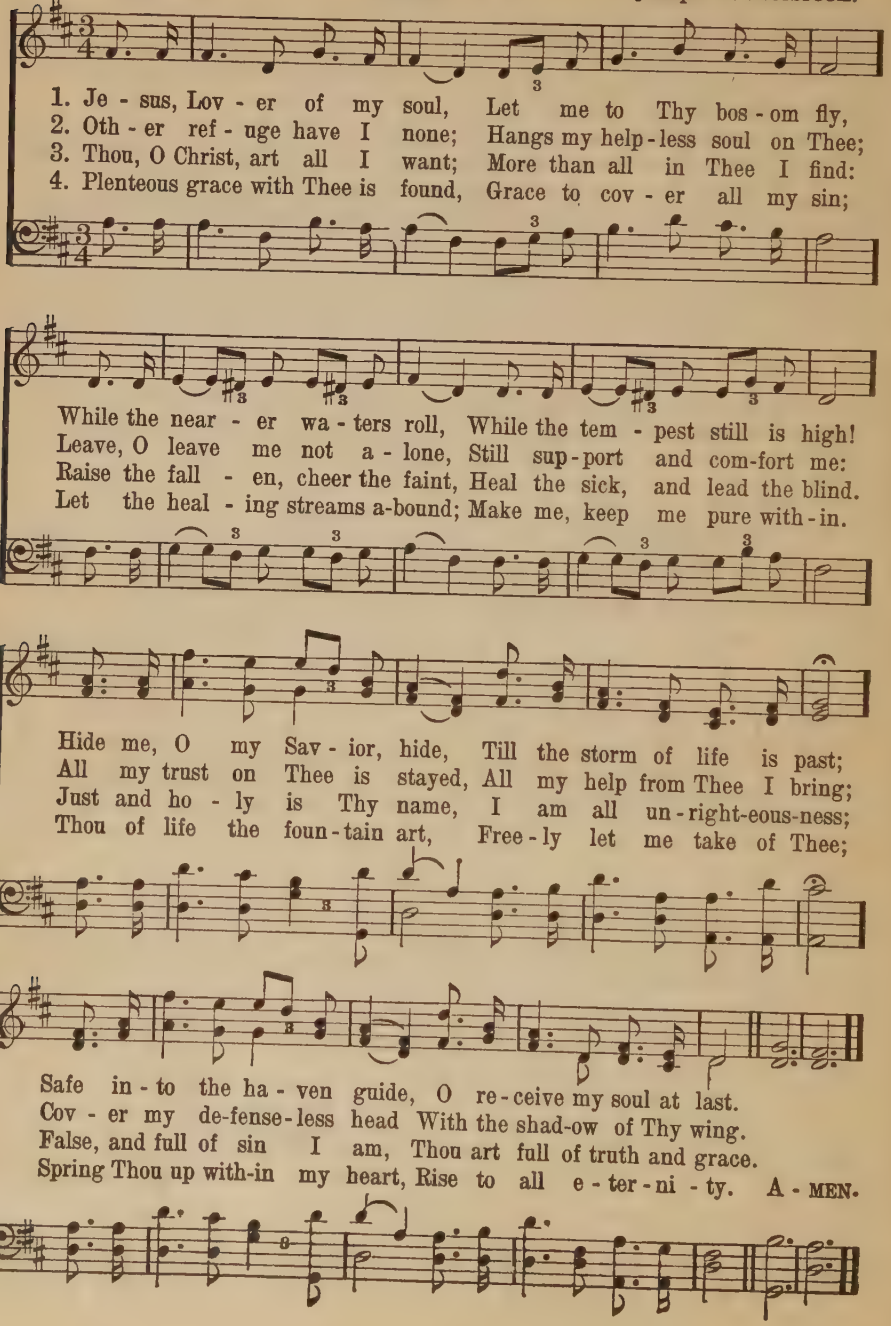
I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with Mine eye;



On the way from earth to Heav-en, I will guide thee with Mine eye. A - MEN.

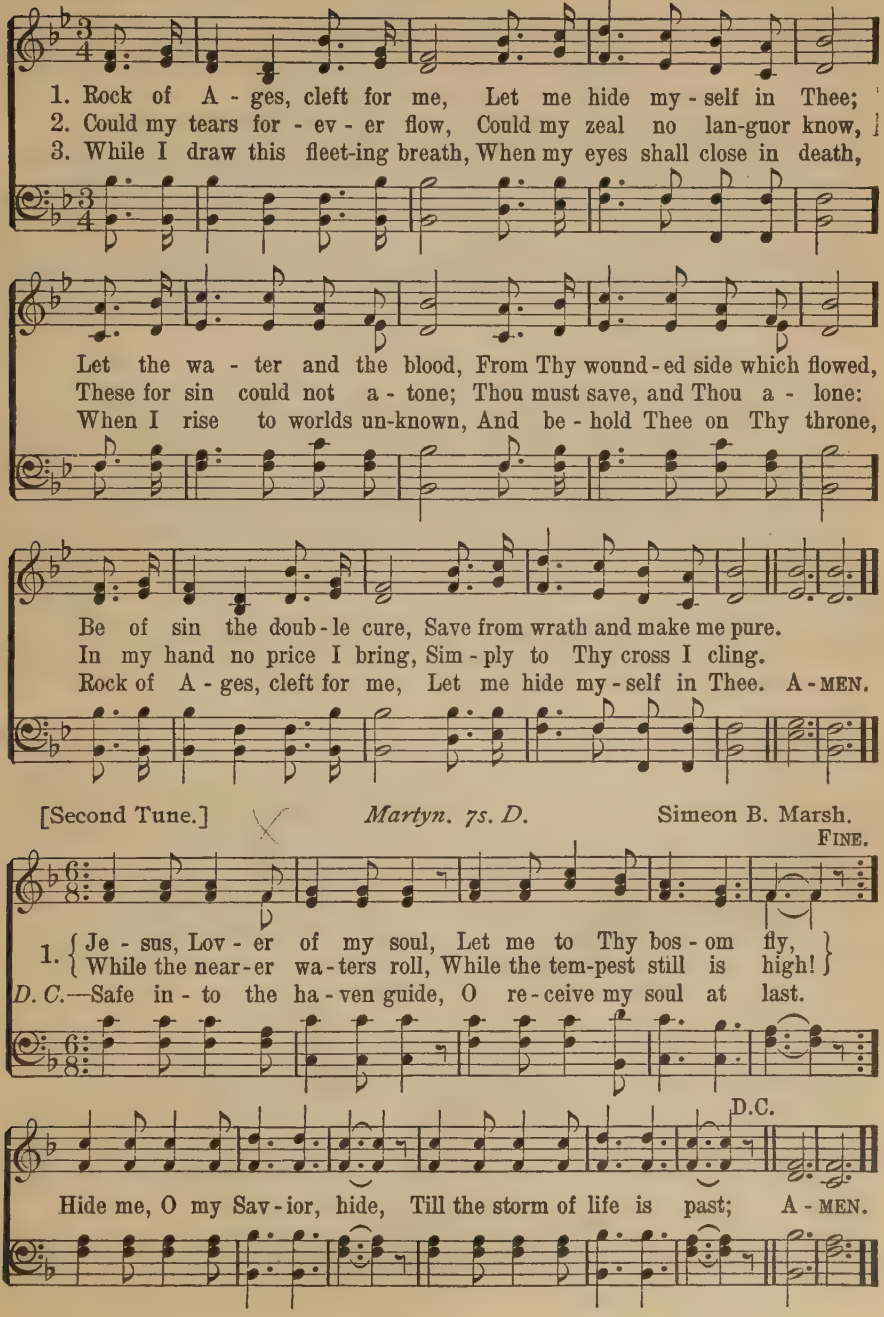
153 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *Refuge. 7s. D.* Joseph P. Holbrook.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find:
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
Leave, O leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound; Make me, keep me pure with - in.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring;
Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am all un - right - eous - ness;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of Thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
False, and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

154 Rock of Ages.

Augustus M. Toplady. *Toplady. 7s. 6l.* Thomas Hastings.

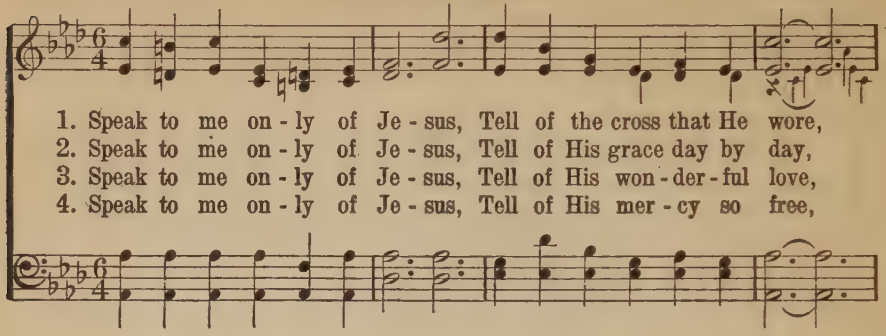

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know,
3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death,
Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flowed,
These for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone:
When I rise to worlds un-known, And be - hold Thee on Thy throne,
Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee. A - MEN.

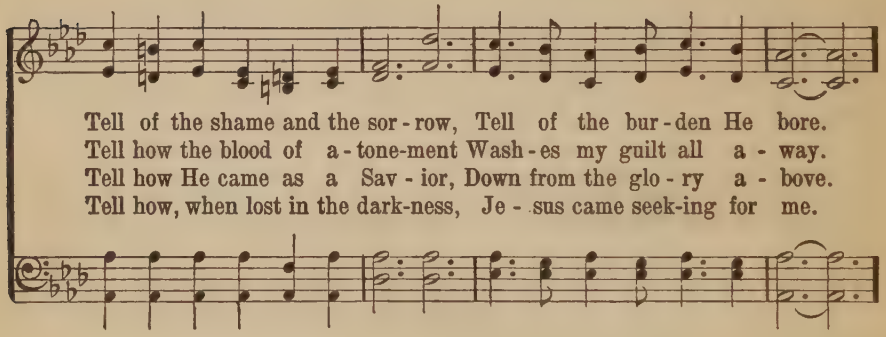
[Second Tune.] *Martyn. 7s. D.* Simeon B. Marsh.

FINE.
1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos - om fly,
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high! }
D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
D.C.
Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; A - MEN.

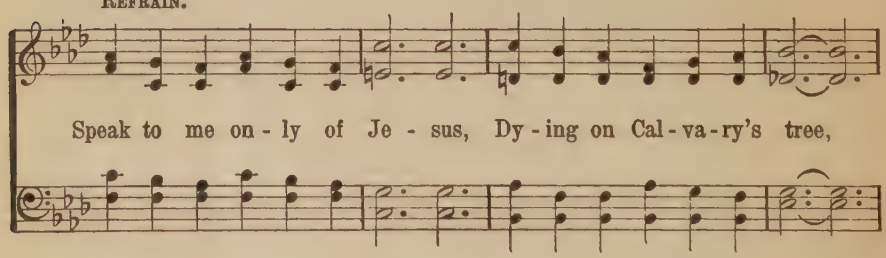
155 Speak to Me Only of Jesus.

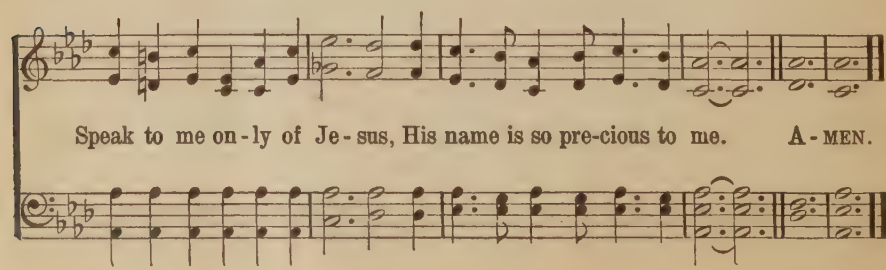
Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. B. D. Ackley.


1. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of the cross that He wore,
2. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His grace day by day,
3. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His won - der - ful love,
4. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His mer - cy so free,

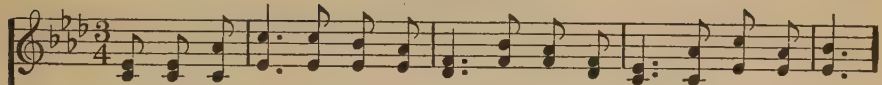

Tell of the shame and the sor - row, Tell of the bur - den He bore.
Tell how the blood of a - tone-ment Wash - es my guilt all a - way.
Tell how He came as a Sav - ior, Down from the glo - ry a - bove.
Tell how, when lost in the dark-ness, Je - sus came seek-ing for me.

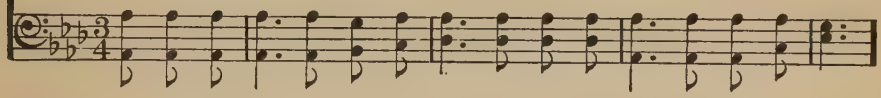
REFRAIN.



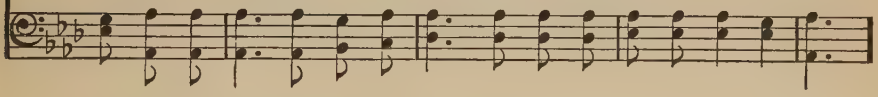


156 Higher Ground.

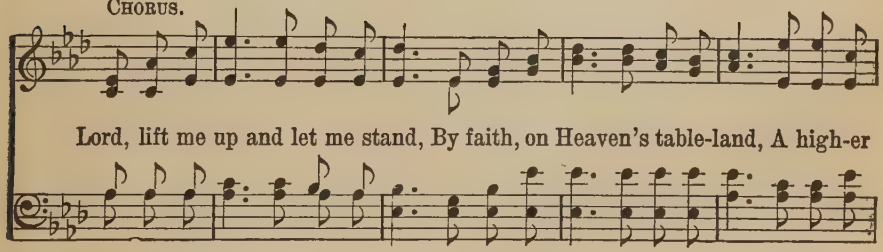
Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE, JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Sa-tan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;



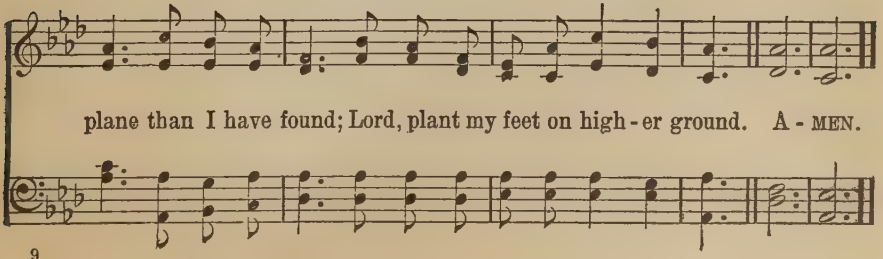
Still pray-ing as I on-ward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



CHORUS.



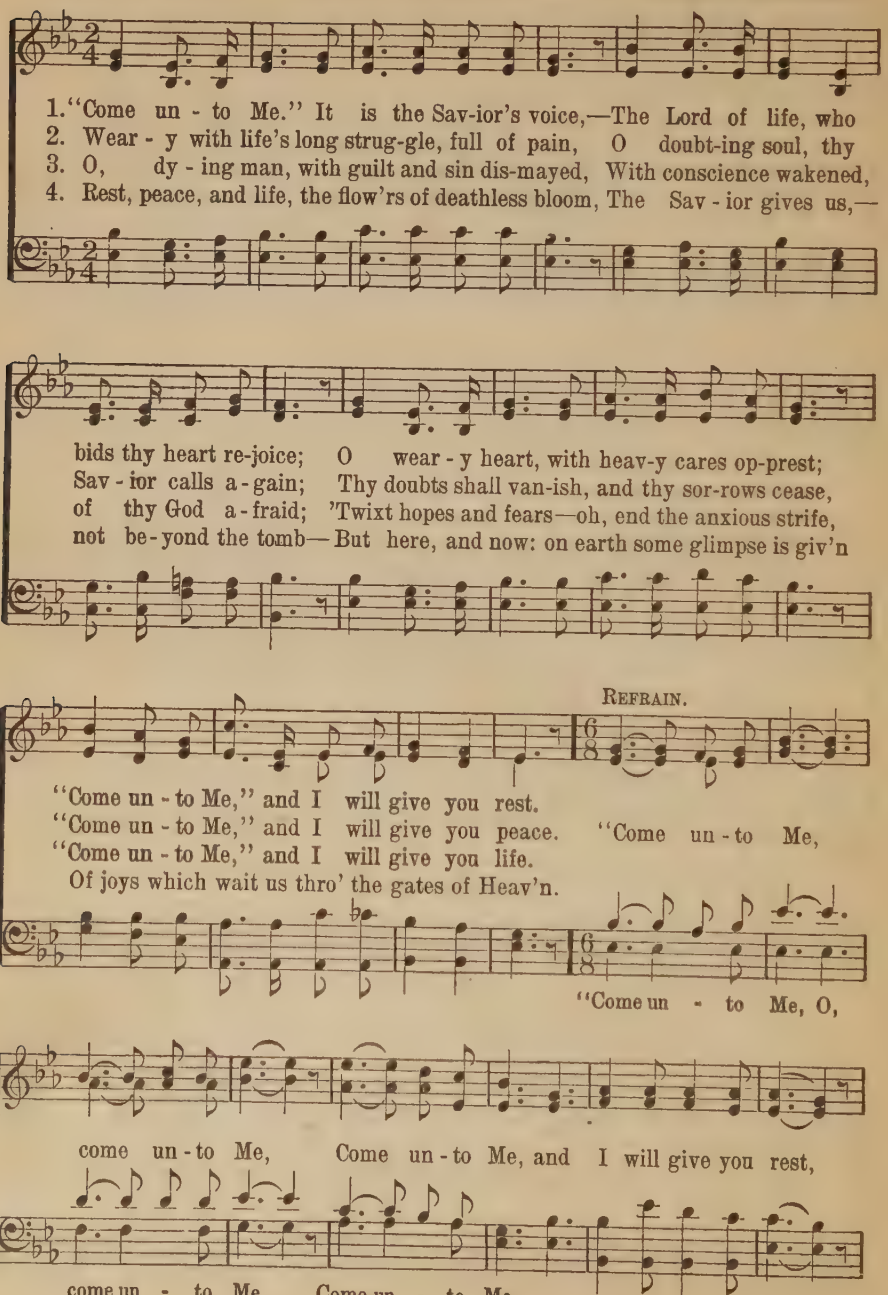
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heaven's table-land, A high-er



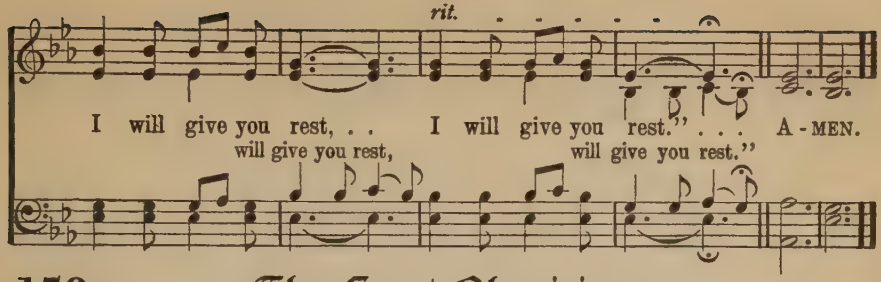
plane than I have found; Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground. A - MEN.

157 Come Unto Me.

Nathanael Norton. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY GEORGE C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. George C. Stebbins.

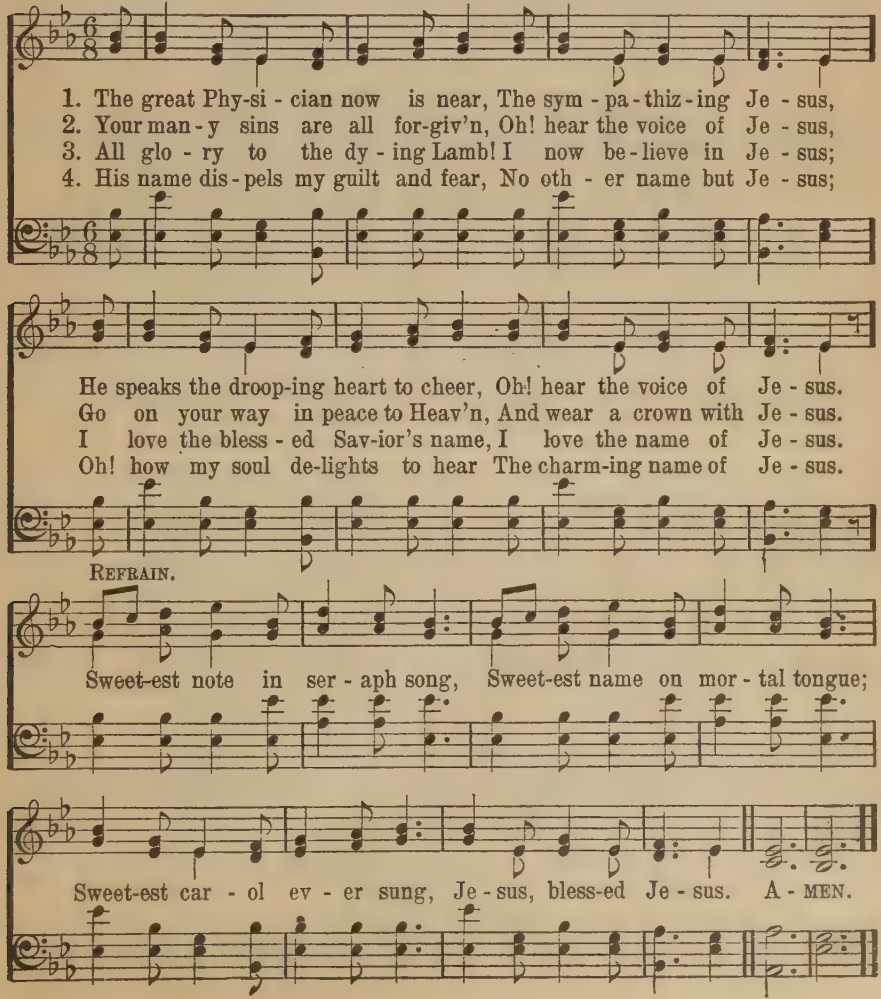

1. "Come un - to Me." It is the Sav-ior's voice,—The Lord of life, who
2. Wear - y with life's long strug-gle, full of pain, O doubt-ing soul, thy
3. O, dy - ing man, with guilt and sin dis-mayed, With conscience wakened,
4. Rest, peace, and life, the flow'rs of deathless bloom, The Sav - ior gives us,—
bids thy heart re-joice; O wear - y heart, with heav-y cares op-prest;
Sav - ior calls a - gain; Thy doubts shall van-ish, and thy sor-rows cease,
of thy God a - fraid; 'Twixt hopes and fears—oh, end the anxious strife,
not be - yond the tomb— But here, and now: on earth some glimpse is giv'n
REFRAIN.
"Come un - to Me," and I will give you rest.
"Come un - to Me," and I will give you peace.
"Come un - to Me," and I will give you life.
Of joys which wait us thro' the gates of Heav'n.
"Come un - to Me,
"Come un - to Me, O,
come un - to Me, Come un - to Me, and I will give you rest,
come un - to Me, Come un - to Me,

Come Unto Me.



158 The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. J. H. Stockton.


1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus,
2. Your man-y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je-sus,
3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je-sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth-er name but Je-sus;
He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je-sus.
Go on your way in peace to Heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
I love the bless-ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je-sus.
Oh! how my soul de-lights to hear The charm-ing name of Je-sus.
REFRAIN.
Sweet-est note in ser-aph song, Sweet-est name on mor-tal tongue;
Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus. A-MEN.

159 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

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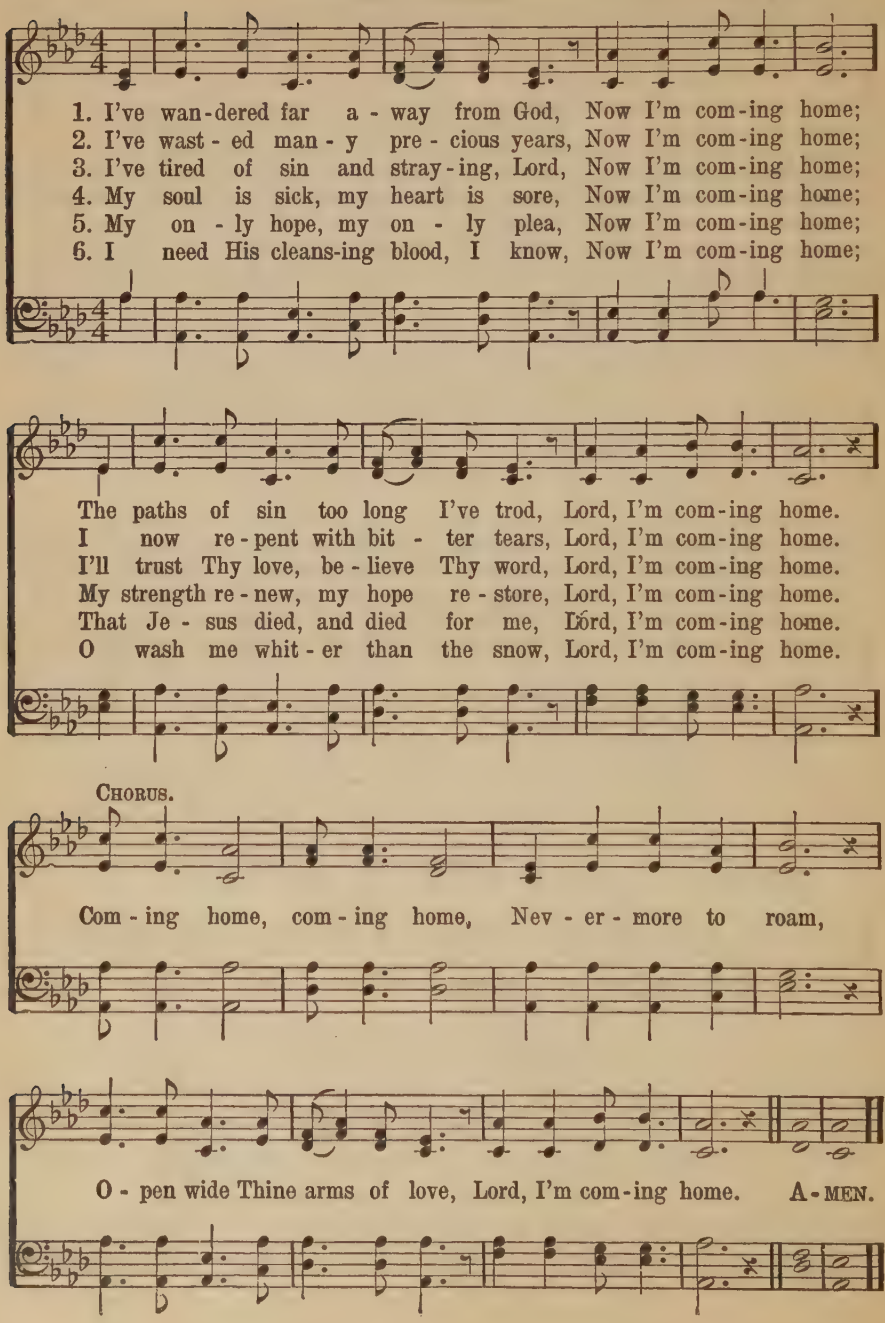
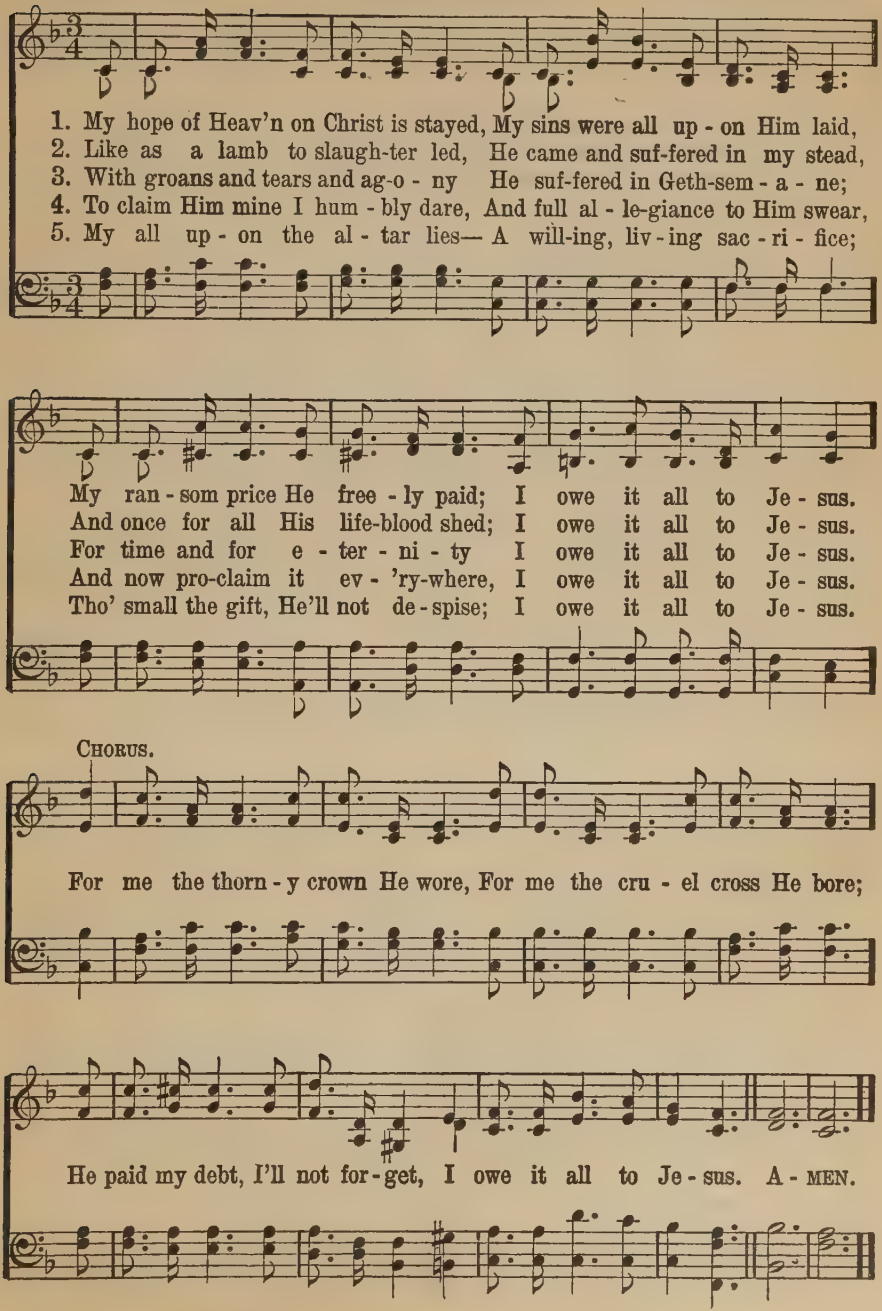
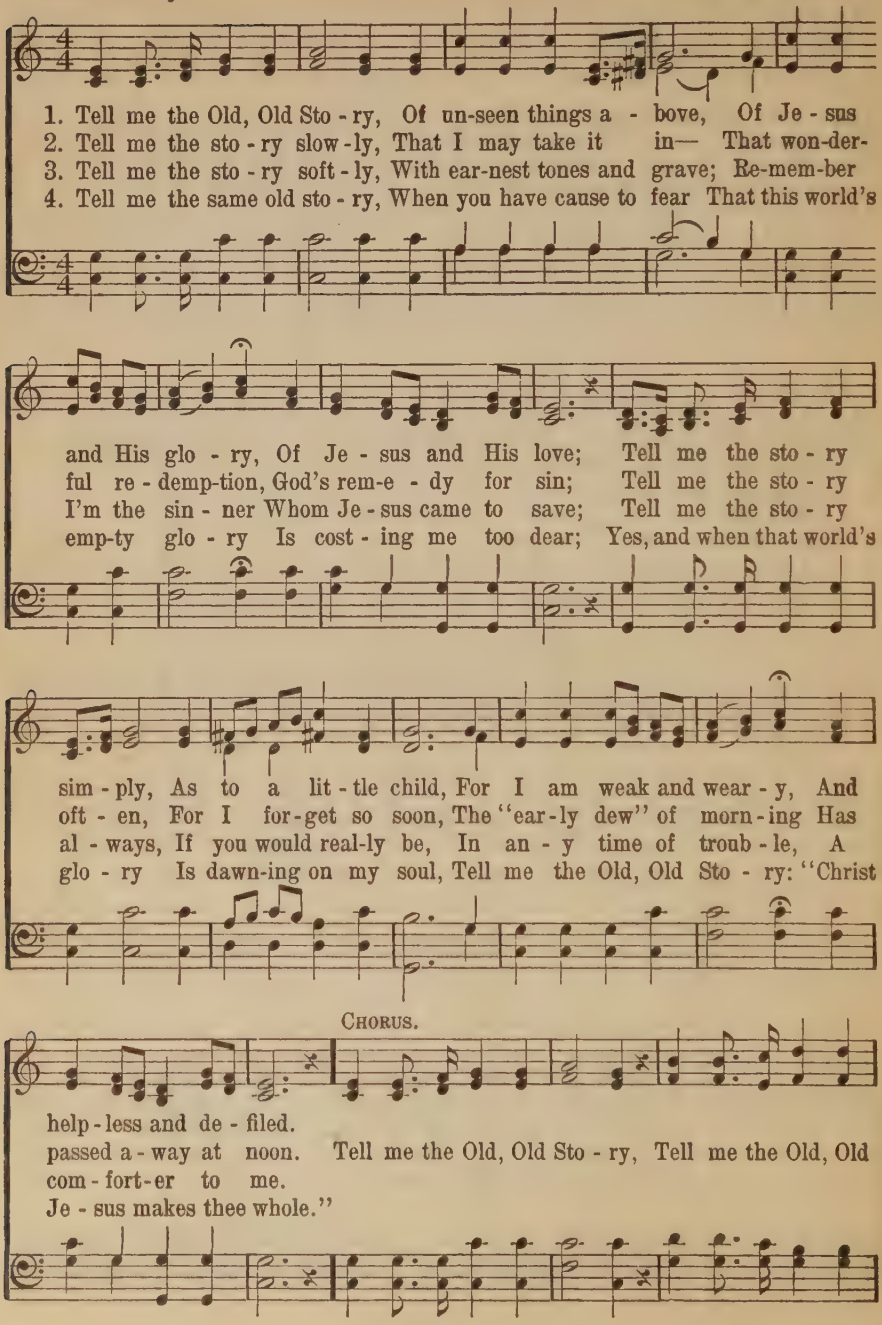
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan-dered far a-way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast-ed man-y pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on-ly hope, my on-ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood, I know, Now I'm com-ing home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit-ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be-lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
That Je-sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
O wash me whit-er than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
CHORUS.
Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev-er-more to roam,
O-pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home. A-MEN.

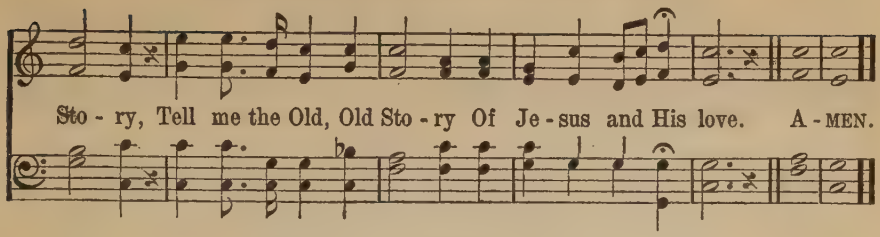
160 I Owe It All to Jesus.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. My hope of Heav'n on Christ is stayed, My sins were all up - on Him laid,
2. Like as a lamb to slaugh-ter led, He came and suf-fered in my stead,
3. With groans and tears and ag-o - ny He suf-fered in Geth-sem - a - ne;
4. To claim Him mine I hum - bly dare, And full al - le-giance to Him swear,
5. My all up - on the al - tar lies— A will-ing, liv - ing sac - ri - fice;
My ran - som price He free - ly paid; I owe it all to Je - sus.
And once for all His life-blood shed; I owe it all to Je - sus.
For time and for e - ter - ni - ty I owe it all to Je - sus.
And now pro-claim it ev - 'ry-where, I owe it all to Je - sus.
Tho' small the gift, He'll not de - spise; I owe it all to Je - sus.
CHORUS.
For me the thorn - y crown He wore, For me the cru - el cross He bore;
He paid my debt, I'll not for - get, I owe it all to Je - sus. A - MEN.

161 Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

Kate Hankey. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in— That won-der-
3. Tell me the sto - ry soft - ly, With ear-nest tones and grave; Re-mem-ber
4. Tell me the same old sto - ry, When you have cause to fear That this world's
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love; Tell me the sto - ry
ful re - demp-tion, God's rem-e - dy for sin; Tell me the sto - ry
I'm the sin - ner Whom Je - sus came to save; Tell me the sto - ry
emp-ty glo - ry Is cost - ing me too dear; Yes, and when that world's
sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wear - y, And
oft - en, For I for-get so soon, The "ear - ly dew" of morn - ing Has
al - ways, If you would real-ly be, In an - y time of troub - le, A
glo - ry Is dawn-ing on my soul, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry: "Christ
CHORUS.
help - less and de - filed.
passed a - way at noon. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old
com - fort - er to me.
Je - sus makes thee whole."

Tell Me the Old, Old Story.



162 Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

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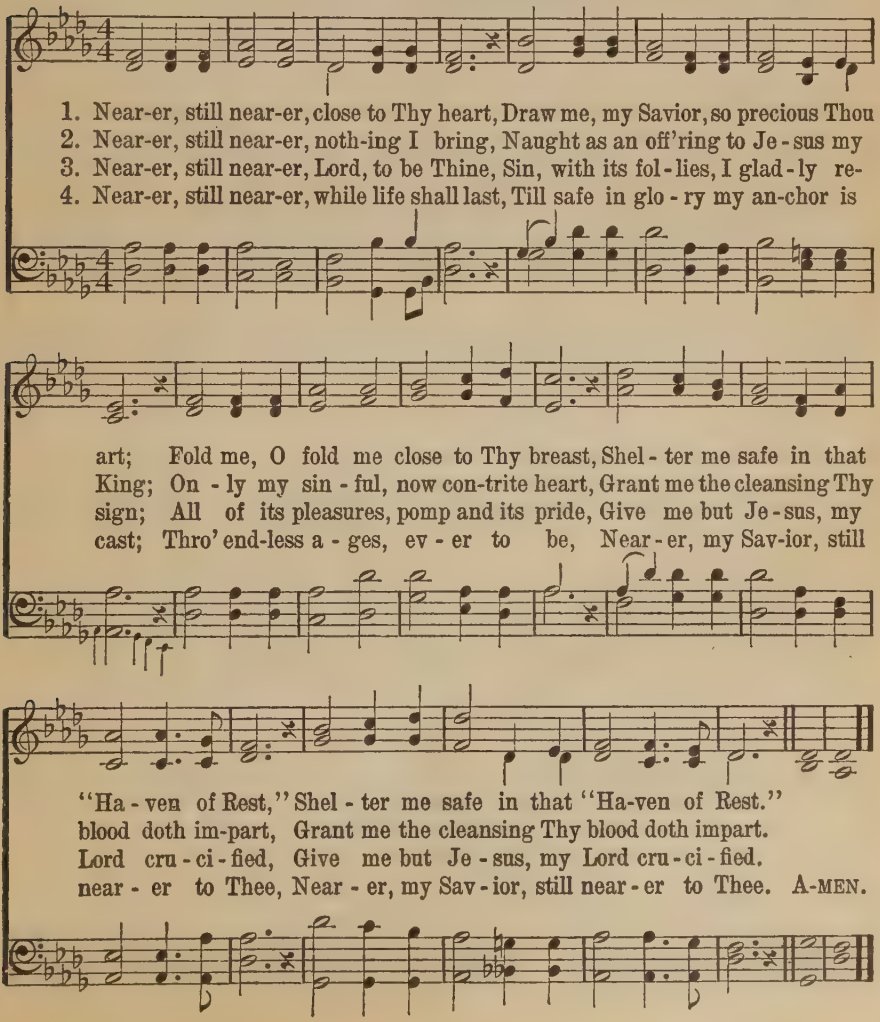
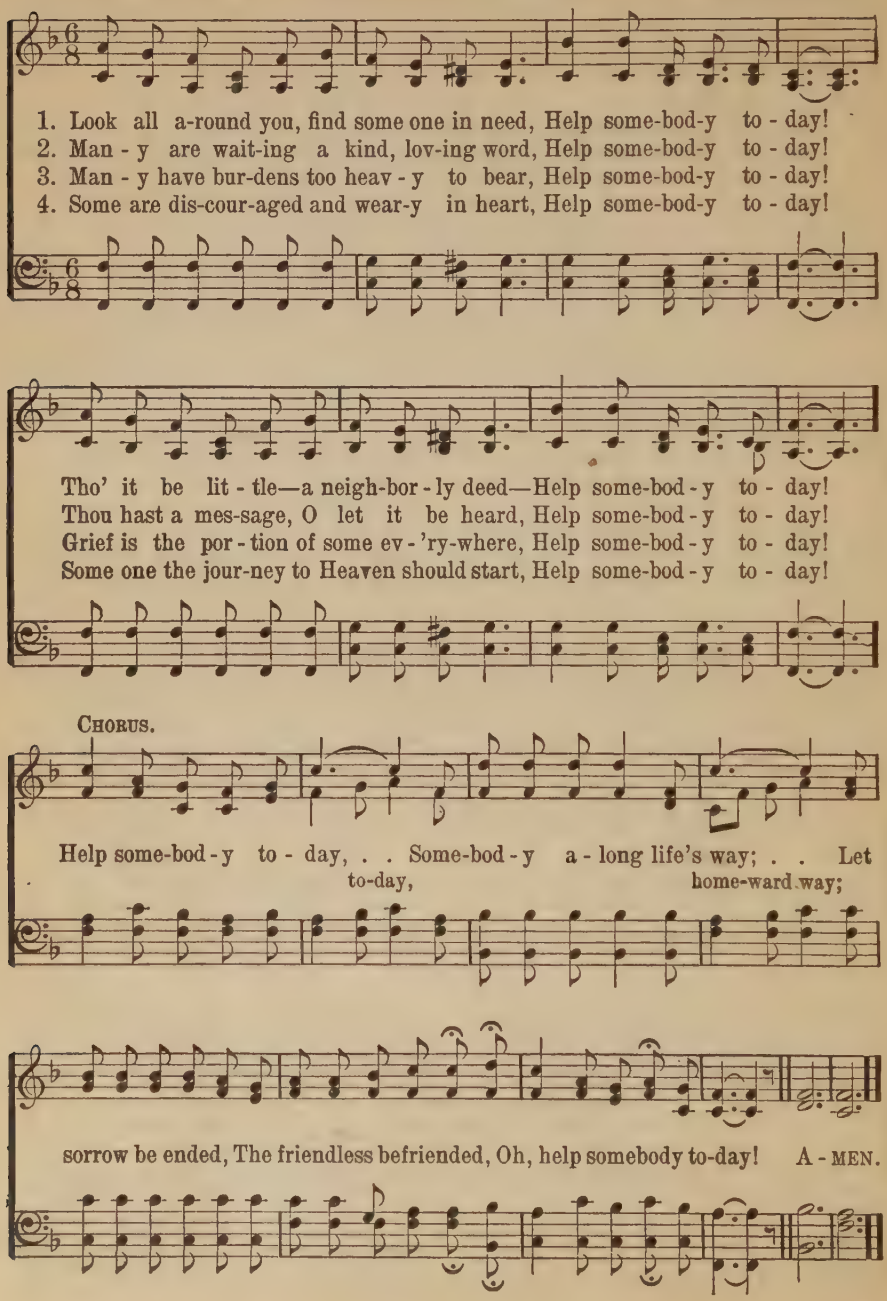
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

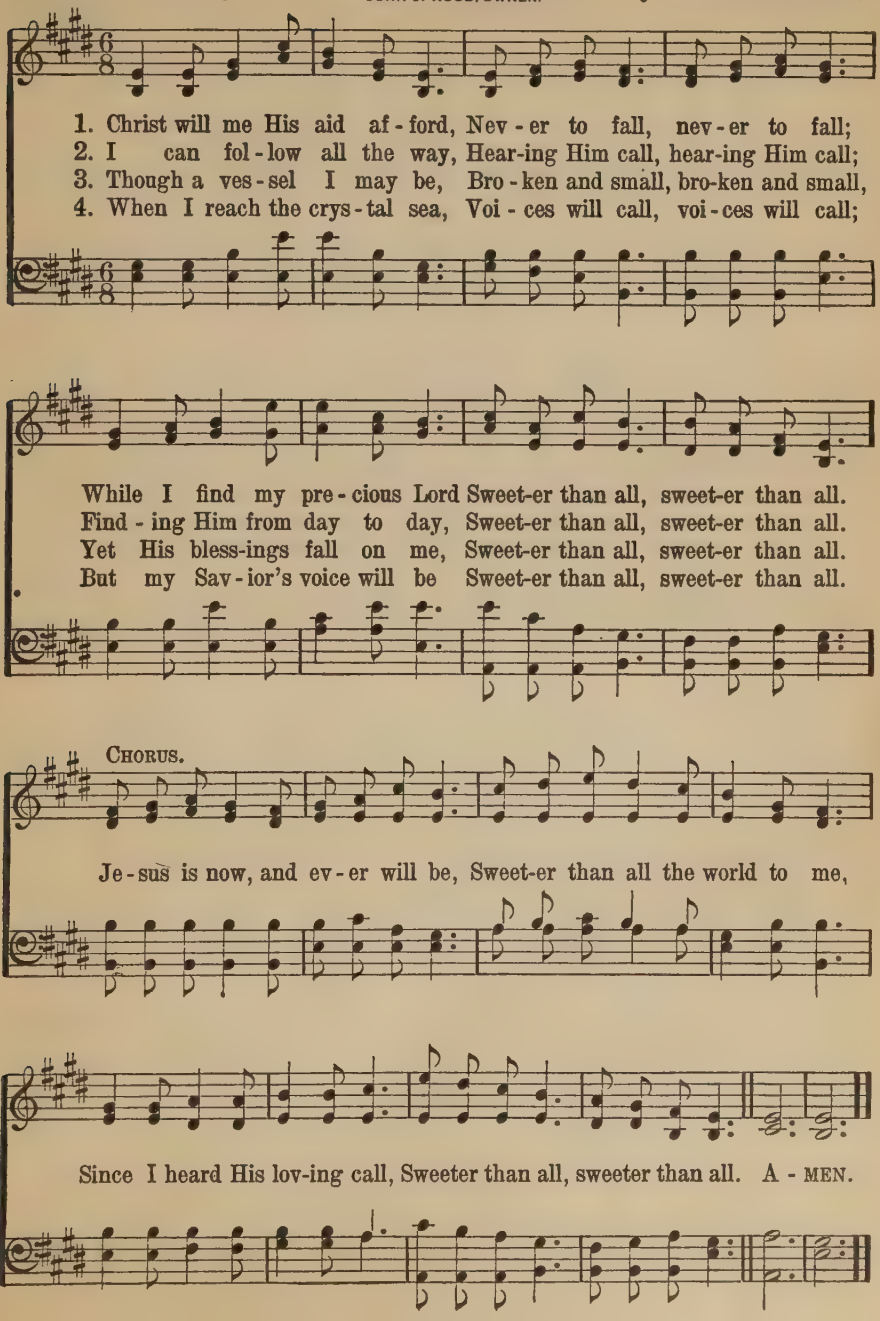

1. Near-er, still near-er, close to Thy heart, Draw me, my Savior, so precious Thou
2. Near-er, still near-er, noth-ing I bring, Naught as an off'ring to Je - sus my
3. Near-er, still near-er, Lord, to be Thine, Sin, with its fol - lies, I glad - ly re-
4. Near-er, still near-er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my an-chor is
art; Fold me, O fold me close to Thy breast, Shel - ter me safe in that
King; On - ly my sin - ful, now con-trite heart, Grant me the cleansing Thy
sign; All of its pleasures, pomp and its pride, Give me but Je - sus, my
cast; Thro' end-less a - ges, ev - er to be, Near - er, my Sav-ior, still
"Ha - ven of Rest," Shel - ter me safe in that "Ha-ven of Rest."
blood doth im-part, Grant me the cleansing Thy blood doth impart.
Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied.
near - er to Thee, Near - er, my Sav - ior, still near - er to Thee. A-MEN.

163 Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov-ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod - y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod - y to - day!
Grief is the por - tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod - y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to Heaven should start, Help some-bod - y to - day!
CHORUS.
Help some-bod - y to - day, . . Some-bod - y a - long life's way; . . Let
to-day, home-ward way;
sorrow be ended, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to-day! A - MEN.

164 Sweeter Than All.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. J. Howard Entwisle.


1. Christ will me His aid af-ford, Nev-er to fall, nev-er to fall;
2. I can fol-low all the way, Hear-ing Him call, hear-ing Him call;
3. Though a ves-sel I may be, Bro-ken and small, bro-ken and small,
4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voi-ces will call, voi-ces will call;
While I find my pre-cious Lord Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Find-ing Him from day to day, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
Yet His bless-ings fall on me, Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
But my Sav-ior's voice will be Sweet-er than all, sweet-er than all.
CHORUS.
Je-sus is now, and ev-er will be, Sweet-er than all the world to me,
Since I heard His lov-ing call, Sweeter than all, sweeter than all. A-MEN.

165 The Banner of the Cross.

El Nathan.

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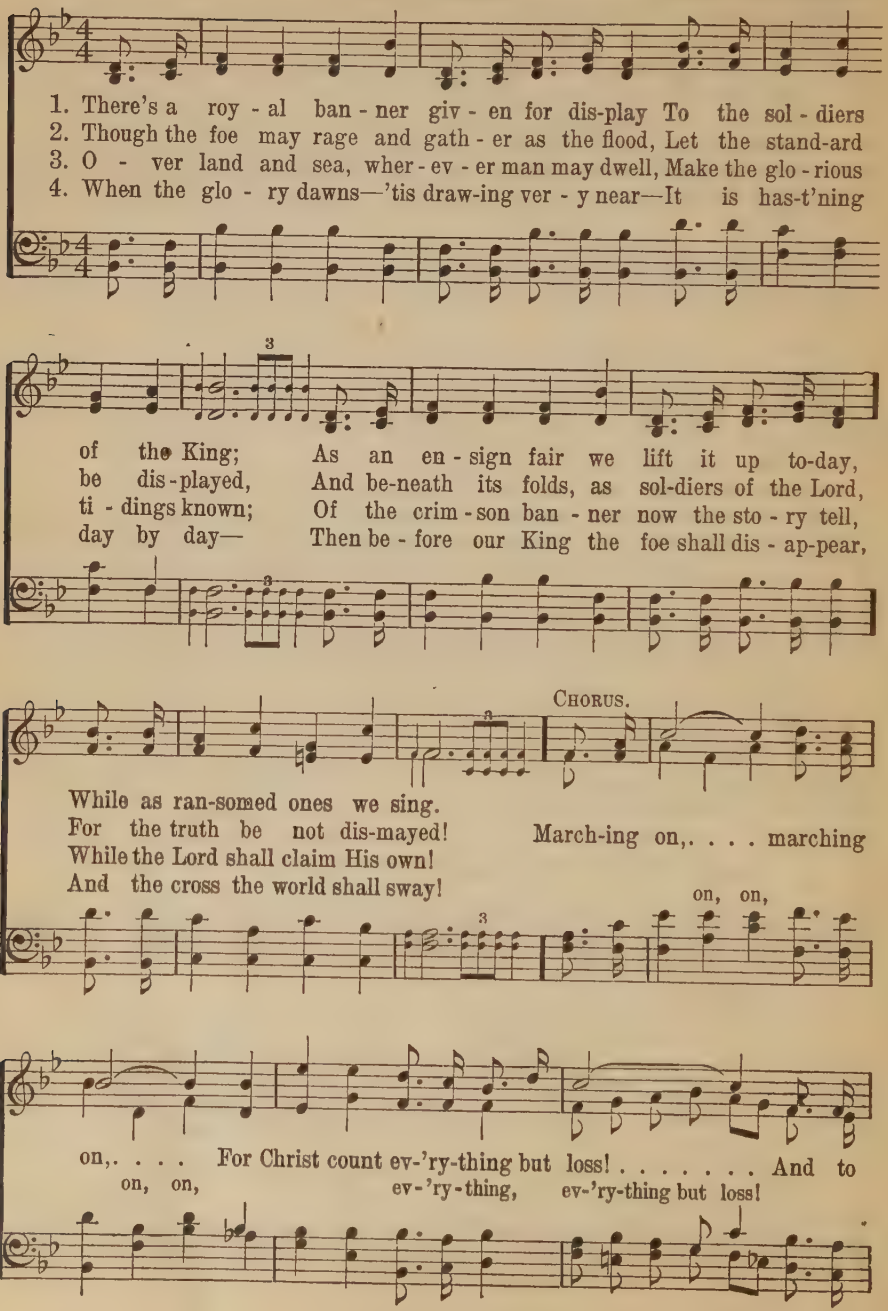
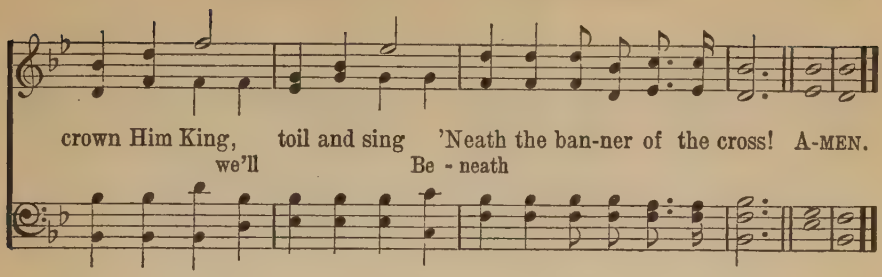
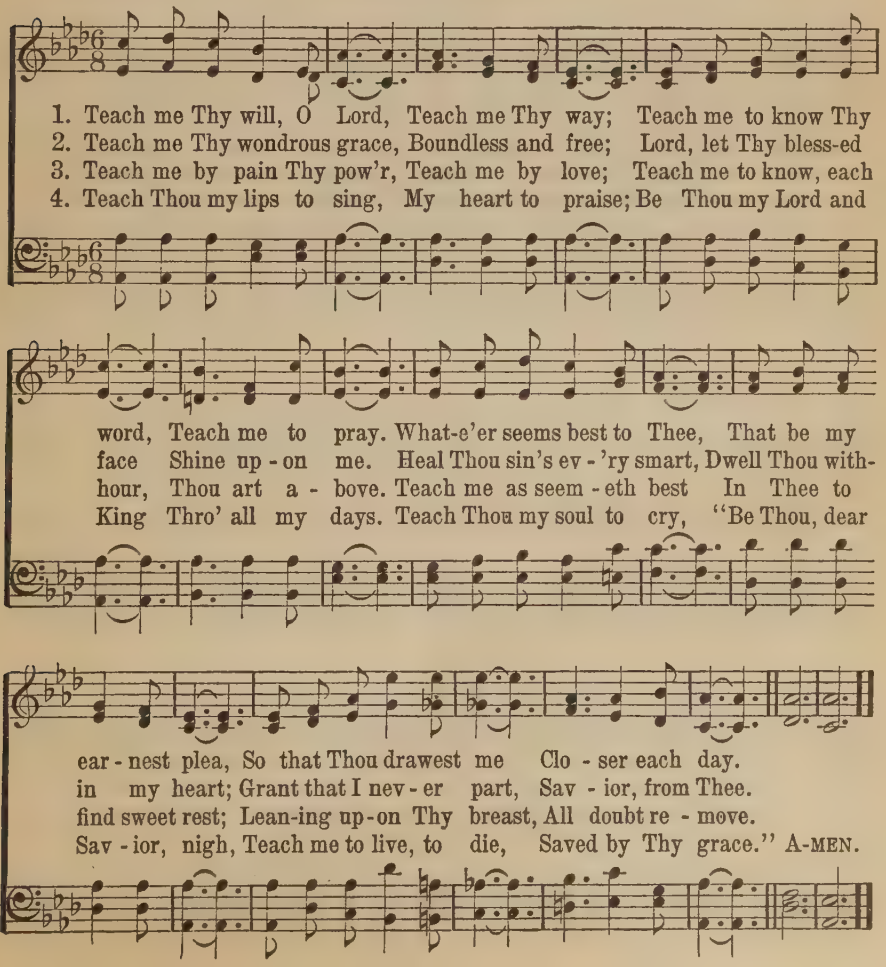
James McGranahan.


1. There's a roy - al ban - ner giv - en for dis-play To the sol - diers
2. Though the foe may rage and gath - er as the flood, Let the stand-ard
3. O - ver land and sea, wher - ev - er man may dwell, Make the glo - rious
4. When the glo - ry dawns—'tis draw-ing ver - y near—It is has-t'ning
of the King; As an en - sign fair we lift it up to-day,
be dis-played, And be-neath its folds, as sol-diers of the Lord,
ti - dings known; Of the crim - son ban - ner now the sto - ry tell,
day by day— Then be - fore our King the foe shall dis - ap-pear,
CHORUS.
While as ran-somed ones we sing.
For the truth be not dis-mayed!
While the Lord shall claim His own!
And the cross the world shall sway!
March-ing on,. . . . marching
on, on,
on,. . . . For Christ count ev-'ry-thing but loss! . . . . . And to
on, on, ev-'ry-thing, ev-'ry-thing but loss!



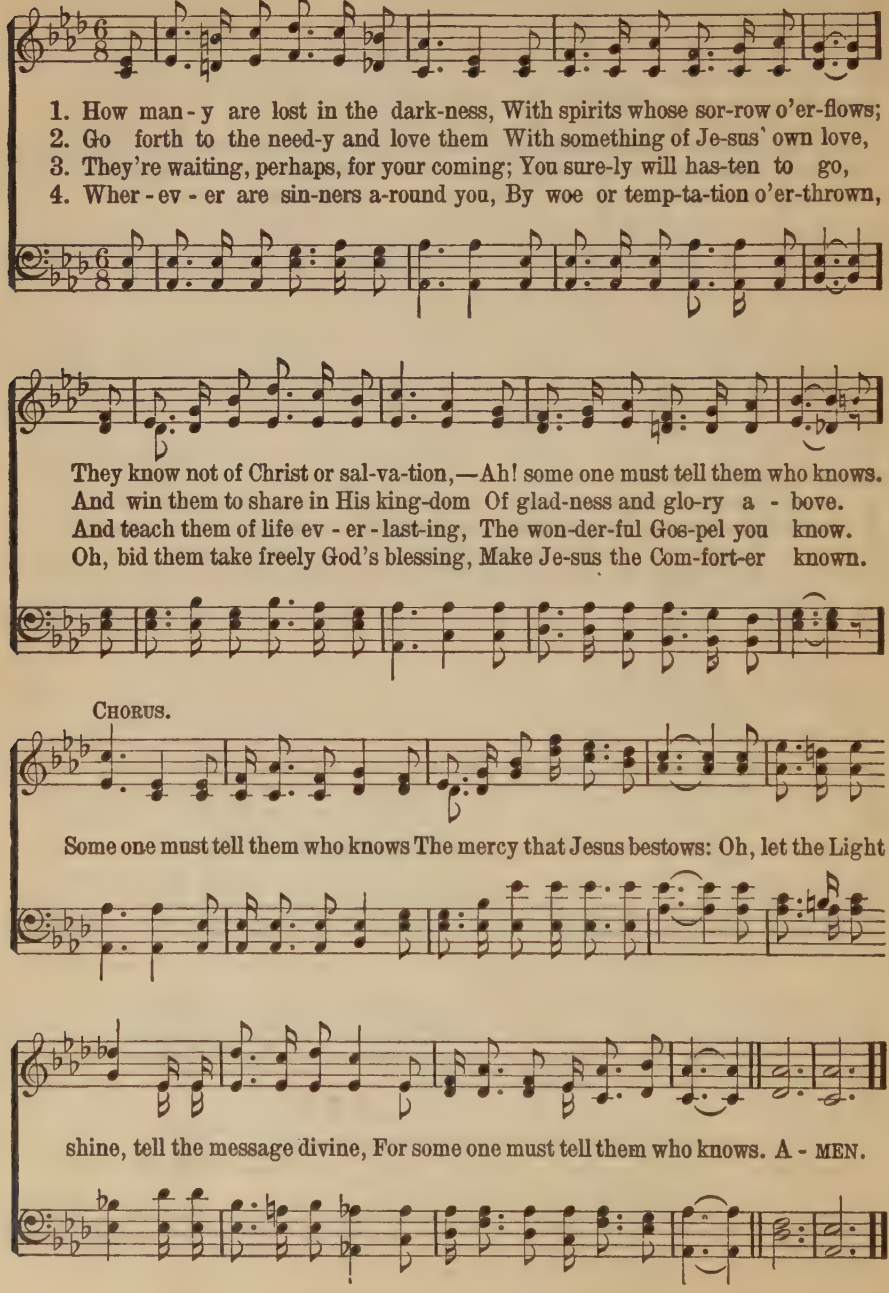
166 Teach Me Thy Will, O Lord.

Katharine A. Grimes. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

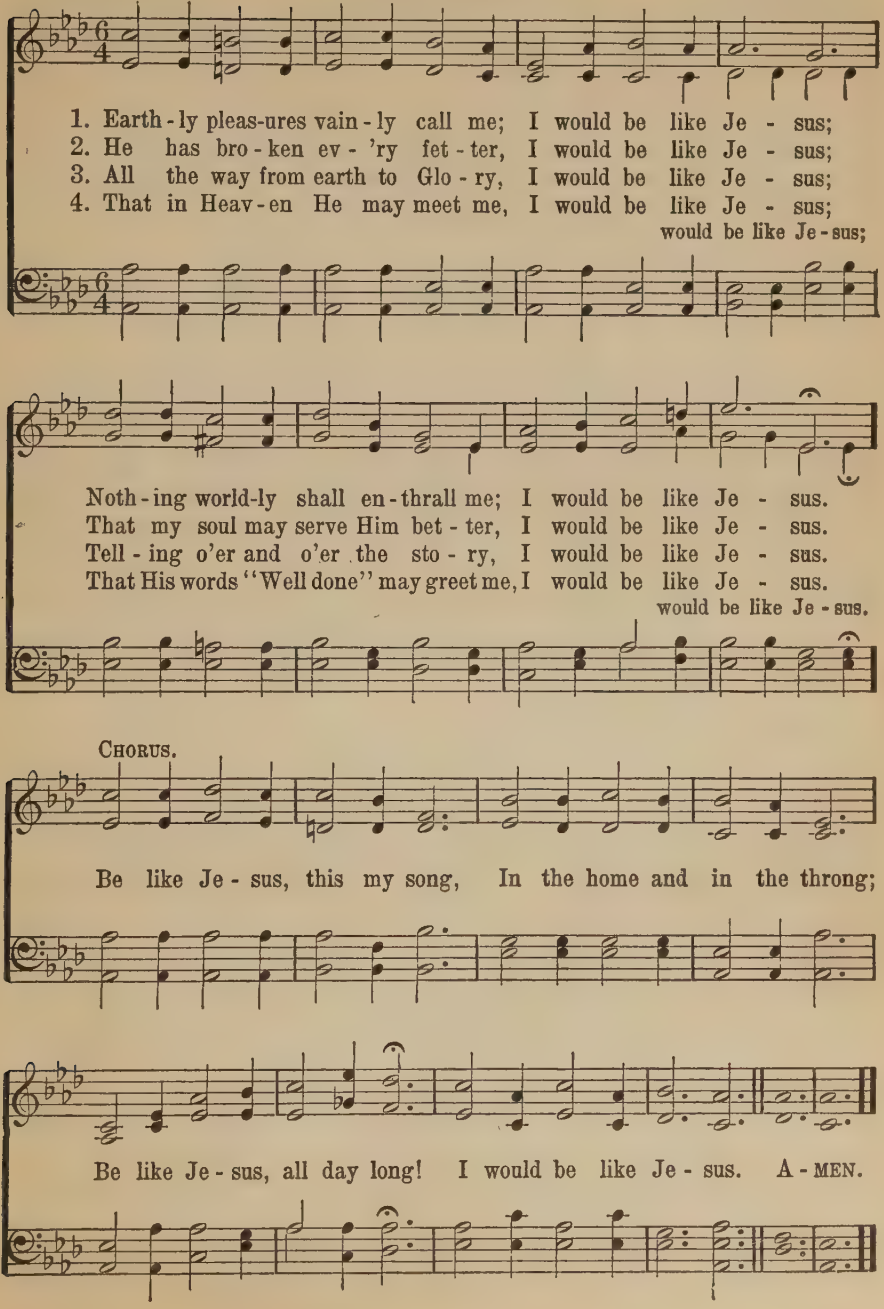

1. Teach me Thy will, O Lord, Teach me Thy way; Teach me to know Thy
2. Teach me Thy wondrous grace, Boundless and free; Lord, let Thy bless-ed
3. Teach me by pain Thy pow'r, Teach me by love; Teach me to know, each
4. Teach Thou my lips to sing, My heart to praise; Be Thou my Lord and
word, Teach me to pray. What-e'er seems best to Thee, That be my
face Shine up - on me. Heal Thou sin's ev - 'ry smart, Dwell Thou with-
hour, Thou art a - bove. Teach me as seem - eth best In Thee to
King Thro' all my days. Teach Thou my soul to cry, "Be Thou, dear
ear - nest plea, So that Thou drawest me Clo - ser each day.
in my heart; Grant that I nev - er part, Sav - ior, from Thee.
find sweet rest; Lean-ing up-on Thy breast, All doubt re - move.
Sav - ior, nigh, Teach me to live, to die, Saved by Thy grace." A-MEN.

167 Some One Who Knows.

Mrs. F. A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. How man - y are lost in the dark-ness, With spirits whose sor-row o'er-flows;
2. Go forth to the need-y and love them With something of Je-sus' own love,
3. They're waiting, perhaps, for your coming; You sure-ly will has-ten to go,
4. Wher - ev - er are sin-ners a-round you, By woe or temp-ta-tion o'er-thrown,
They know not of Christ or sal-va-tion,—Ah! some one must tell them who knows.
And win them to share in His king-dom Of glad-ness and glo-ry a - bove.
And teach them of life ev - er - last-ing, The won-der-ful Gos-pel you know.
Oh, bid them take freely God's blessing, Make Je-sus the Com-fort-er known.
CHORUS.
Some one must tell them who knows The mercy that Jesus bestows: Oh, let the Light
shine, tell the message divine, For some one must tell them who knows. A - MEN.

168 I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.

1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain-ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro-ken ev-'ry fet-ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo-ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav-en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;
would be like Je-sus;
Noth-ing world-ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet-ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell-ing o'er and o'er the sto-ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.
would be like Je-sus.
CHORUS.
Be like Je-sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;
Be like Je-sus, all day long! I would be like Je-sus. A-MEN.

169 On the Firing Line.

Mrs. C. H. M.

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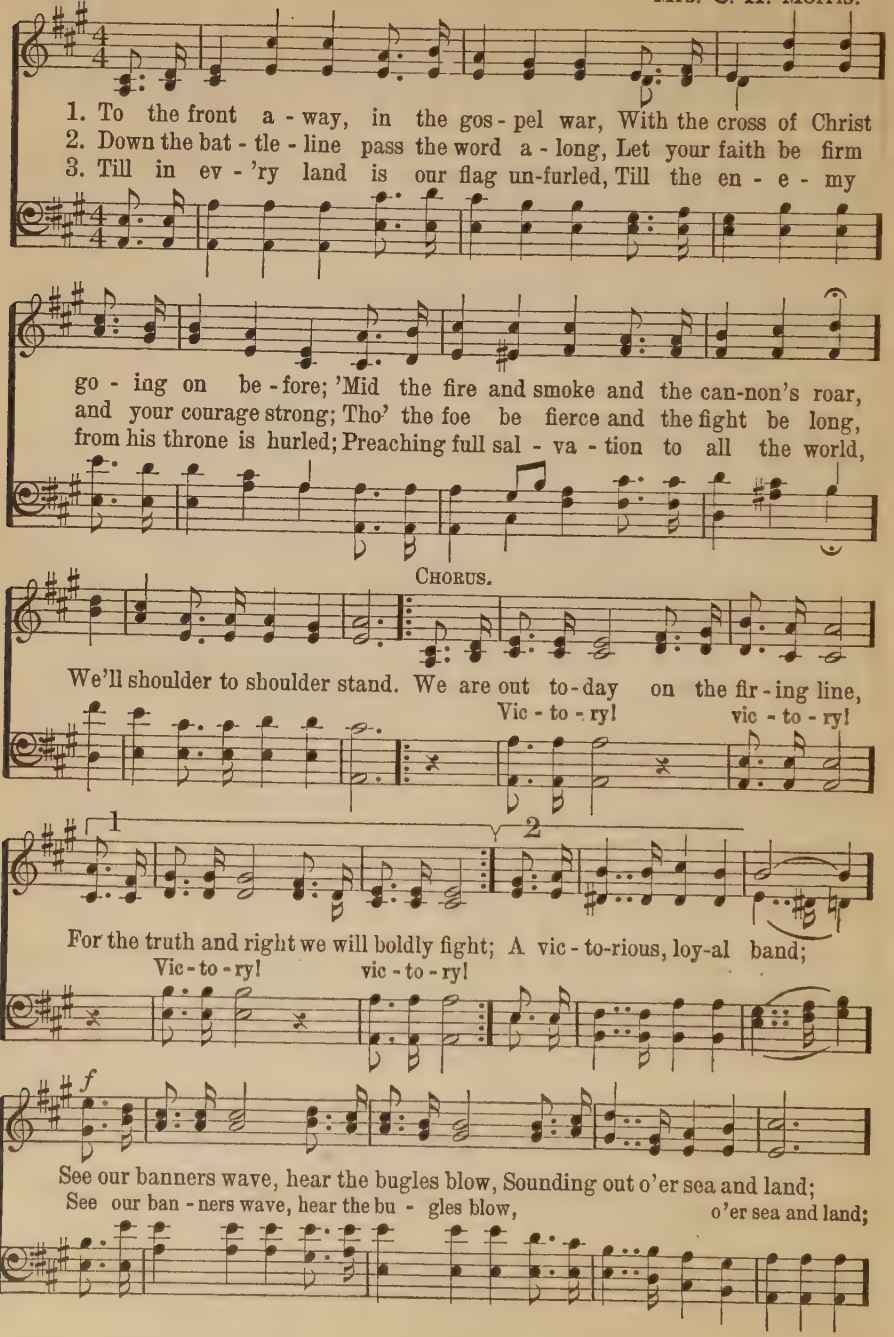
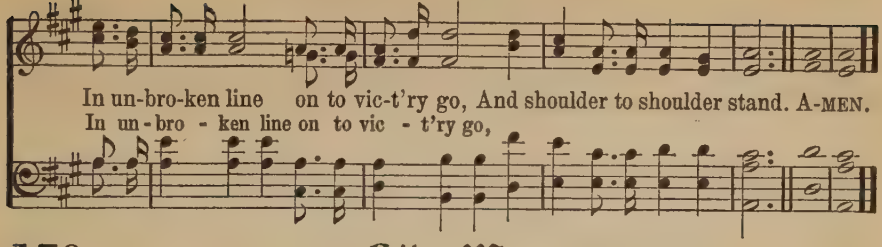
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

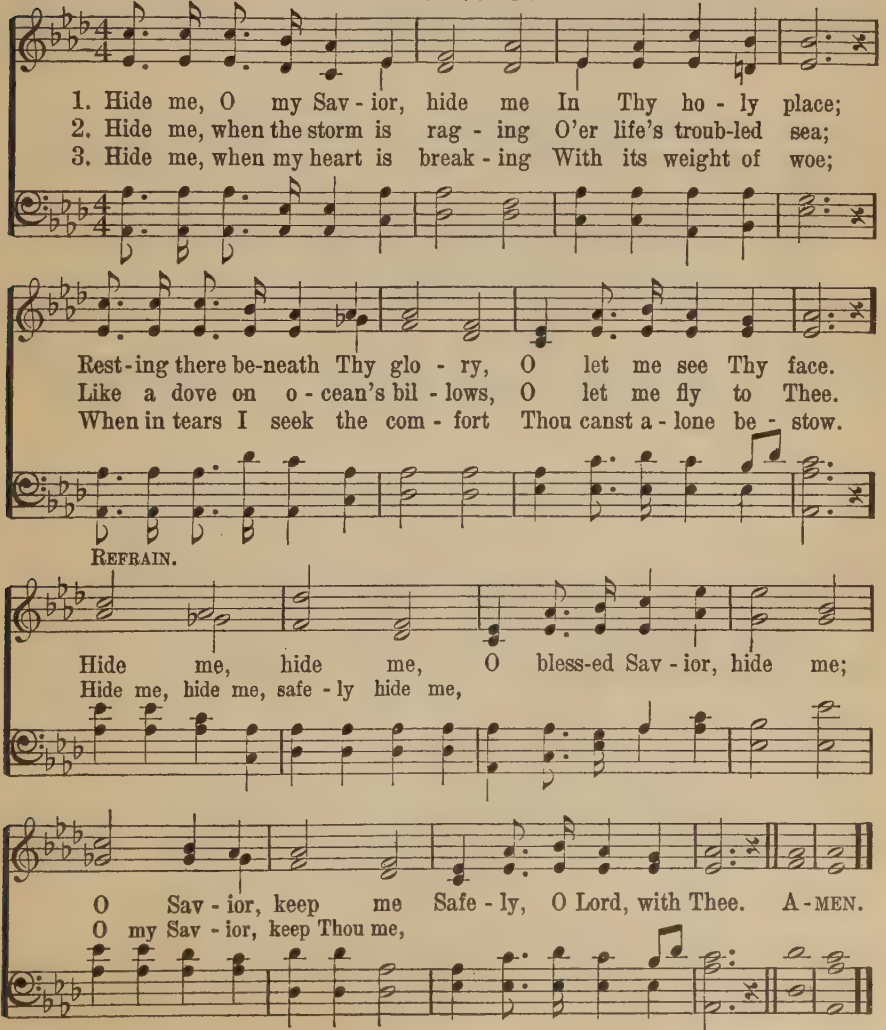

1. To the front a - way, in the gos - pel war, With the cross of Christ
2. Down the bat - tle - line pass the word a - long, Let your faith be firm
3. Till in ev - 'ry land is our flag un-furled, Till the en - e - my
go - ing on be - fore; 'Mid the fire and smoke and the can-non's roar,
and your courage strong; Tho' the foe be fierce and the fight be long,
from his throne is hurled; Preaching full sal - va - tion to all the world,
CHORUS.
We'll shoulder to shoulder stand. We are out to-day on the fir - ing line,
Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
1
2
For the truth and right we will boldly fight; A vic - to-rious, loy-al band;
Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry!
f
See our banners wave, hear the bugles blow, Sounding out o'er sea and land;
See our ban - ners wave, hear the bu - gles blow, o'er sea and land;

On the Firing Line.



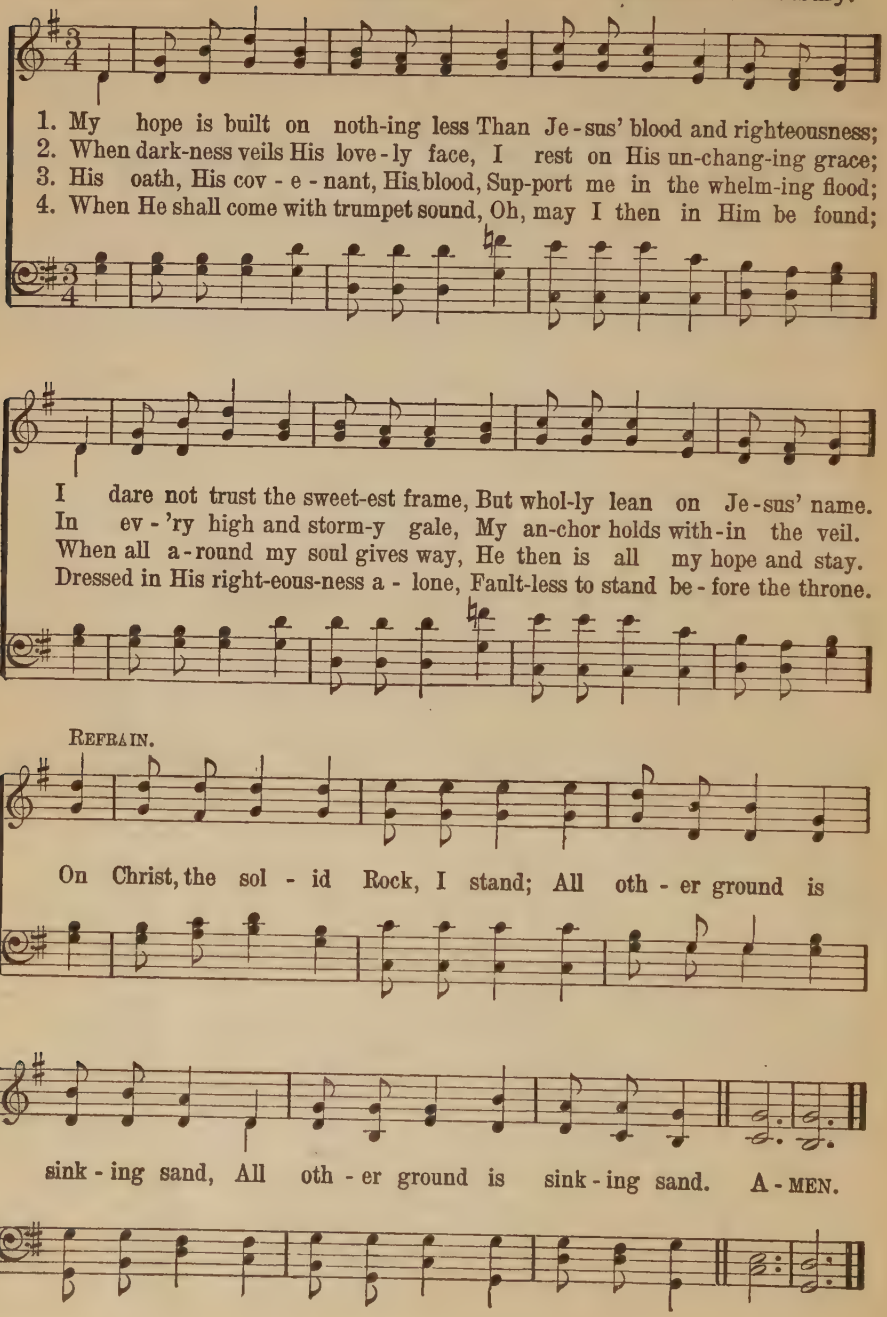
170 Hide Me.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. F. T. DOANE, OWNER. W. H. Doane.


1. Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide me In Thy ho-ly place;
2. Hide me, when the storm is rag-ing O'er life's troub-led sea;
3. Hide me, when my heart is break-ing With its weight of woe;
Rest-ing there be-neath Thy glo-ry, O let me see Thy face.
Like a dove on o-cean's bil-lows, O let me fly to Thee.
When in tears I seek the com-fort Thou canst a-lone be-stow.
REFRAIN.
Hide me, hide me, hide me, O bless-ed Sav-ior, hide me;
Hide me, hide me, safe-ly hide me,
O Sav-ior, keep me Safe-ly, O Lord, with Thee. A-MEN.
O my Sav-ior, keep Thou me,

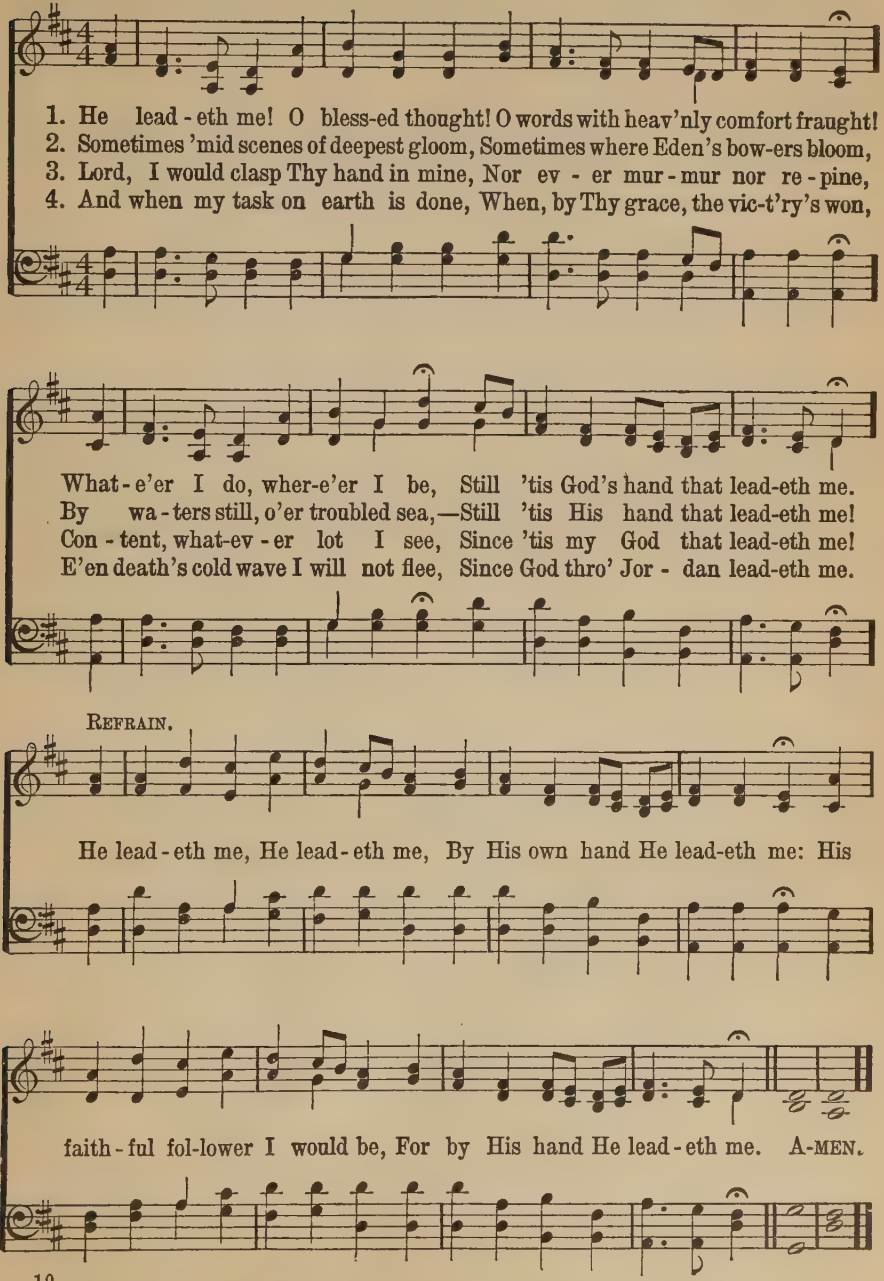
171 My Hope is Built.

Edward Mote. *The Solid Rock. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and righteousness;
2. When dark-ness veils His love-ly face, I rest on His un-chang-ing grace;
3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelm-ing flood;
4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
In ev-'ry high and storm-y gale, My an-chor holds with-in the veil.
When all a-round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
Dressed in His right-eous-ness a-lone, Fault-less to stand be-fore the throne.
REFRAIN.
On Christ, the sol-id Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is
sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand. A-MEN.

172 He Leadeth Me.

Joseph H. Gilmore. *He Leadeth Me. L. M.* William B. Bradbury.


1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed thought! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bow-ers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur nor re-pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.
REFRAIN.
He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own hand He lead-eth me: His
faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me. A-MEN.

173 Since I Gave Myself to Jesus.

Maud Frazer.

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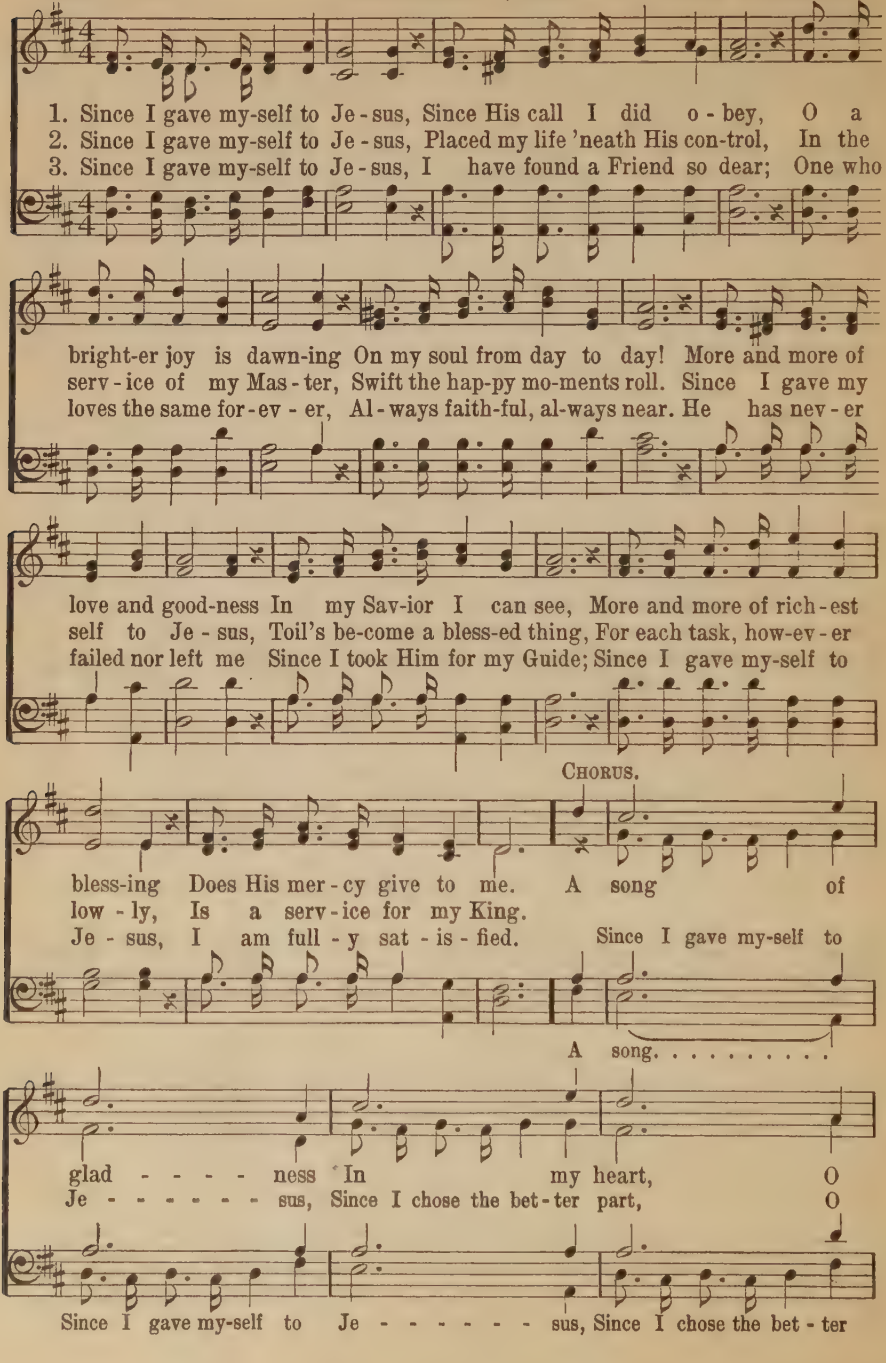
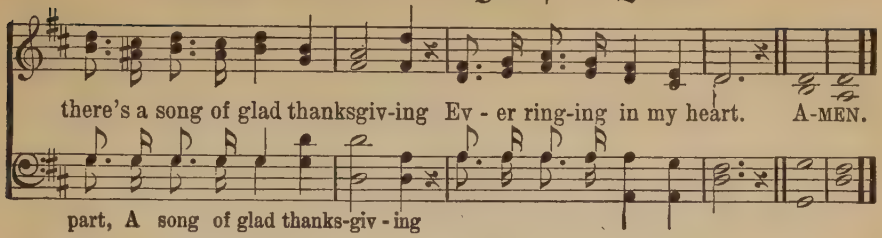
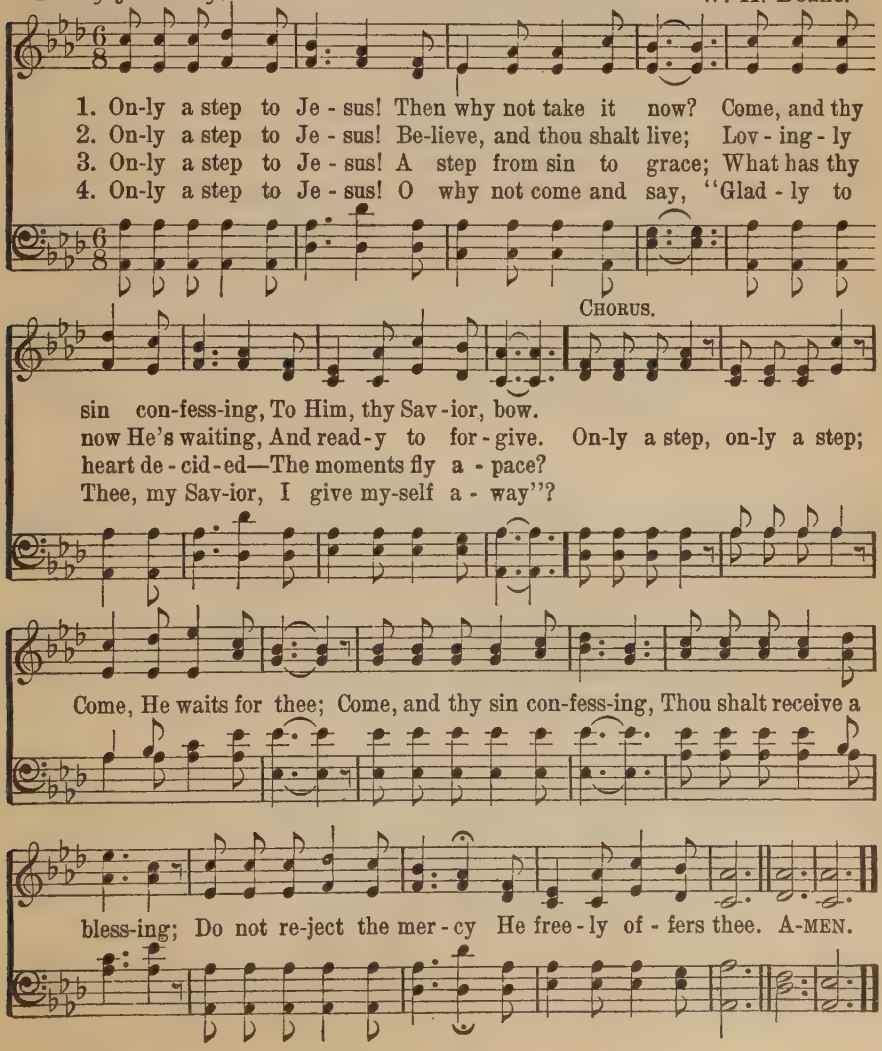

1. Since I gave my-self to Je - sus, Since His call I did o - bey, O a
2. Since I gave my-self to Je - sus, Placed my life 'neath His con-trol, In the
3. Since I gave my-self to Je - sus, I have found a Friend so dear; One who
bright-er joy is dawn-ing On my soul from day to day! More and more of
serv - ice of my Mas - ter, Swift the hap-py mo-ments roll. Since I gave my
loves the same for-ev - er, Al - ways faith-ful, al-ways near. He has nev - er
love and good-ness In my Sav-ior I can see, More and more of rich - est
self to Je - sus, Toil's be-come a bless-ed thing, For each task, how-ev - er
failed nor left me Since I took Him for my Guide; Since I gave my-self to
CHORUS.
bless-ing Does His mer - cy give to me. A song of
low - ly, Is a serv - ice for my King.
Je - sus, I am full - y sat - is - fied. Since I gave my-self to
A song. . . . . .
glad - - - - ness In my heart, O
Je - - - - - - - sus, Since I chose the bet - ter part, O
Since I gave my-self to Je - - - - - - - sus, Since I chose the bet - ter

Since I Gave Myself to Jesus.



174 Only a Step.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. H. DOANE, RENEWAL. W. H. Doane.

1. On-ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now? Come, and thy
2. On-ly a step to Je - sus! Be-lieve, and thou shalt live; Lov - ing - ly
3. On-ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace; What has thy
4. On-ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come and say, "Glad - ly to
CHORUS.
sin con-fess-ing, To Him, thy Sav - ior, bow.
now He's waiting, And read - y to for - give. On-ly a step, on-ly a step;
heart de - cid - ed—The moments fly a - pace?
Thee, my Sav-ior, I give my-self a - way"?
Come, He waits for thee; Come, and thy sin con-fess-ing, Thou shalt receive a
bless-ing; Do not re-ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee. A-MEN.

175 There is a Green Hill far Away.

Cecil F. Alexander.

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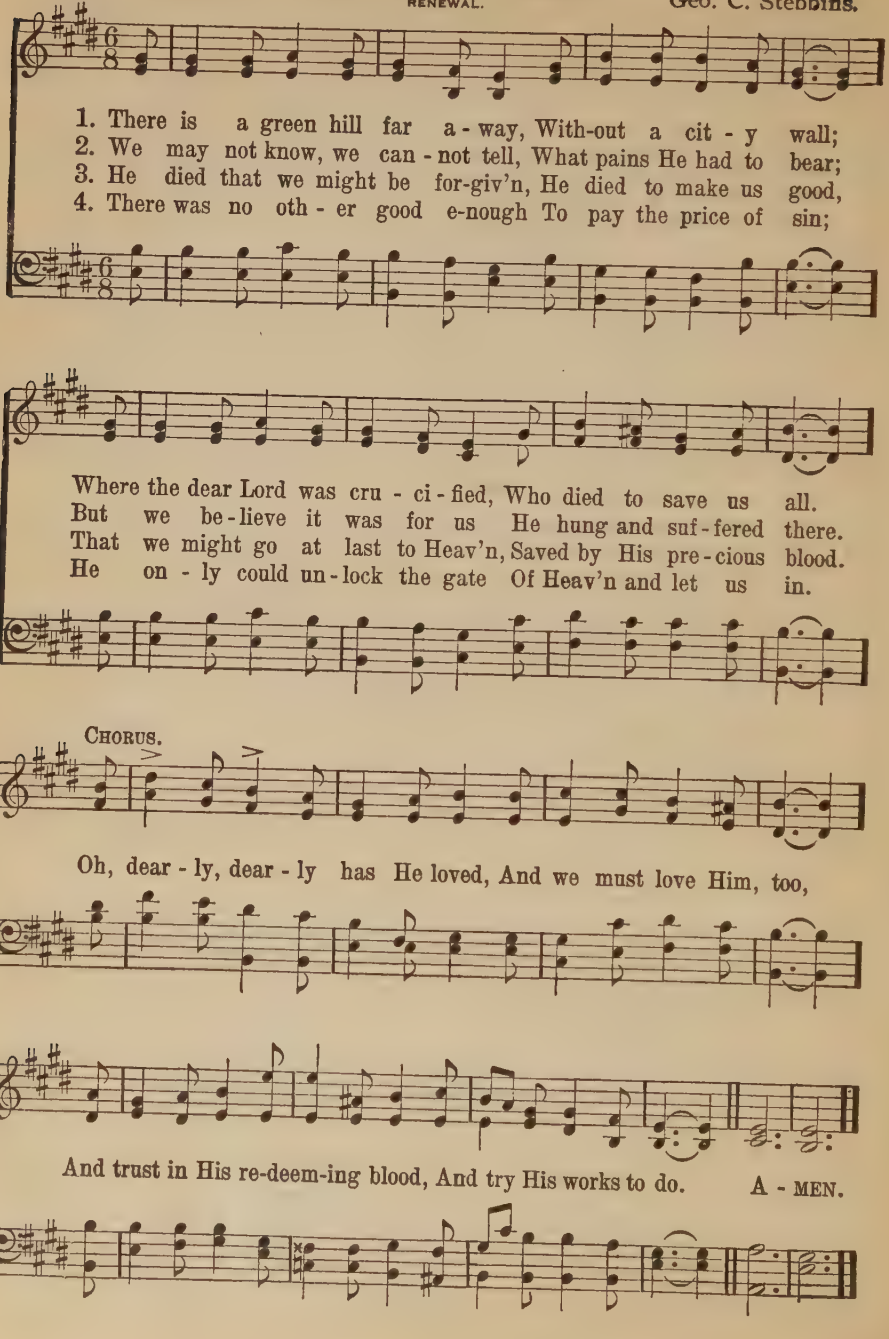
RENEWAL.

Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. There is a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall;
2. We may not know, we can - not tell, What pains He had to bear;
3. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
4. There was no oth - er good e-nough To pay the price of sin;
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
That we might go at last to Heav'n, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of Heav'n and let us in.
CHORUS.
Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him, too,
And trust in His re-deem-ing blood, And try His works to do.
A - MEN.

176 Beautiful River.

Robert Lowry.

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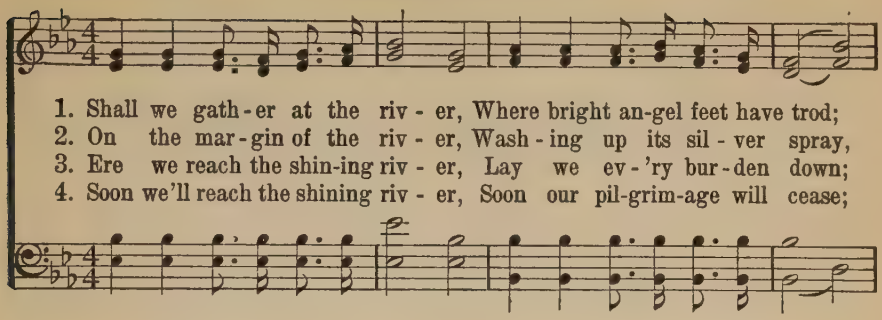
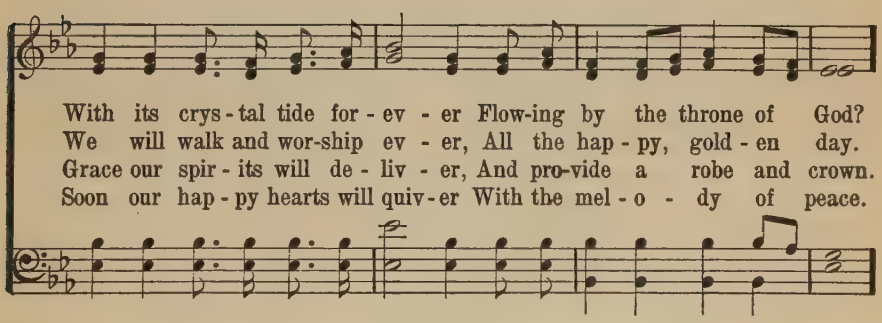
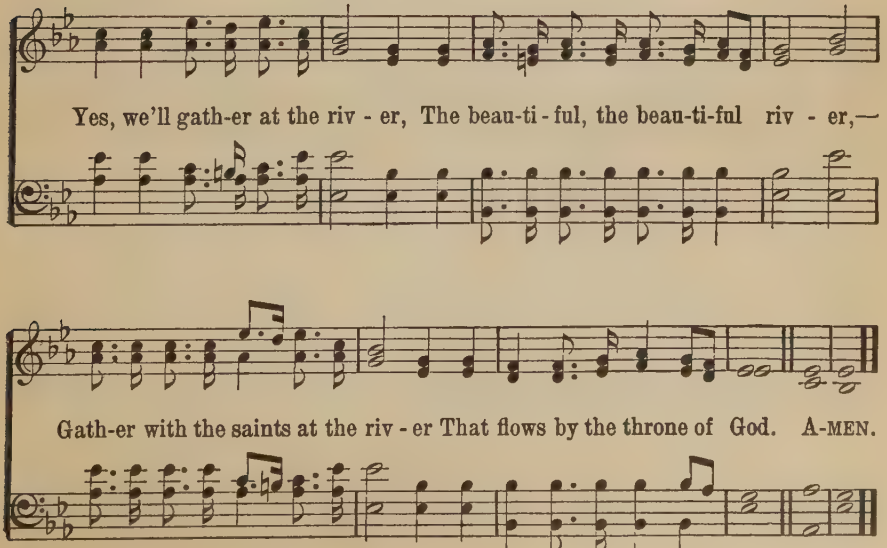

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv-er, Where bright an-gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv-er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv-er, Lay we ev-'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining riv-er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;


With its crys-tal tide for-ev-er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor-ship ev-er, All the hap-py, gold-en day.
Grace our spir-its will de-liv-er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap-py hearts will quiv-er With the mel-o-dy of peace.

CHORUS.


Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv-er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv-er,—
Gath-er with the saints at the riv-er That flows by the throne of God. A-MEN.

177 Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-day?

P. P. Bliss.

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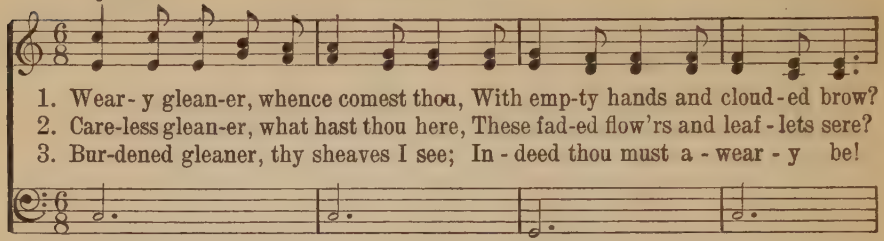
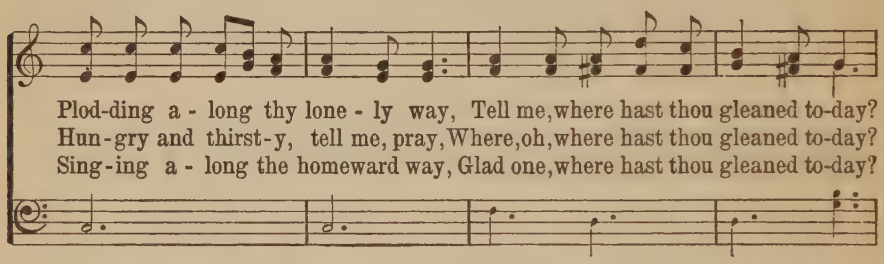
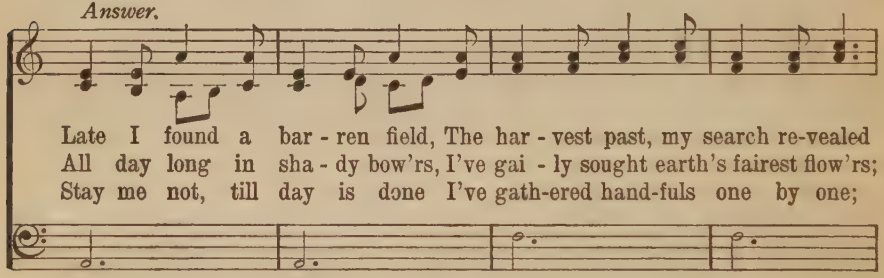
P. P. Bliss.

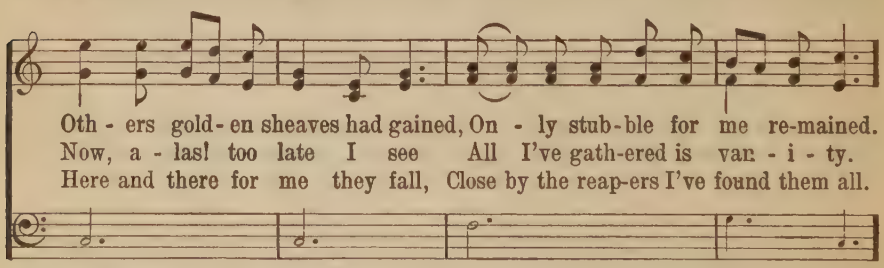
Question.


1. Wear - y glean-er, whence comest thou, With emp-ty hands and cloud-ed brow?
2. Care-less glean-er, what hast thou here, These fad-ed flow'rs and leaf - lets sere?
3. Bur-dened gleaner, thy sheaves I see; In - deed thou must a - wear - y be!

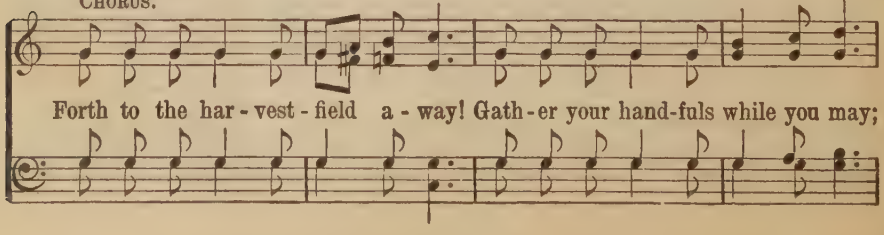

Plod-ding a - long thy lone - ly way, Tell me, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Hun-gry and thirst-y, tell me, pray, Where, oh, where hast thou gleaned to-day?
Sing-ing a - long the homeward way, Glad one, where hast thou gleaned to-day?

Answer.

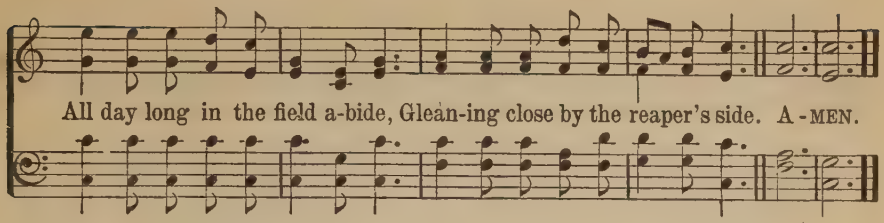

Late I found a bar - ren field, The har - vest past, my search re-vealed
All day long in sha - dy bow'rs, I've gai - ly sought earth's fairest flow'rs;
Stay me not, till day is done I've gath-ered hand-fuls one by one;


Oth - ers gold - en sheaves had gained, On - ly stub-ble for me re-mained.
Now, a - las! too late I see All I've gath-ered is van - i - ty.
Here and there for me they fall, Close by the reap-ers I've found them all.

CHORUS.



Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-day?



178 Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

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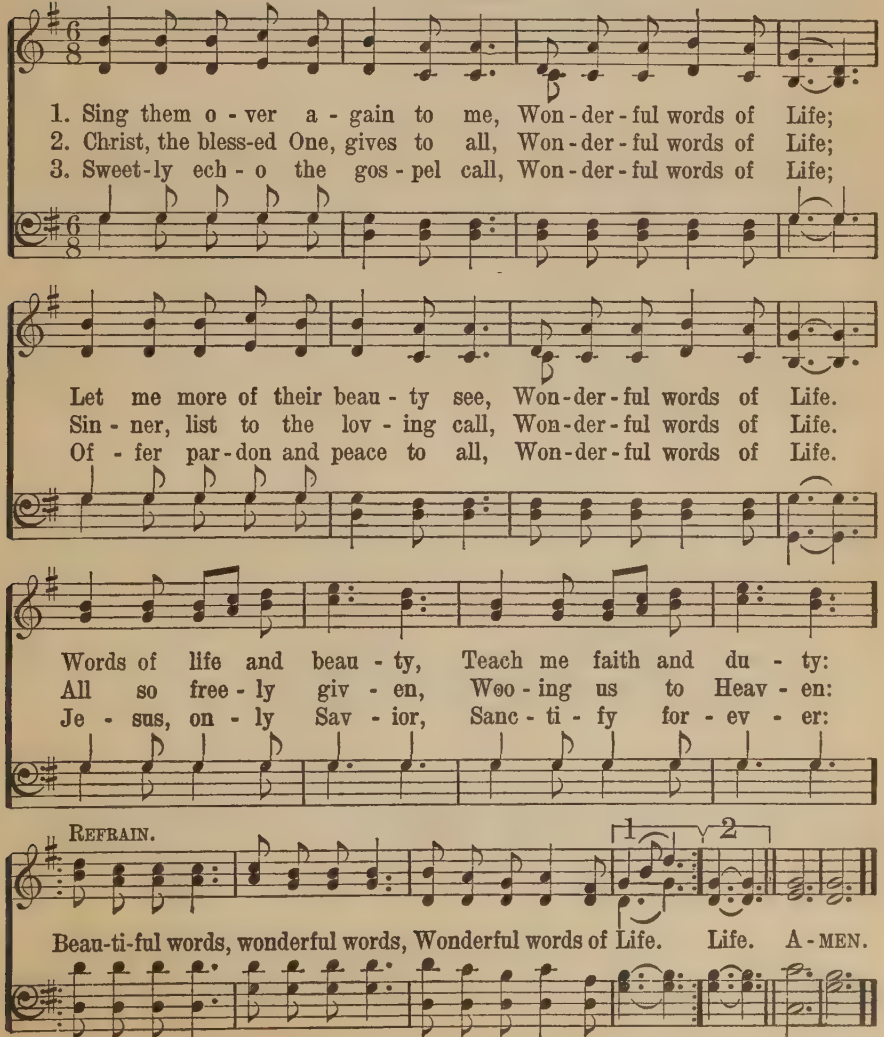
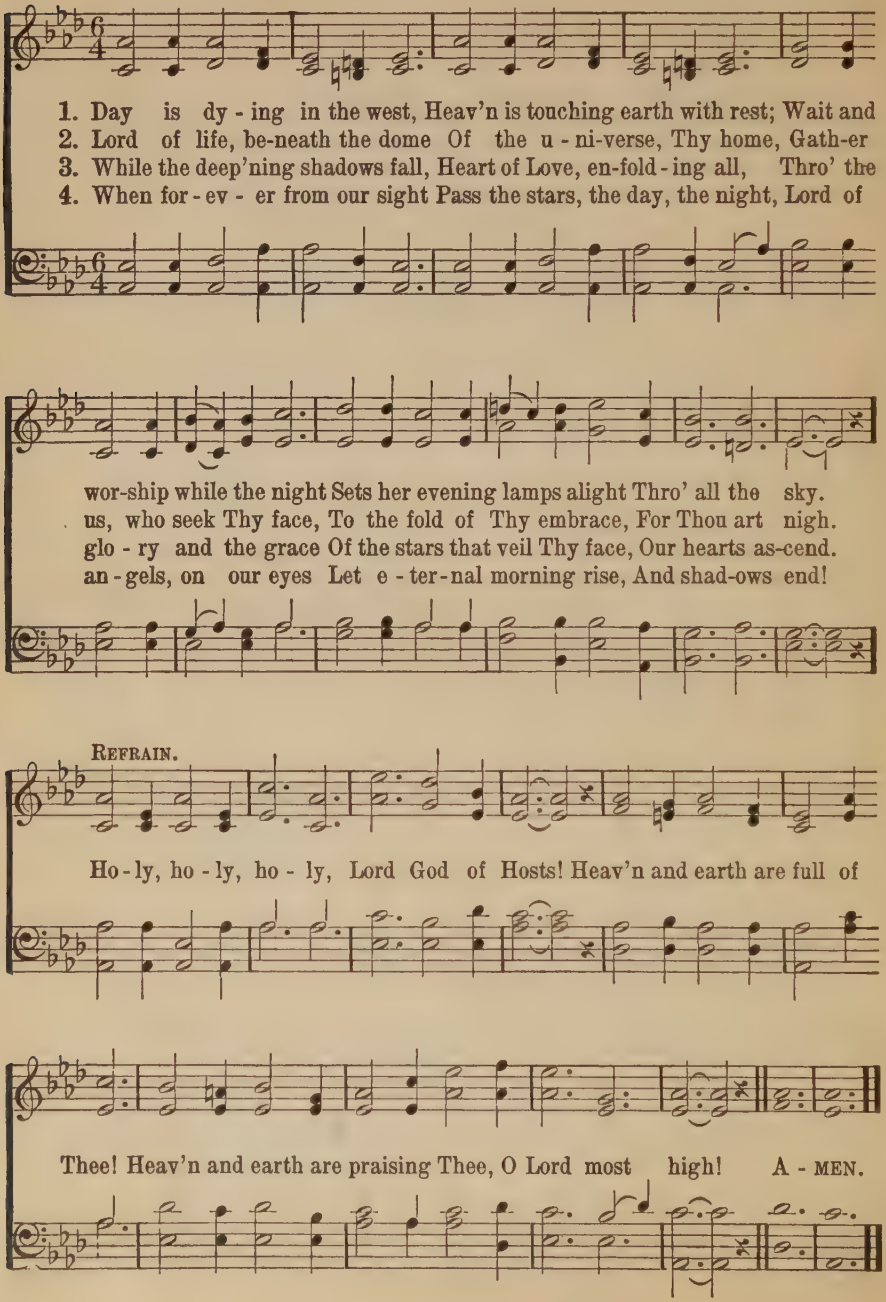
P. P. Bliss.


1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:
REFRAIN.
1
2
Beau-ti-ful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life. Life. A-MEN.

179 Day is Dying in the West.

Mary A. Lathbury. *Evening Praise. 7s. 4.* William F. Sherwin.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west, Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of
wor-ship while the night Sets her evening lamps alight Thro' all the sky.
us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morning rise, And shad-ows end!
REFRAIN.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of
Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high! A - MEN.

180 God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. Martin.

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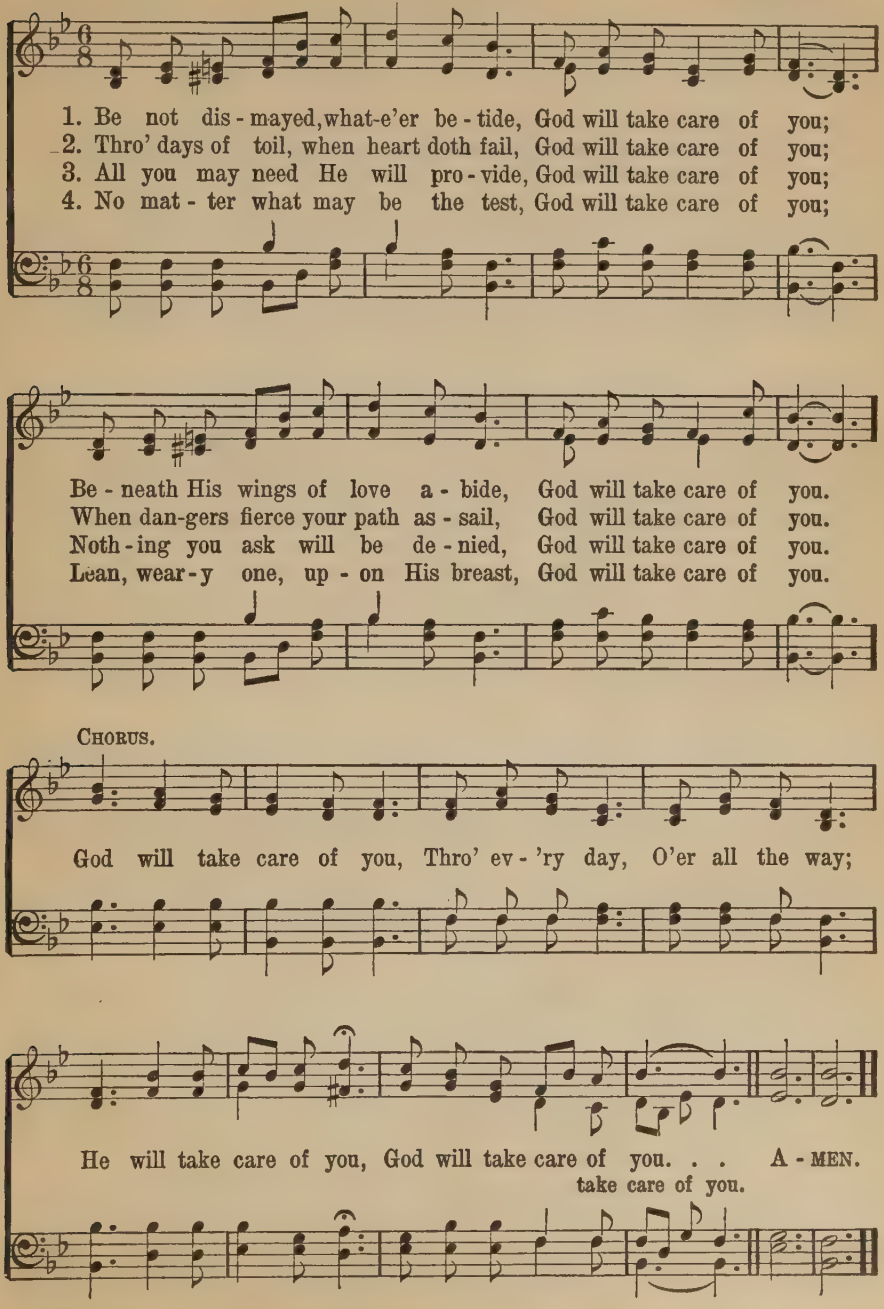
W. S. Martin.

1. Be not dis - mayed, what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil, when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.
CHORUS.
God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . A - MEN.
take care of you.

181 He Cares For Me.

F. C. P.

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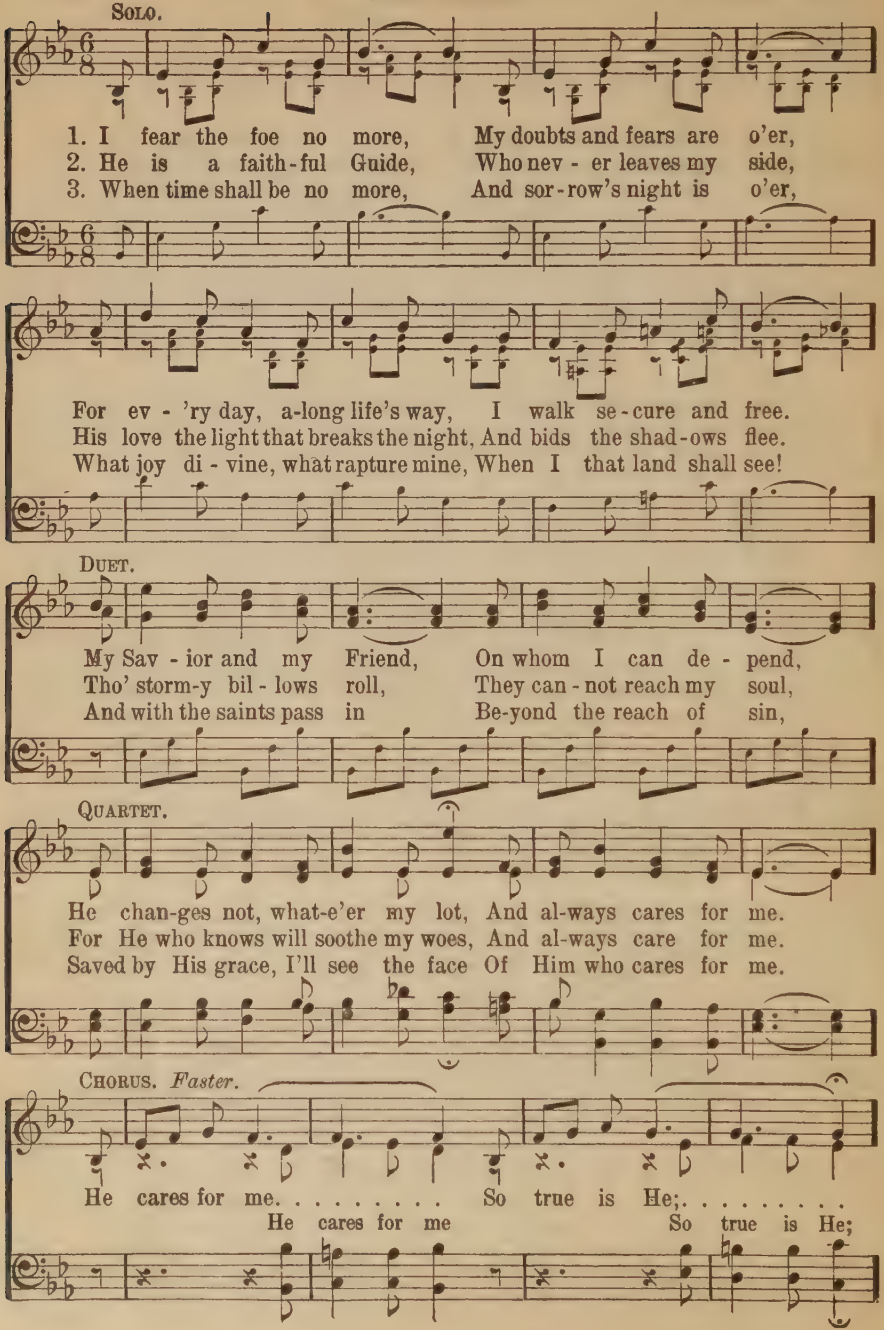
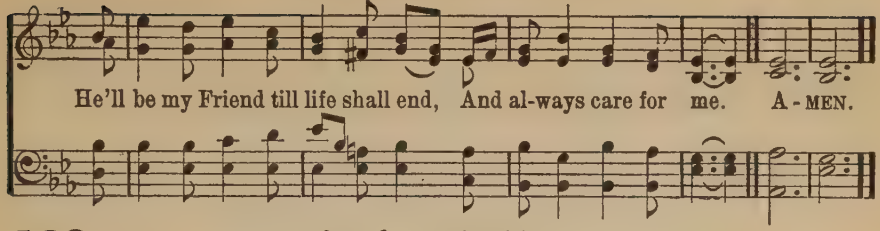
WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. Clark Perry.


Solo.
1. I fear the foe no more, My doubts and fears are o'er,
2. He is a faith-ful Guide, Who nev - er leaves my side,
3. When time shall be no more, And sor-row's night is o'er,
For ev - 'ry day, a-long life's way, I walk se-cure and free.
His love the light that breaks the night, And bids the shad-ows flee.
What joy di - vine, what rapture mine, When I that land shall see!
Duet.
My Sav - ior and my Friend, On whom I can de - pend,
Tho' storm-y bil - lows roll, They can - not reach my soul,
And with the saints pass in Be-yond the reach of sin,
Quartet.
He chan-ges not, what-e'er my lot, And al-ways cares for me.
For He who knows will soothe my woes, And al-ways care for me.
Saved by His grace, I'll see the face Of Him who cares for me.
Chorus. Faster.
He cares for me. . . . . So true is He;. . . . . .
He cares for me So true is He;

He Cares For Me.

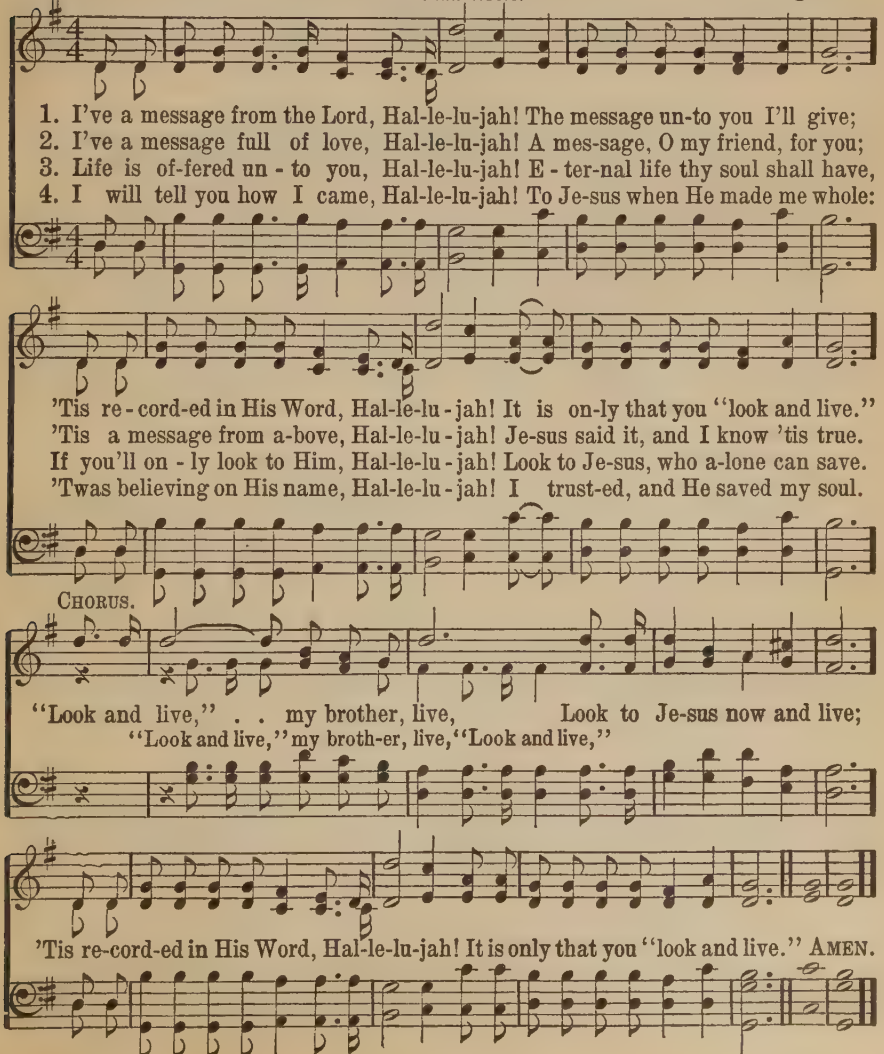


182 Look and Live.

W. A. O.

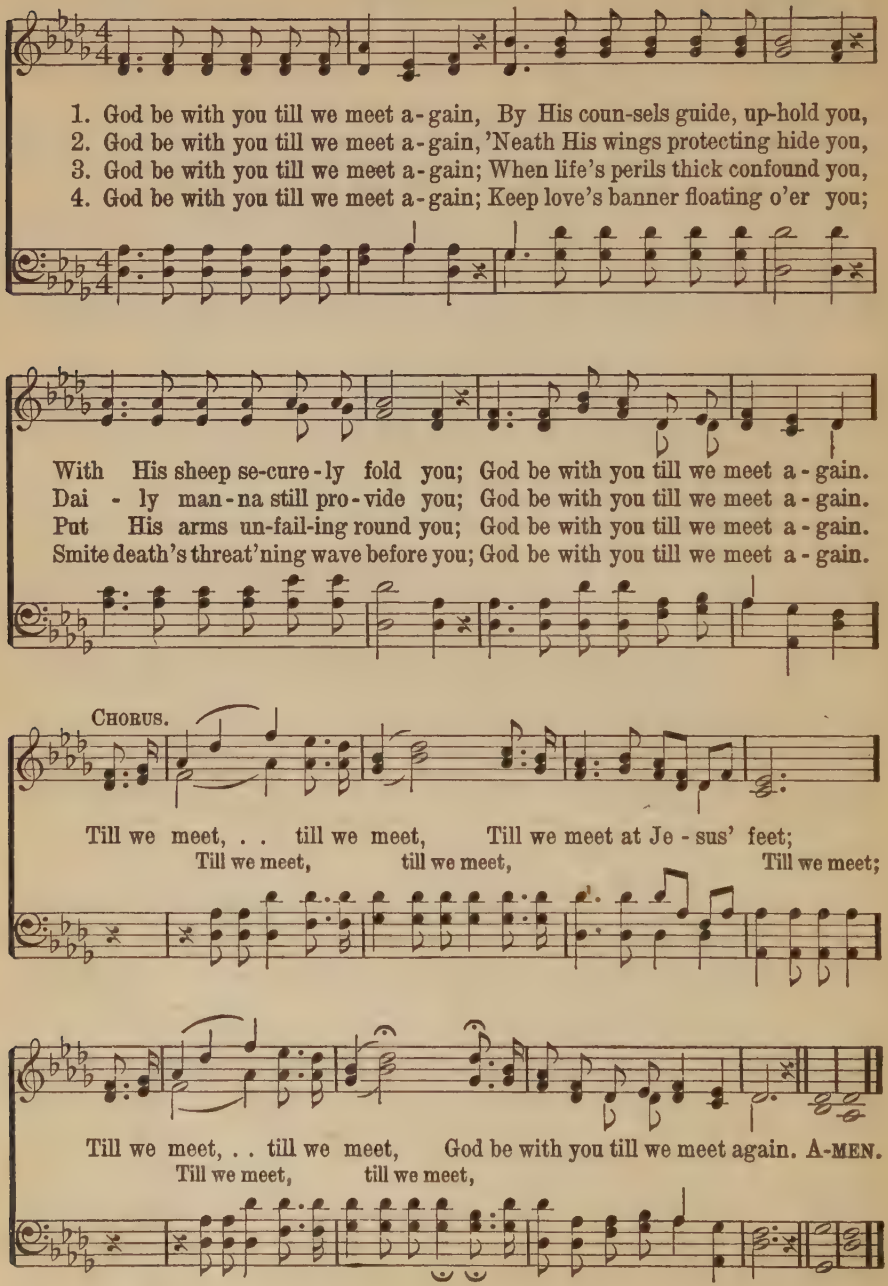
COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.


1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The message un-to you I'll give;
2. I've a message full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you;
3. Life is of-fered un-to you, Hal-le-lu-jah! E-ter-nal life thy soul shall have,
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu-jah! To Je-sus when He made me whole:
'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
'Tis a message from a-bove, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
If you'll on-ly look to Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Je-sus, who a-lone can save.
'Twas believing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trust-ed, and He saved my soul.
CHORUS.
"Look and live," . . my brother, live, Look to Je-sus now and live;
"Look and live," my broth-er, live, "Look and live,"
'Tis re-cord-ed in His Word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is only that you "look and live." AMEN.

183 God Be With You.

J. E. Rankin. *Endeavor. P. M.* W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His coun-sels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings protecting hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain; When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;
With His sheep se-cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai-ly man-na still pro-vide you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un-fail-ing round you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you; God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Chorus.
Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je-sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet;
Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet again. A-men.
Till we meet, till we meet,

184 Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.
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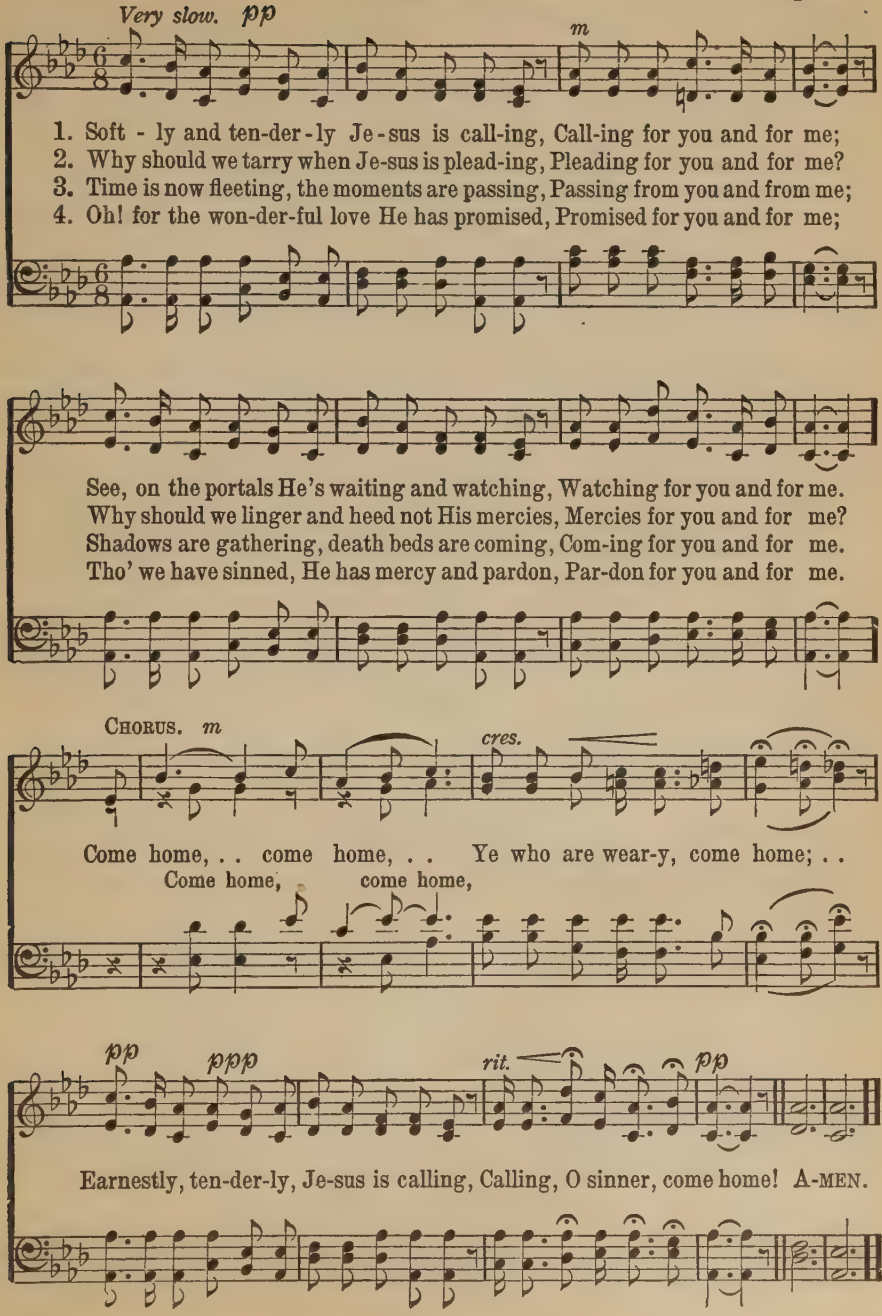
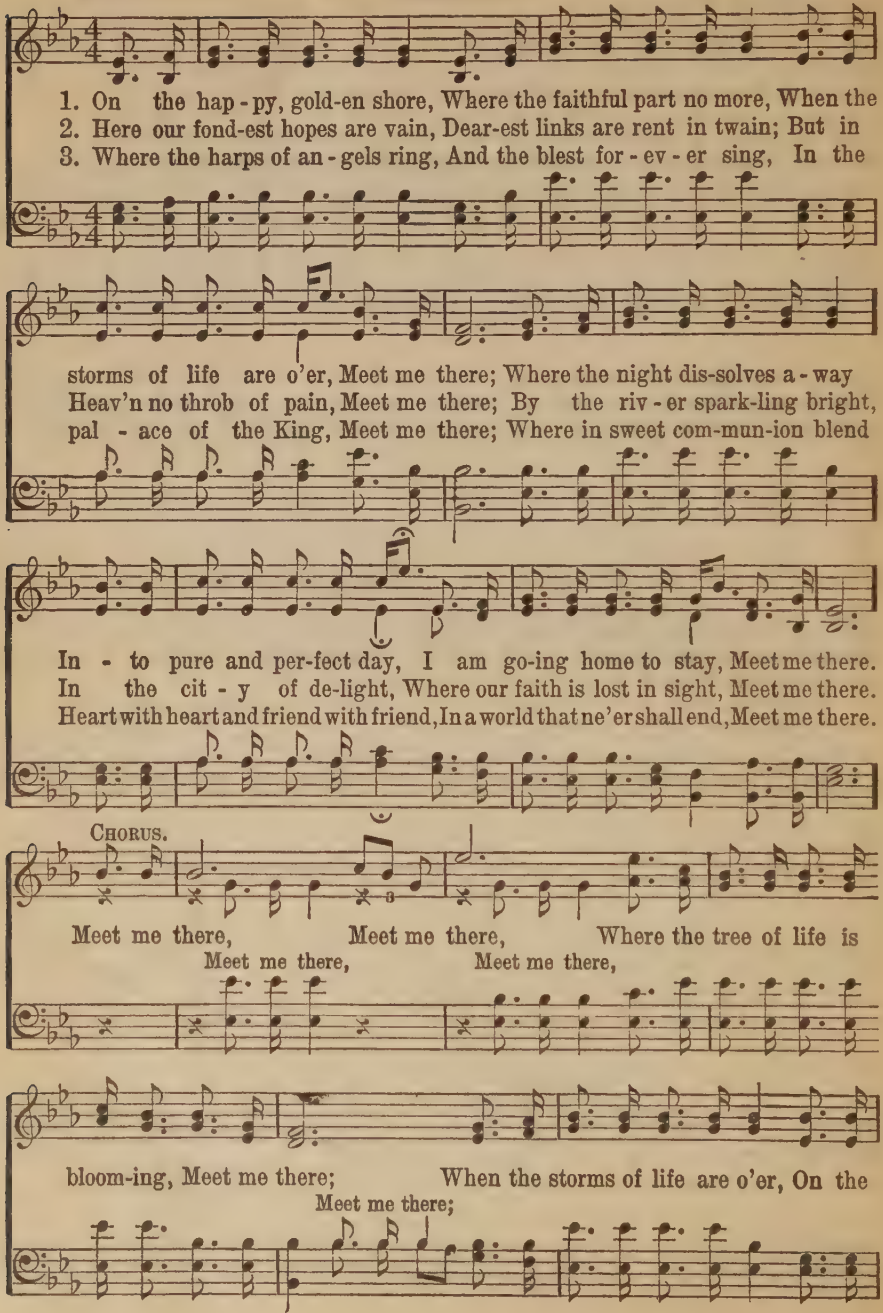
Will L. Thompson.

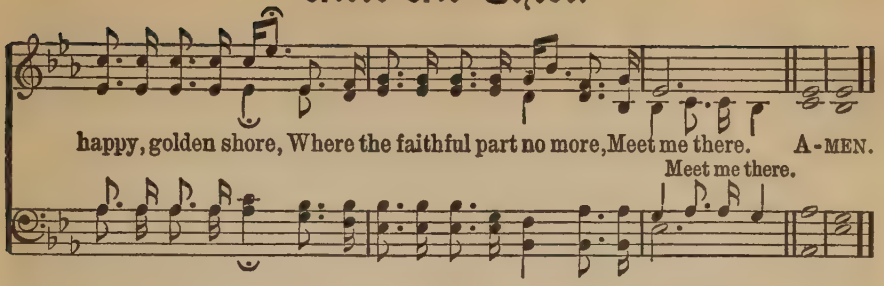

Very slow. pp
m
1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.
Chorus. m
cres.
Come home, . . come home, . . Ye who are wear-y, come home; . .
Come home, come home,
pp
ppp
rit.
pp
Earnestly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home! A-men.

185 Meet Me There.

H. E. Blair. COPYRIGHT, 1865 AND 1913, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. IN RENEWAL. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

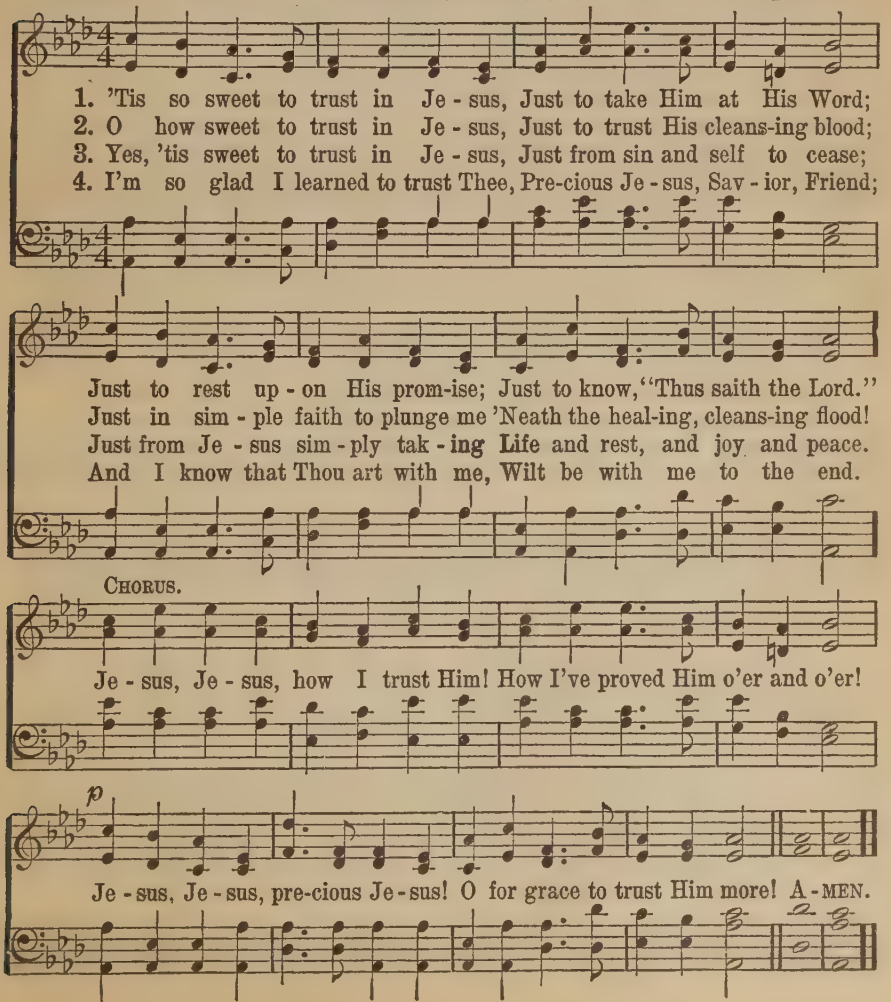

1. On the hap - py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of an - gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dis-solves a - way
Heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv - er spark-ling bright,
pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet com-mun-ion blend
In - to pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
In the cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
Heart with heart and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.
Chorus.
Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is
Meet me there, Meet me there,
bloom-ing, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
Meet me there;

Meet Me There.

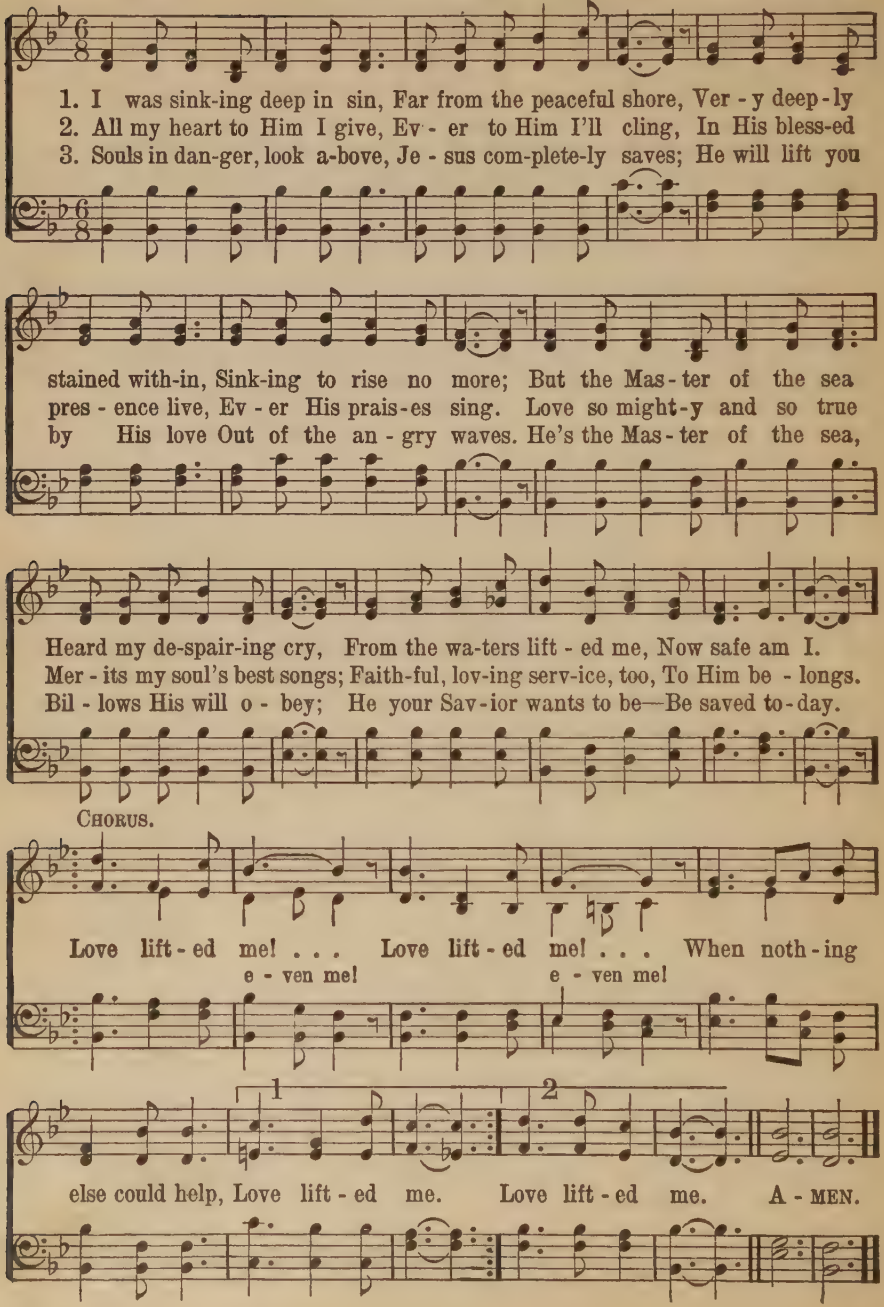


186 'Tis So Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Louisa M. R. Stead. COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PER. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;
Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood!
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!
p
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more! A-MEN.

187 Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER. Howard E. Smith.

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver-y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His bless-ed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus com-plete-ly saves; He will lift you
stained with-in, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pres-ence live, Ev-er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an-gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,
Heard my de-spair-ing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faith-ful, lov-ing serv-ice, too, To Him be-longs.
Bil-lows His will o-bey; He your Sav-ior wants to be—Be saved to-day.
CHORUS.
Love lift-ed me! . . . Love lift-ed me! . . . When noth-ing
e-ven me! e-ven me!
1
2
else could help, Love lift-ed me. Love lift-ed me. A-MEN.

188 Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

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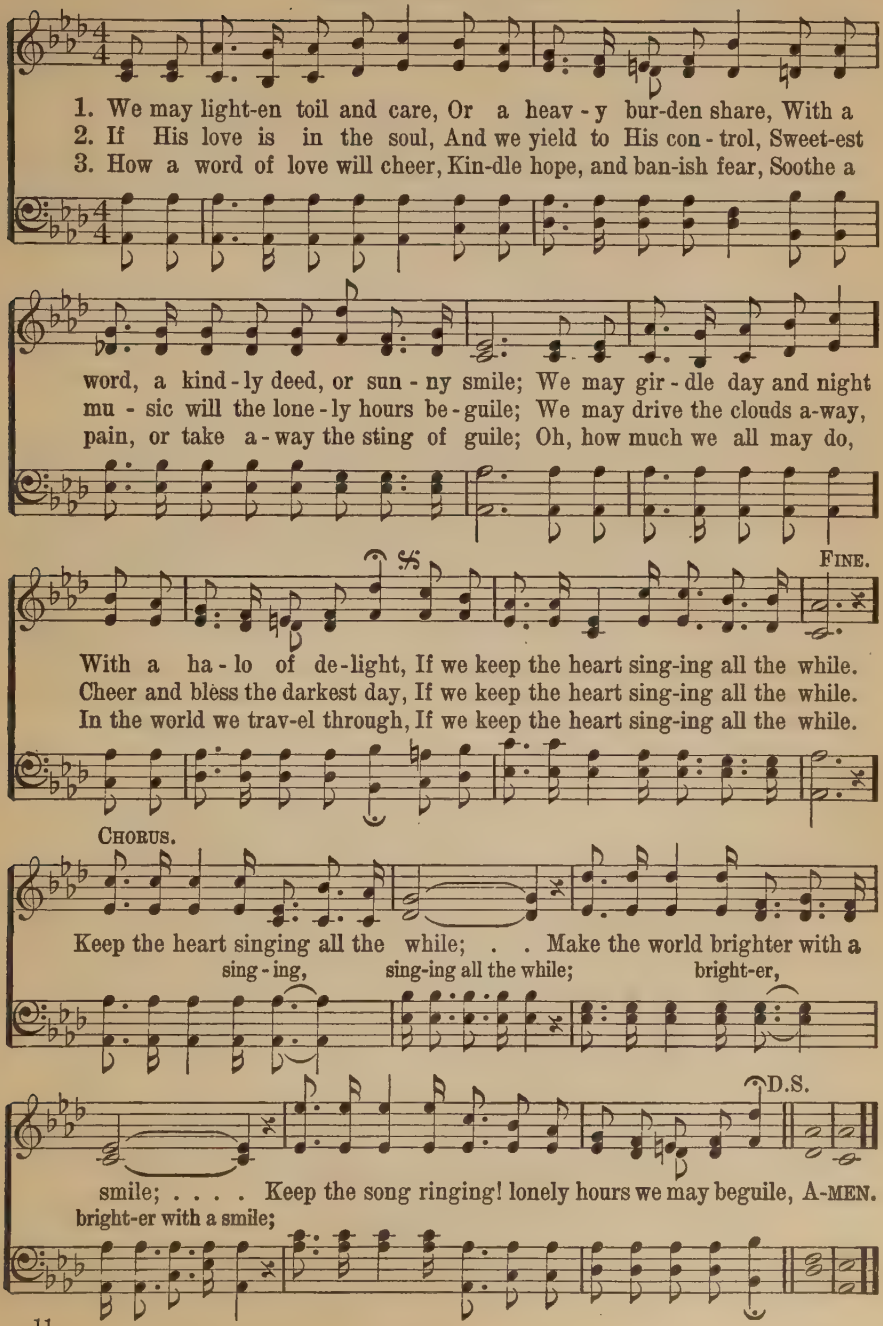
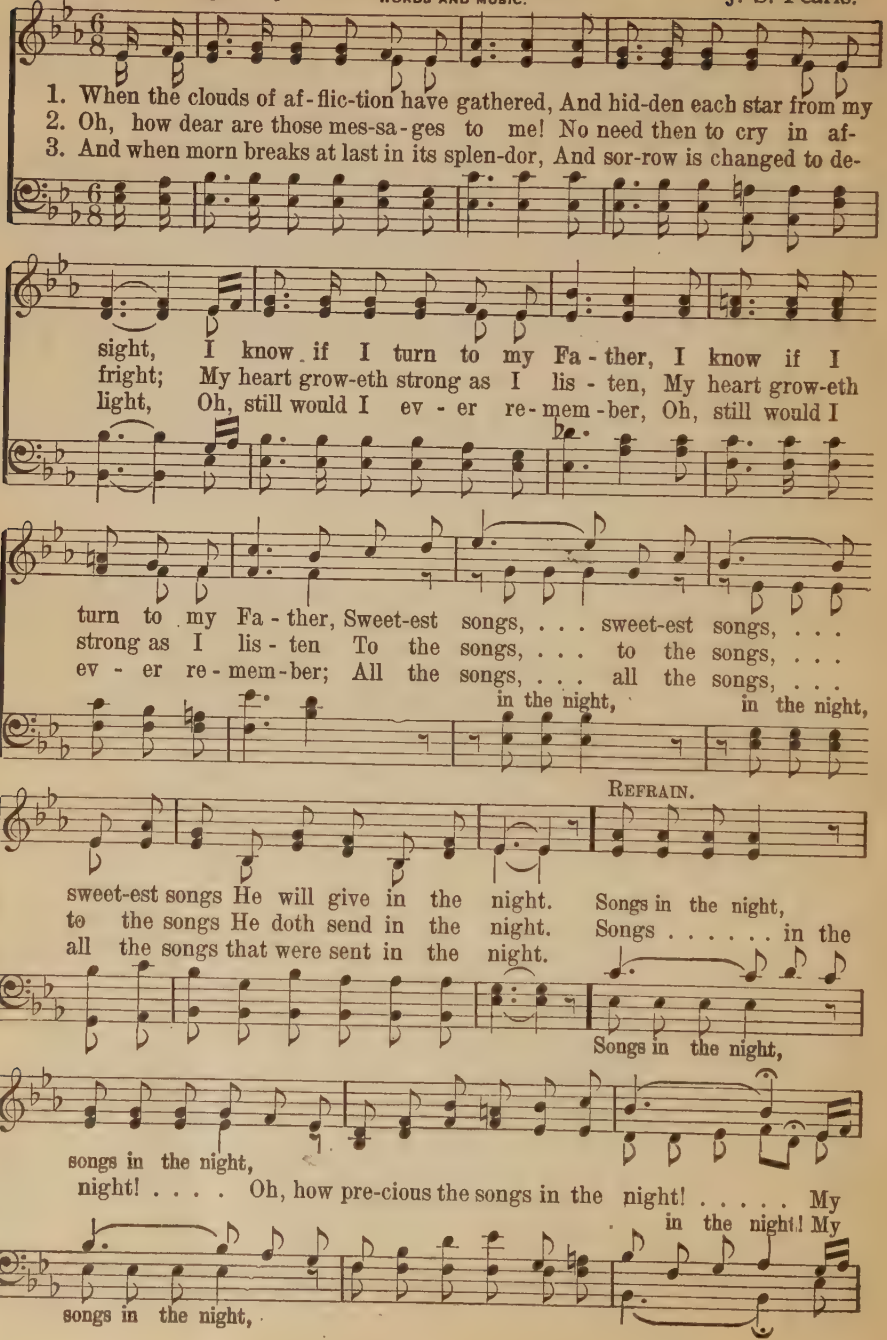
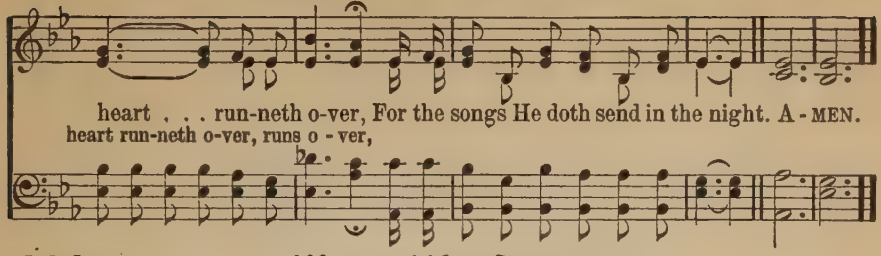
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav - y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con - trol, Sweet-est
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a
word, a kind - ly deed, or sun - ny smile; We may gir - dle day and night
mu - sic will the lone - ly hours be - guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a - way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,
FINE.
With a ha - lo of de-light, If we keep the heart sing-ing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart sing-ing all the while.
In the world we trav-el through, If we keep the heart sing-ing all the while.
CHORUS.
Keep the heart singing all the while; . . Make the world brighter with a
sing - ing, sing-ing all the while; bright-er,
D.S.
smile; . . . . Keep the song ringing! lonely hours we may beguile, A-MEN.
bright-er with a smile;

189 Songs In the Night.

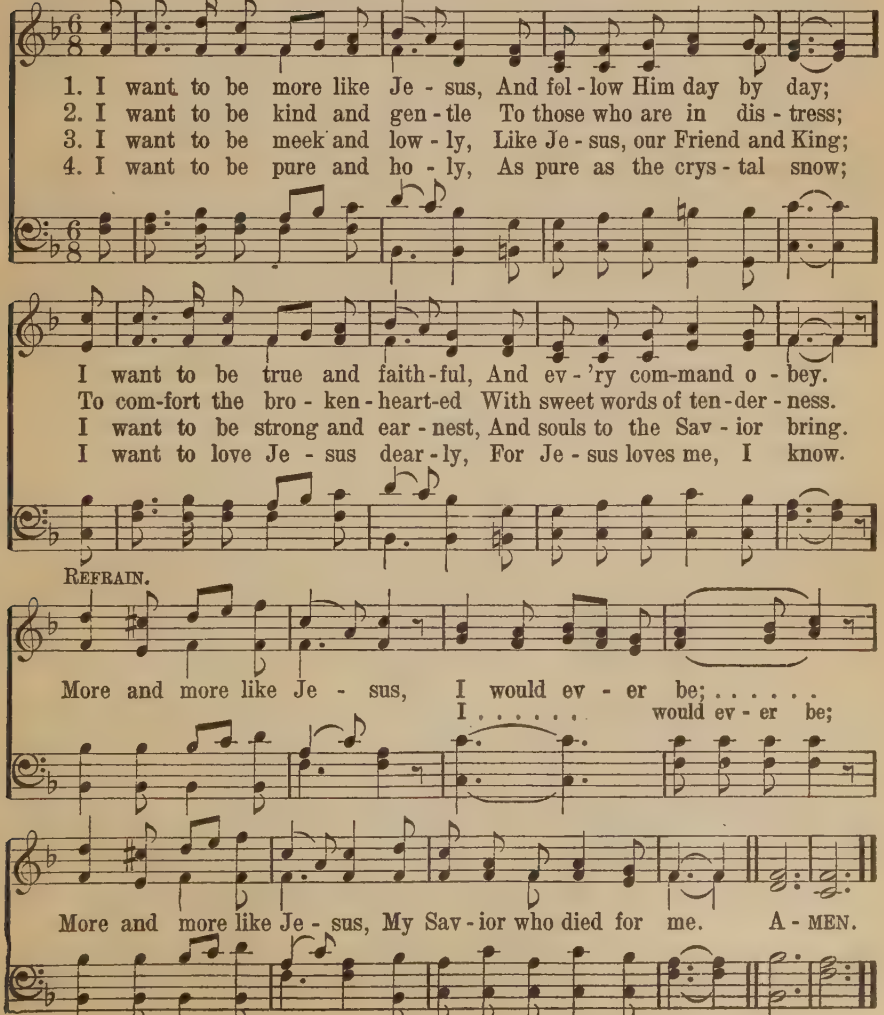
Nellie A. Montgomery. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.


1. When the clouds of af-flic-tion have gathered, And hid-den each star from my
2. Oh, how dear are those mes-sa-ges to me! No need then to cry in af-
3. And when morn breaks at last in its splen-dor, And sor-row is changed to de-
sight, I know if I turn to my Fa-ther, I know if I
fright; My heart grow-eth strong as I lis-ten, My heart grow-eth
light, Oh, still would I ev-er re-mem-ber, Oh, still would I
turn to my Fa-ther, Sweet-est songs, . . . sweet-est songs, . . .
strong as I lis-ten To the songs, . . . to the songs, . . .
ev-er re-mem-ber; All the songs, . . . all the songs, . . .
in the night, in the night,
REFRAIN.
sweet-est songs He will give in the night. Songs in the night,
to the songs He doth send in the night. Songs . . . . . in the
all the songs that were sent in the night.
Songs in the night,
songs in the night,
night! . . . . Oh, how pre-cious the songs in the night! . . . . . My
in the night! My
songs in the night,



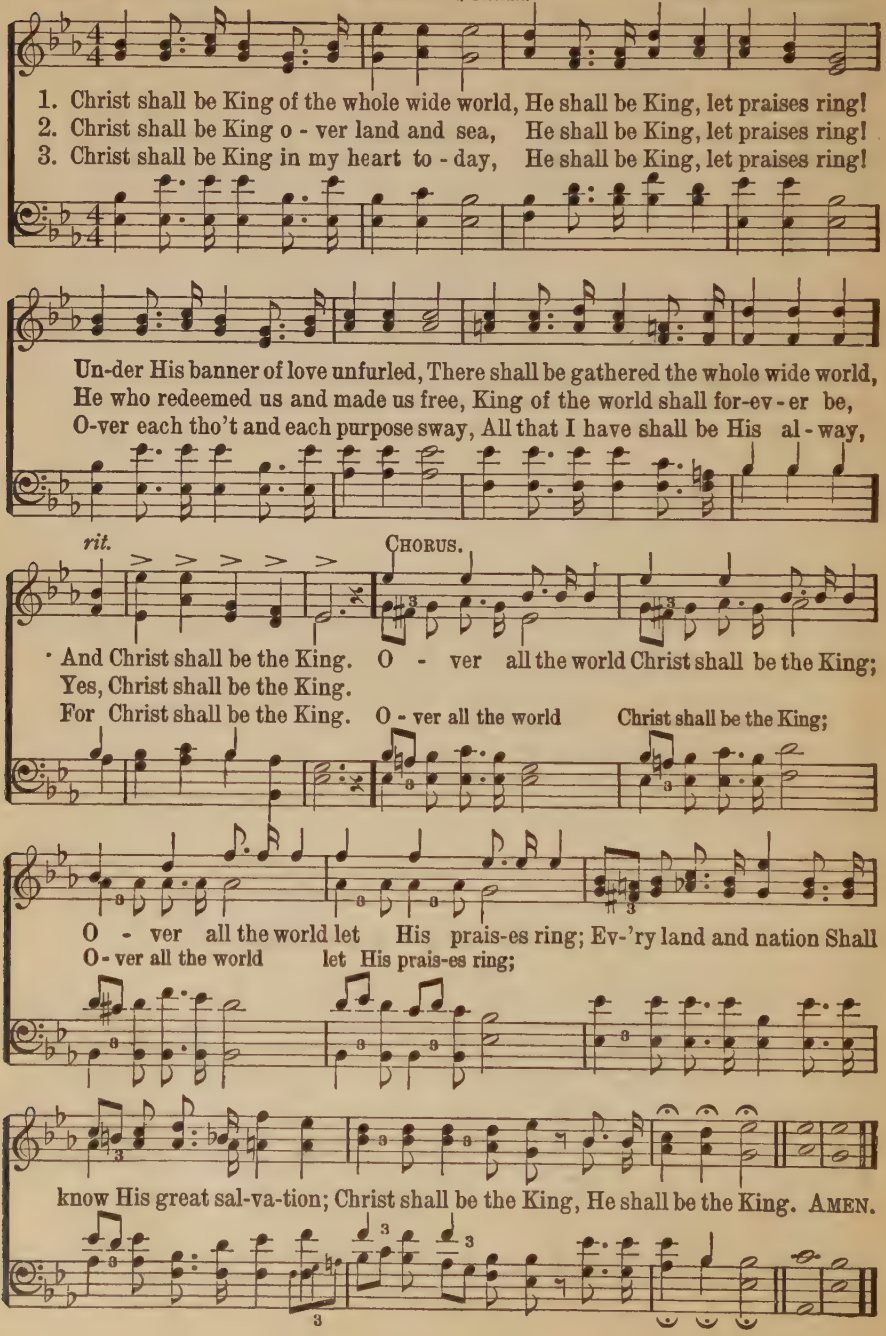
190 More Like Jesus.

J. M. S. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. M. Stillman.


1. I want to be more like Je - sus, And fol - low Him day by day;
2. I want to be kind and gen - tle To those who are in dis - tress;
3. I want to be meek and low - ly, Like Je - sus, our Friend and King;
4. I want to be pure and ho - ly, As pure as the crys - tal snow;
I want to be true and faith - ful, And ev - 'ry com-mand o - bey.
To com-fort the bro - ken - heart-ed With sweet words of ten - der - ness.
I want to be strong and ear - nest, And souls to the Sav - ior bring.
I want to love Je - sus dear - ly, For Je - sus loves me, I know.
REFRAIN.
More and more like Je - sus, I would ev - er be; . . . . . .
I . . . . . would ev - er be;
More and more like Je - sus, My Sav - ior who died for me. A - MEN.

191 Christ Shall Be King.

Rev. W. C. Poole. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Christ shall be King of the whole wide world, He shall be King, let praises ring!
2. Christ shall be King o - ver land and sea, He shall be King, let praises ring!
3. Christ shall be King in my heart to - day, He shall be King, let praises ring!
Un-der His banner of love unfurled, There shall be gathered the whole wide world,
He who redeemed us and made us free, King of the world shall for-ev - er be,
O-ver each tho't and each purpose sway, All that I have shall be His al - way,
rit.
CHORUS.
And Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
Yes, Christ shall be the King.
For Christ shall be the King. O - ver all the world Christ shall be the King;
O - ver all the world let His prais-es ring; Ev-'ry land and nation Shall
O - ver all the world let His prais-es ring;
know His great sal-va-tion; Christ shall be the King, He shall be the King. AMEN.

192 The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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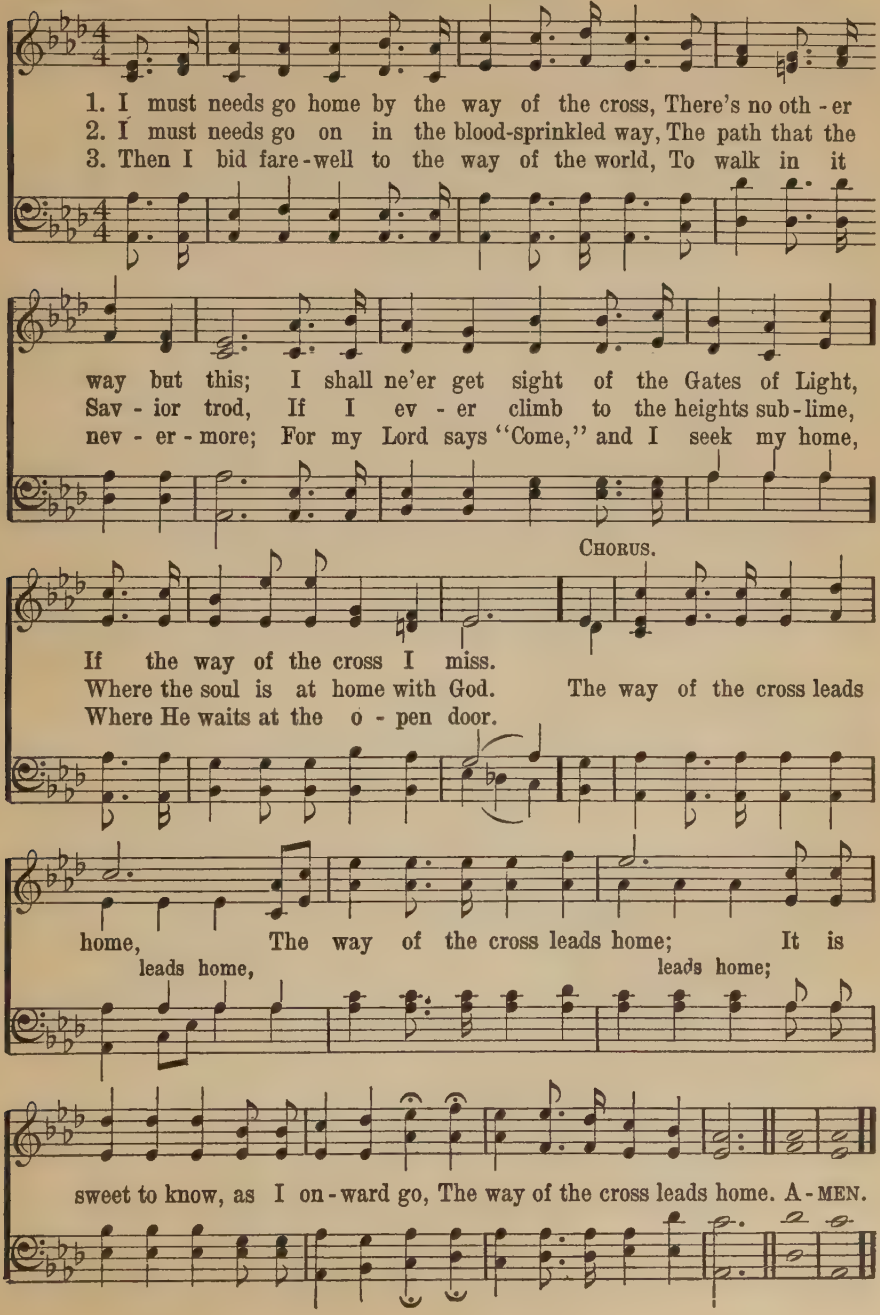
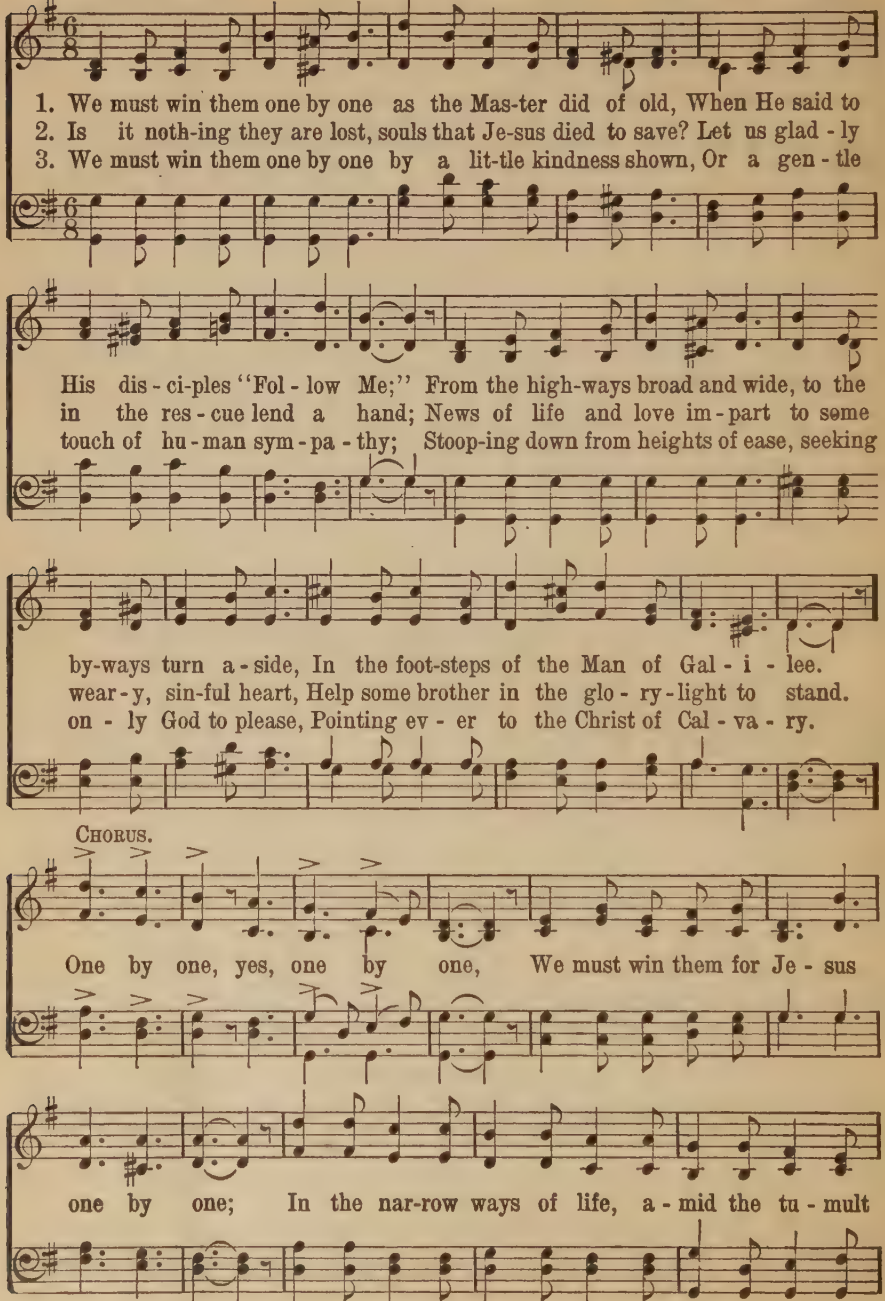
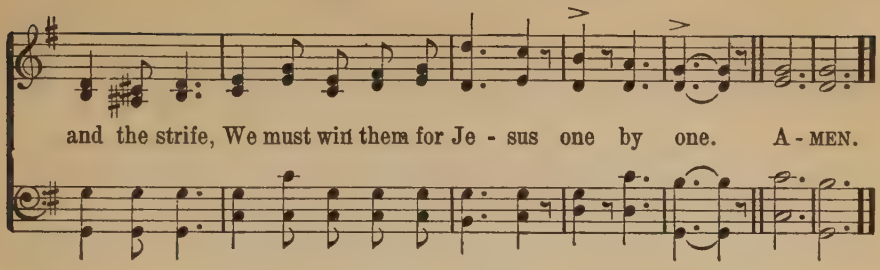

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God. The way of the cross leads
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home, leads home;
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home. A - MEN.

193 Win Them One By One.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

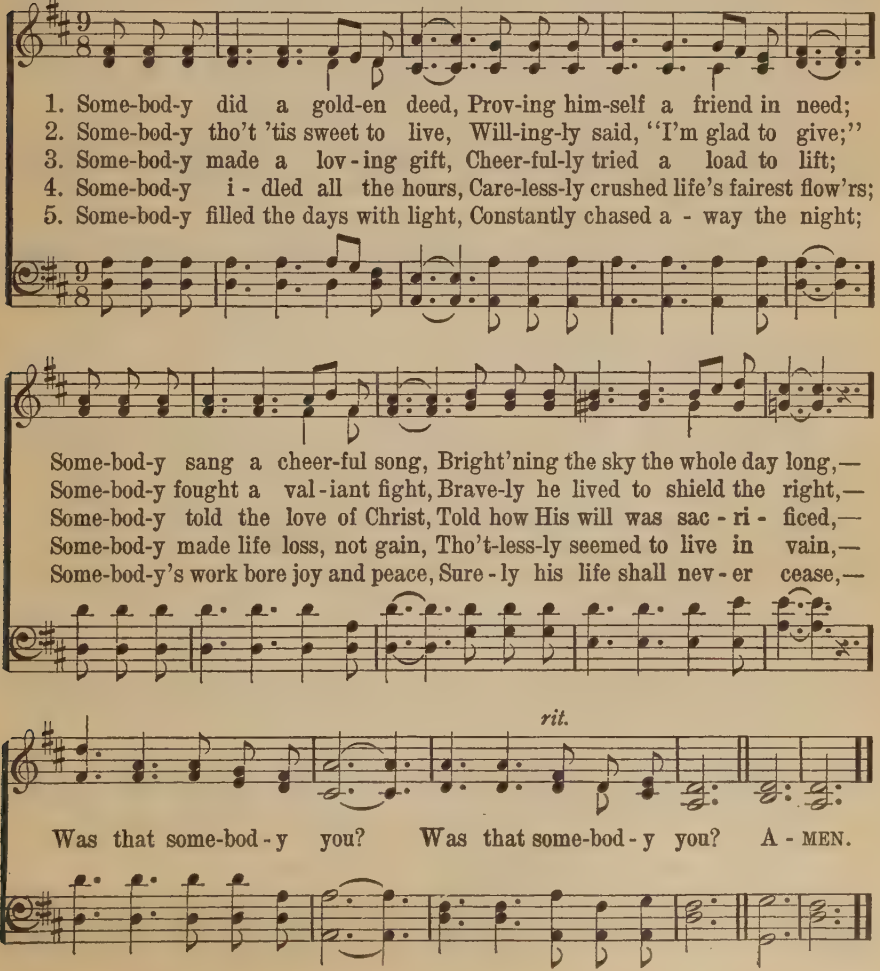

1. We must win them one by one as the Mas-ter did of old, When He said to
His dis - ci-ples "Fol - low Me;" From the high-ways broad and wide, to the
by-ways turn a - side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal - i - lee.
2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je-sus died to save? Let us glad - ly
in the res - cue lend a hand; News of life and love im - part to some
wear - y, sin-ful heart, Help some brother in the glo - ry - light to stand.
3. We must win them one by one by a lit-tle kindness shown, Or a gen - tle
touch of hu - man sym - pa - thy; Stoop-ing down from heights of ease, seeking
on - ly God to please, Pointing ev - er to the Christ of Cal - va - ry.
CHORUS.
One by one, yes, one by one, We must win them for Je - sus
one by one; In the nar-row ways of life, a - mid the tu - mult

Win Them One By One.



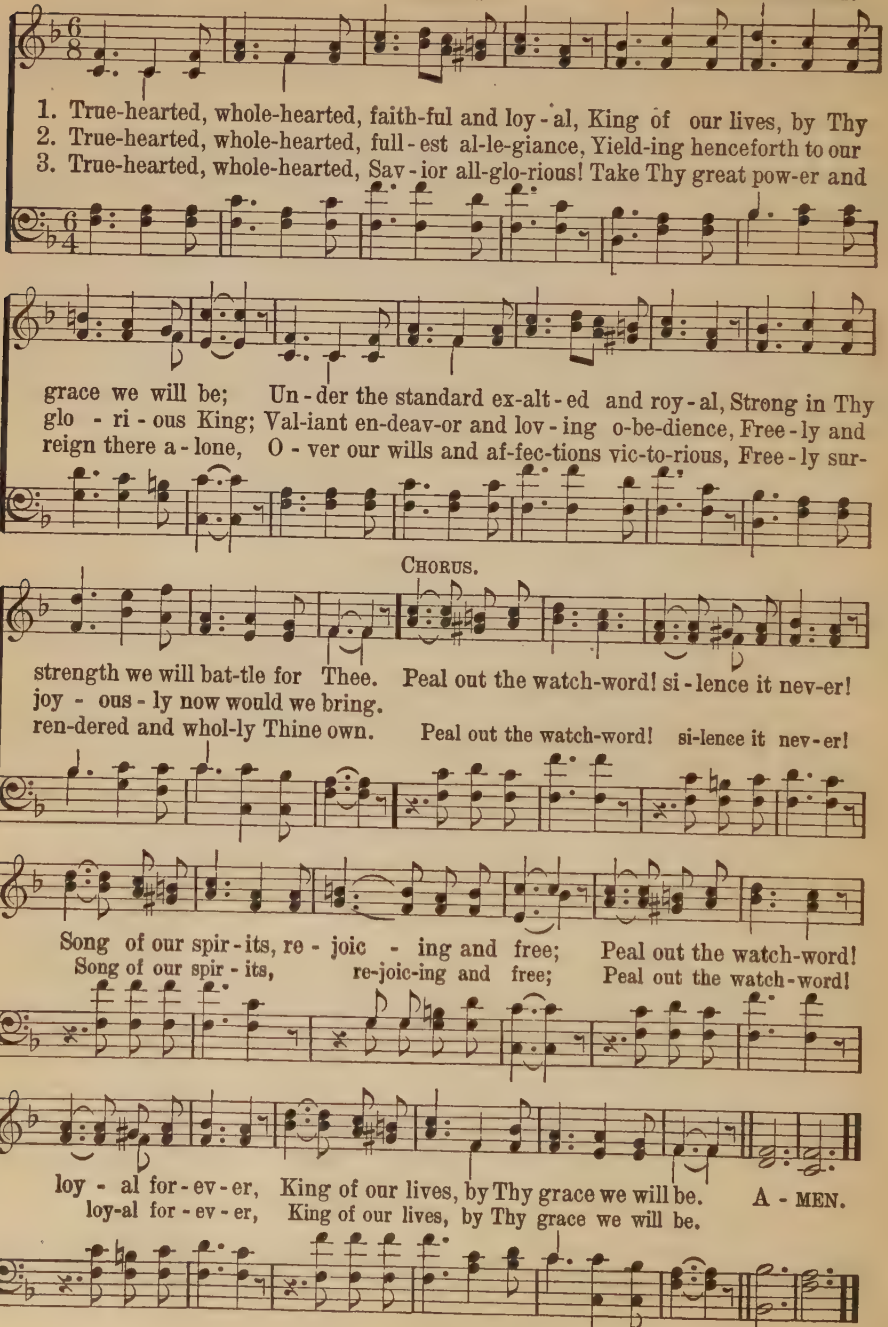
194 Somebody.

John R. Clements. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. W. S. Weeden.


1. Some-bod-y did a gold-en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-bod-y tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing-ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-bod-y made a lov-ing gift, Cheer-ful-ly tried a load to lift;
4. Some-bod-y i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crushed life's fairest flow'rs;
5. Some-bod-y filled the days with light, Constantly chased a - way the night;
Some-bod-y sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the sky the whole day long,—
Some-bod-y fought a val-iant fight, Brave-ly he lived to shield the right,—
Some-bod-y told the love of Christ, Told how His will was sac - ri - ficed,—
Some-bod-y made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-bod-y's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev-er cease,—
rit.
Was that some-bod-y you? Was that some-bod-y you? A - MEN.

195 True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faith-ful and loy-al, King of our lives, by Thy
2. True-hearted, whole-hearted, full-est al-le-giance, Yield-ing henceforth to our
3. True-hearted, whole-hearted, Sav-ior all-glo-rious! Take Thy great pow-er and
grace we will be; Un-der the standard ex-alt-ed and roy-al, Strong in Thy
glo-ri-ous King; Val-iant en-deav-or and lov-ing o-be-dience, Free-ly and
reign there a-lone, O-ver our wills and af-fec-tions vic-to-rious, Free-ly sur-
CHORUS.
strength we will bat-tle for Thee. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it nev-er!
joy-ous-ly now would we bring.
ren-dered and whol-ly Thine own. Peal out the watch-word! si-lence it nev-er!
Song of our spir-its, re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
Song of our spir-its, re-joic-ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
loy-al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be. A-MEN.
loy-al for-ev-er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.

196 Thy Kingdom Come!

Rev. C. McKibbin.

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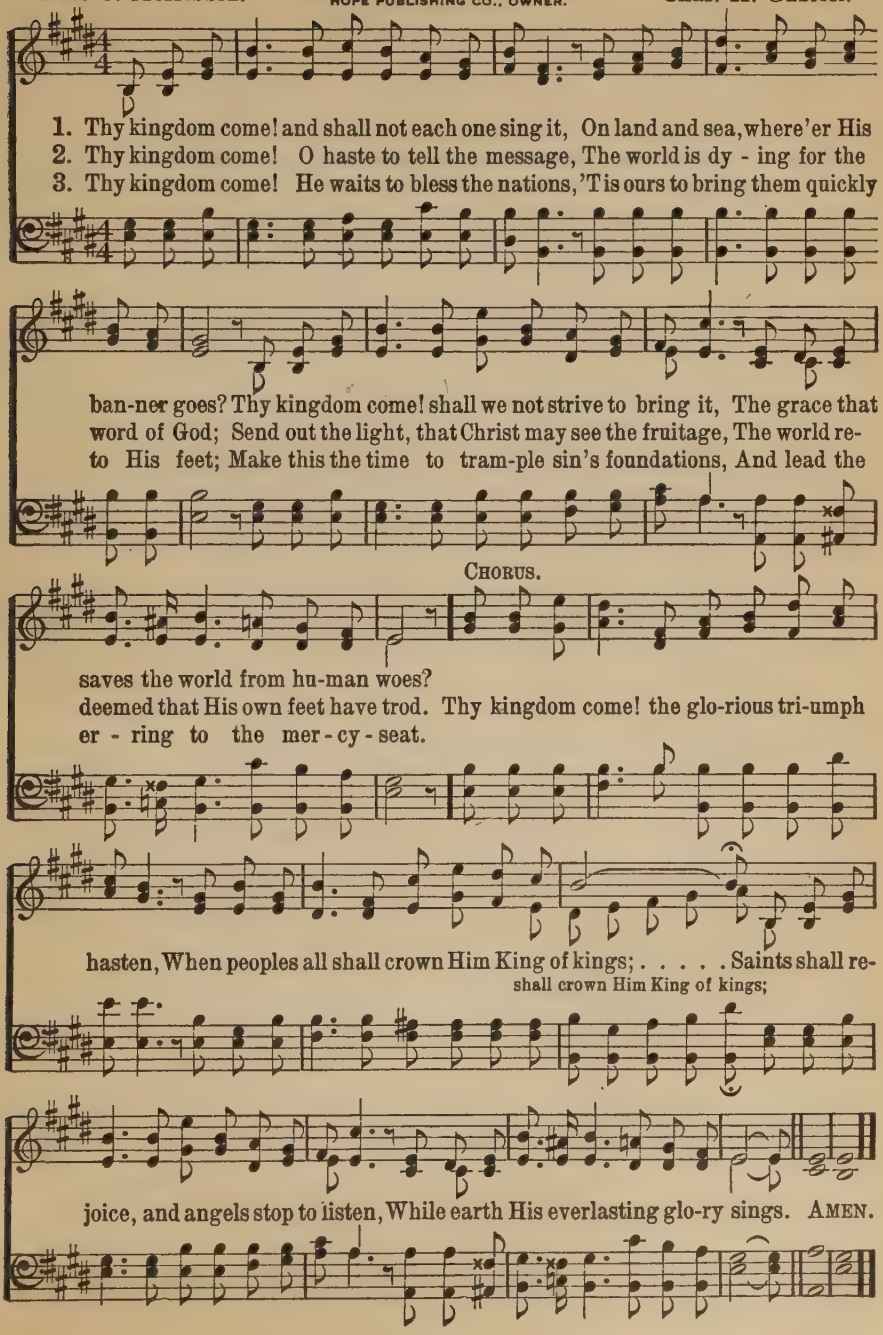
1. Thy kingdom come! and shall not each one sing it, On land and sea, where'er His
2. Thy kingdom come! O haste to tell the message, The world is dy - ing for the
3. Thy kingdom come! He waits to bless the nations, 'Tis ours to bring them quickly
ban-ner goes? Thy kingdom come! shall we not strive to bring it, The grace that
word of God; Send out the light, that Christ may see the fruitage, The world re-
to His feet; Make this the time to tram-ple sin's foundations, And lead the
CHORUS.
saves the world from hu-man woes?
deemed that His own feet have trod. Thy kingdom come! the glo-rious tri-umph
er - ring to the mer - cy - seat.
hasten, When peoples all shall crown Him King of kings; . . . . . Saints shall re-
shall crown Him King of kings;
joice, and angels stop to listen, While earth His everlasting glo-ry sings. AMEN.

197 My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

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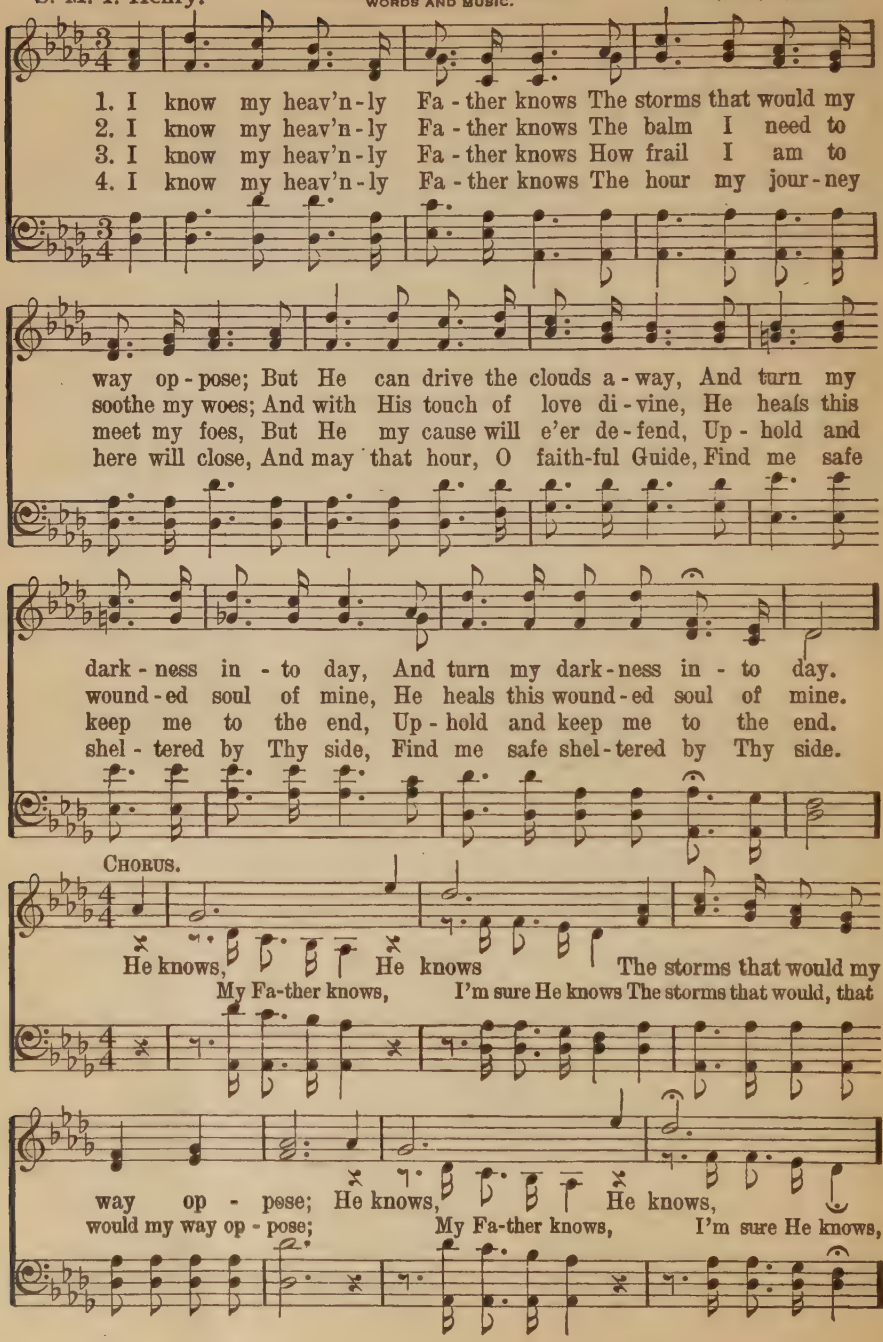
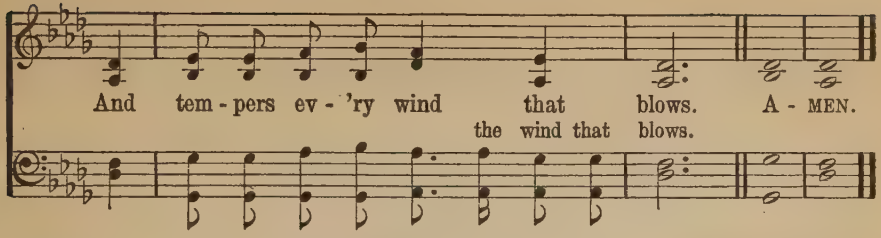
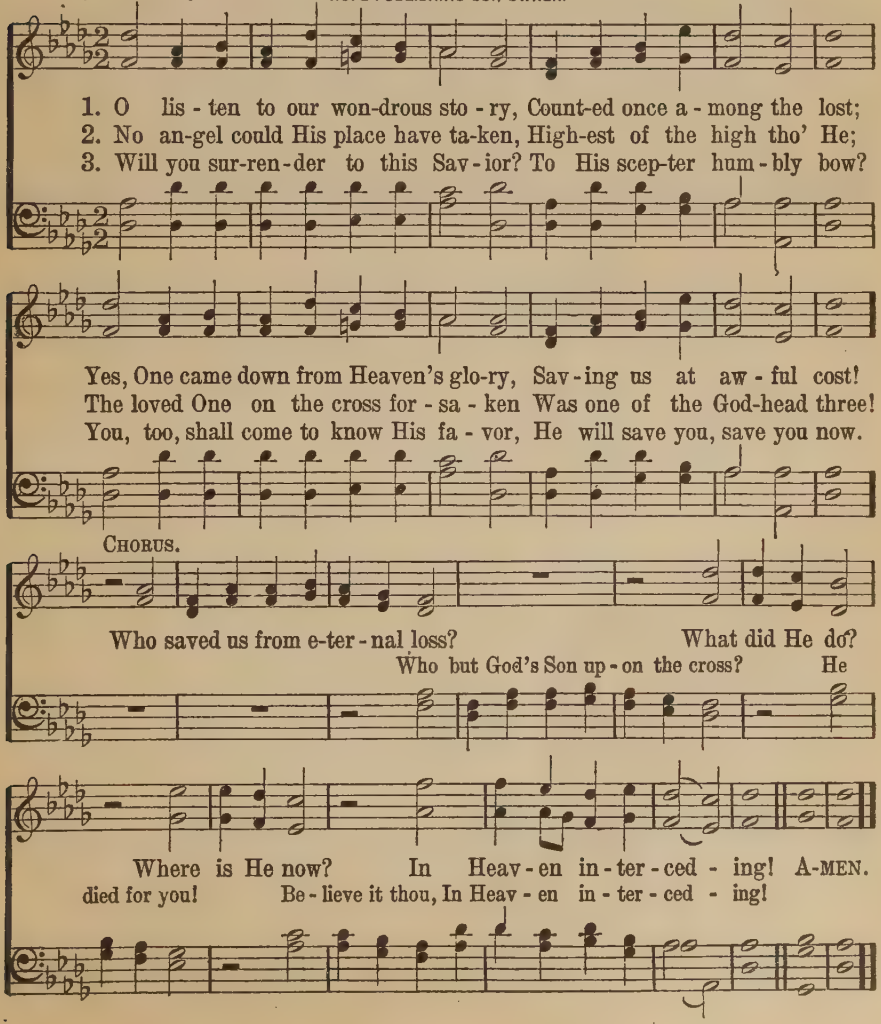
E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way op-pose; But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in-to day,
2. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes; And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
3. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes, But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up-hold and keep me to the end.
4. I know my heav'n-ly Fa-ther knows The hour my jour-ney here will close, And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide, Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.
CHORUS.
He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op-pose; He knows, He knows,
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows The storms that would, that would my way op-pose; My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows,

My Father Knows.



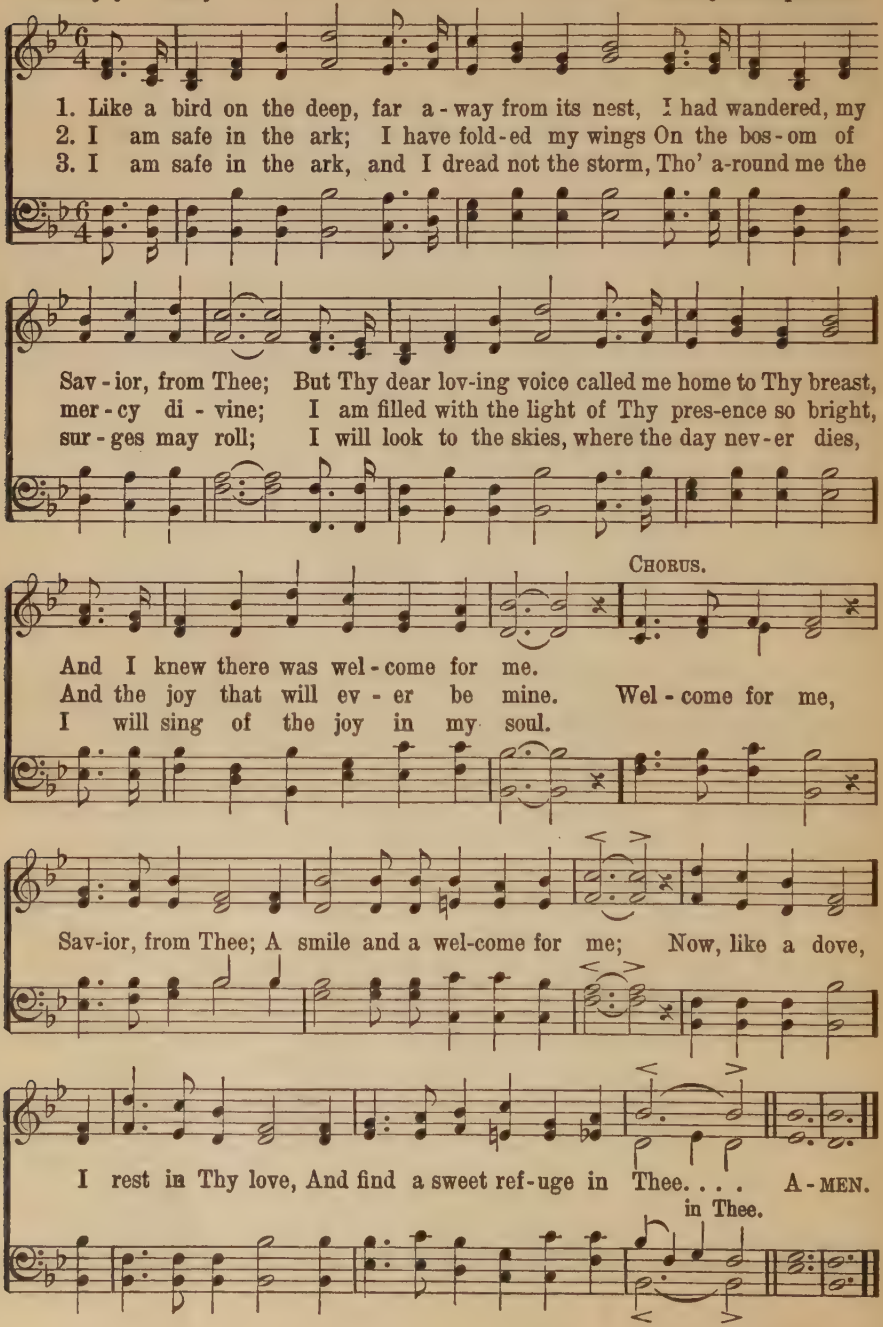
198 What Did He Do?

Dr. J. M. Gray. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE WINONA PUBLISHING CO.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER. W. Owen.


1. O lis - ten to our won-drous sto - ry, Count-ed once a - mong the lost;
2. No an-gel could His place have ta-ken, High-est of the high tho' He;
3. Will you sur-ren-der to this Sav - ior? To His scep-ter hum - bly bow?
Yes, One came down from Heaven's glo-ry, Sav - ing us at aw - ful cost!
The loved One on the cross for - sa - ken Was one of the God-head three!
You, too, shall come to know His fa - vor, He will save you, save you now.
CHORUS.
Who saved us from e-ter - nal loss? What did He do?
Who but God's Son up - on the cross? He
Where is He now? In Heav - en in - ter - ced - ing! A-MEN.
died for you! Be - lieve it thou, In Heav - en in - ter - ced - ing!

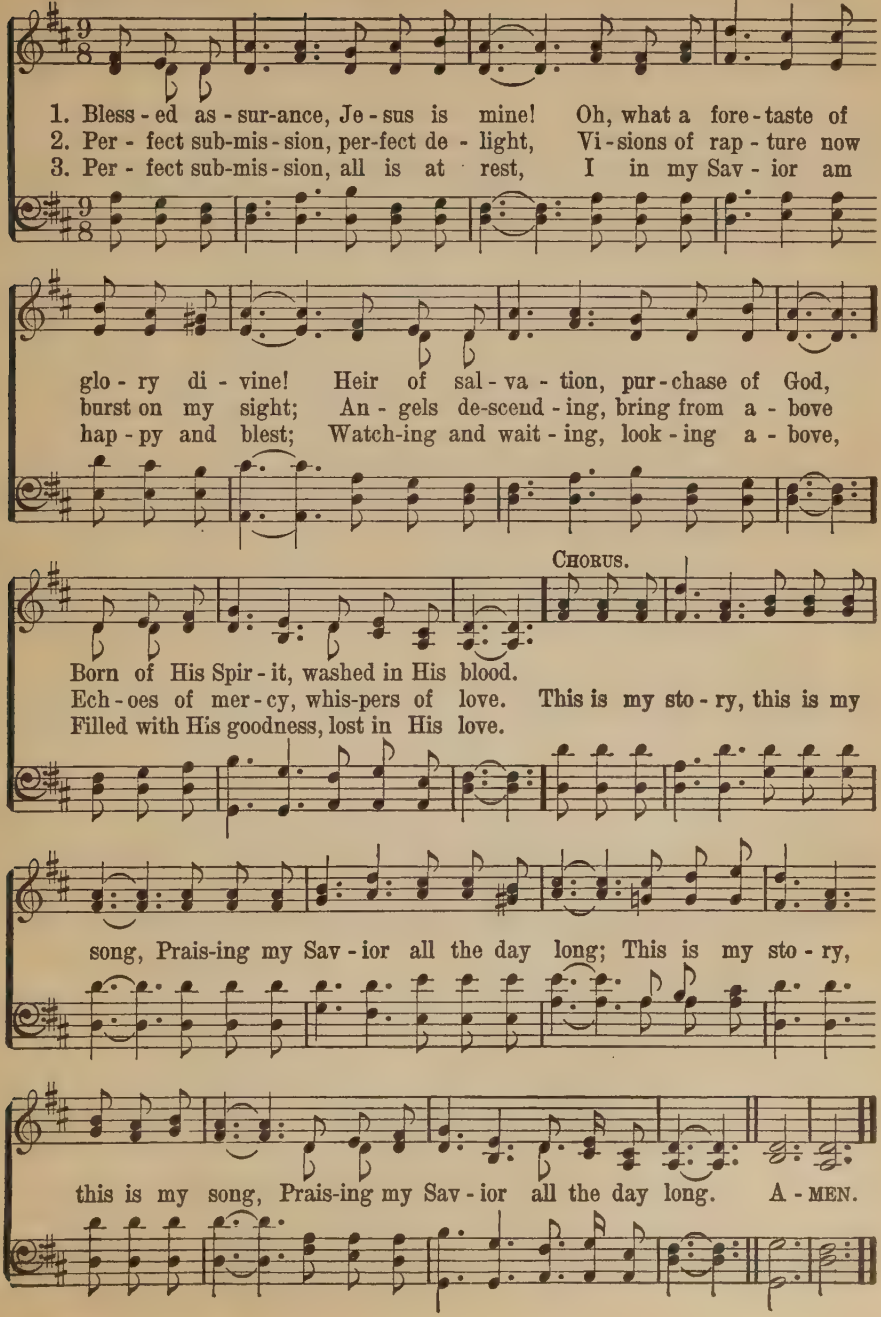
199 Welcome For Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1882 AND 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Like a bird on the deep, far a-way from its nest, I had wandered, my
2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold-ed my wings On the bos-om of
3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Tho' a-round me the
Sav-ior, from Thee; But Thy dear lov-ing voice called me home to Thy breast,
mer-cy di-vine; I am filled with the light of Thy pres-ence so bright,
sur-ges may roll; I will look to the skies, where the day nev-er dies,
Chorus.
And I knew there was wel-come for me.
And the joy that will ev-er be mine. Wel-come for me,
I will sing of the joy in my soul.
Sav-ior, from Thee; A smile and a wel-come for me; Now, like a dove,
I rest in Thy love, And find a sweet ref-uge in Thee. . . . A-men.
in Thee.

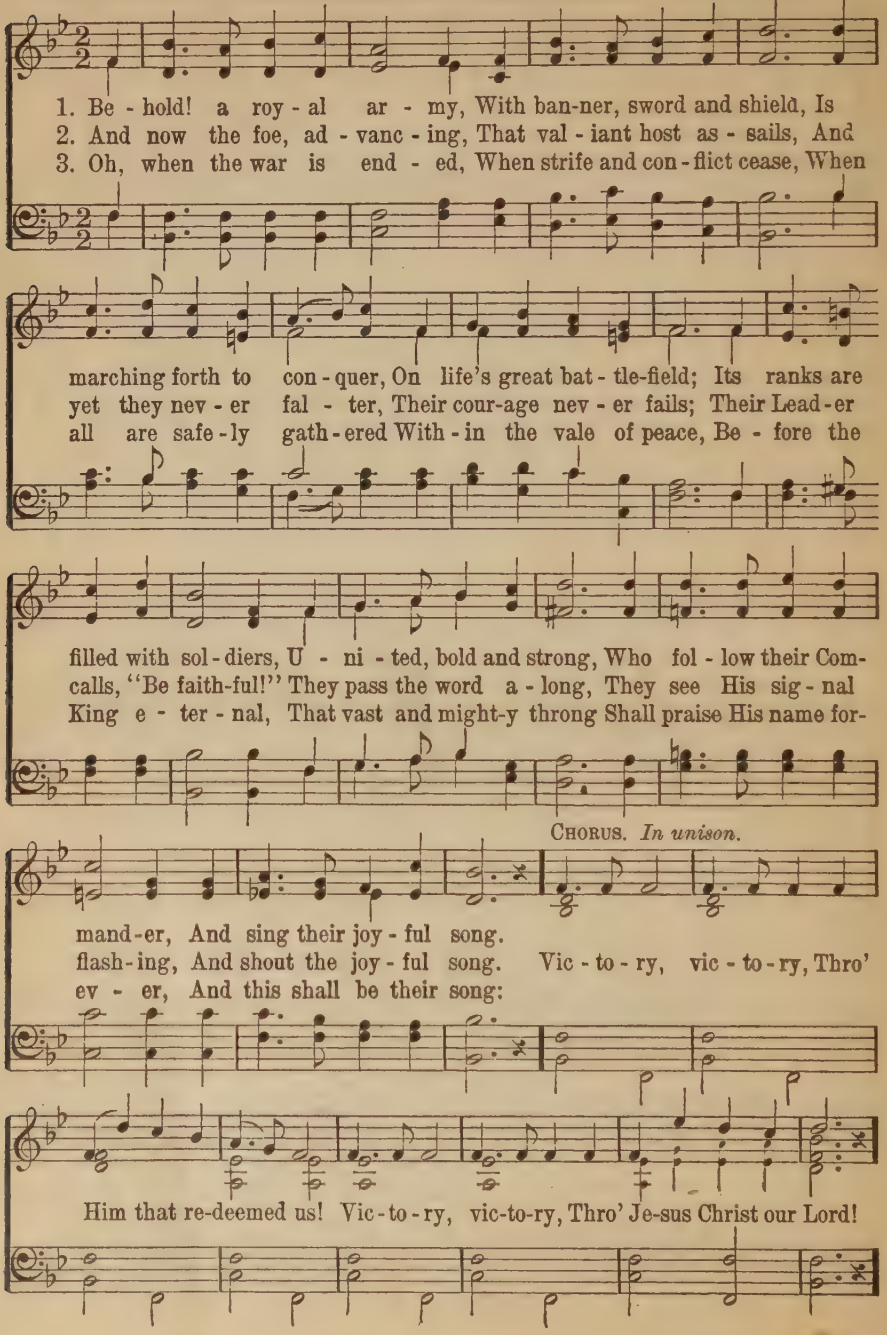
200 Blessed Assurance.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

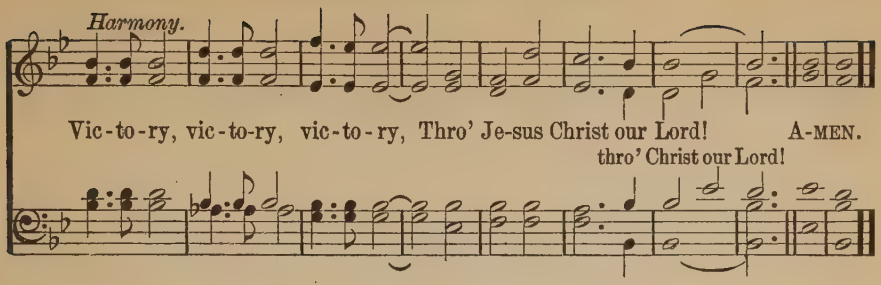

1. Bless - ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
2. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, per-fect de - light, Vi - sions of rap - ture now
3. Per - fect sub-mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - ior am
glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God,
burst on my sight; An - gels de-scend - ing, bring from a - bove
hap - py and blest; Watch-ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,
Chorus.
Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry,
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long. A - MEN.

201 The Joyful Song.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX. Adam Geibel.

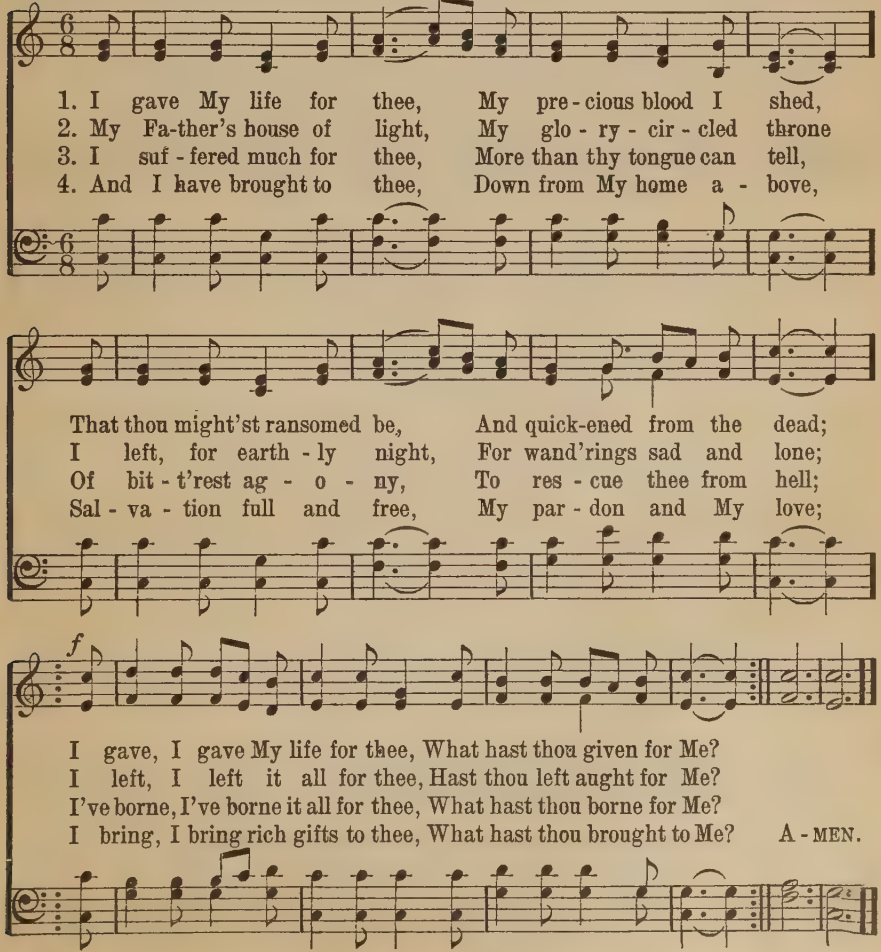

1. Be - hold! a roy - al ar - my, With ban-ner, sword and shield, Is
2. And now the foe, ad - vanc - ing, That val - iant host as - sails, And
3. Oh, when the war is end - ed, When strife and con - flict cease, When
marching forth to con - quer, On life's great bat - tle-field; Its ranks are
yet they nev - er fal - ter, Their cour-age nev - er fails; Their Lead - er
all are safe - ly gath - ered With - in the vale of peace, Be - fore the
filled with sol - diers, U - ni - ted, bold and strong, Who fol - low their Com-
calls, "Be faith-ful!" They pass the word a - long, They see His sig - nal
King e - ter - nal, That vast and might-y throng Shall praise His name for-
Chorus. In unison.
mand - er, And sing their joy - ful song.
flash - ing, And shout the joy - ful song. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Thro'
ev - er, And this shall be their song:
Him that re-deemed us! Vic - to - ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Je-sus Christ our Lord!

The Joyful Song.

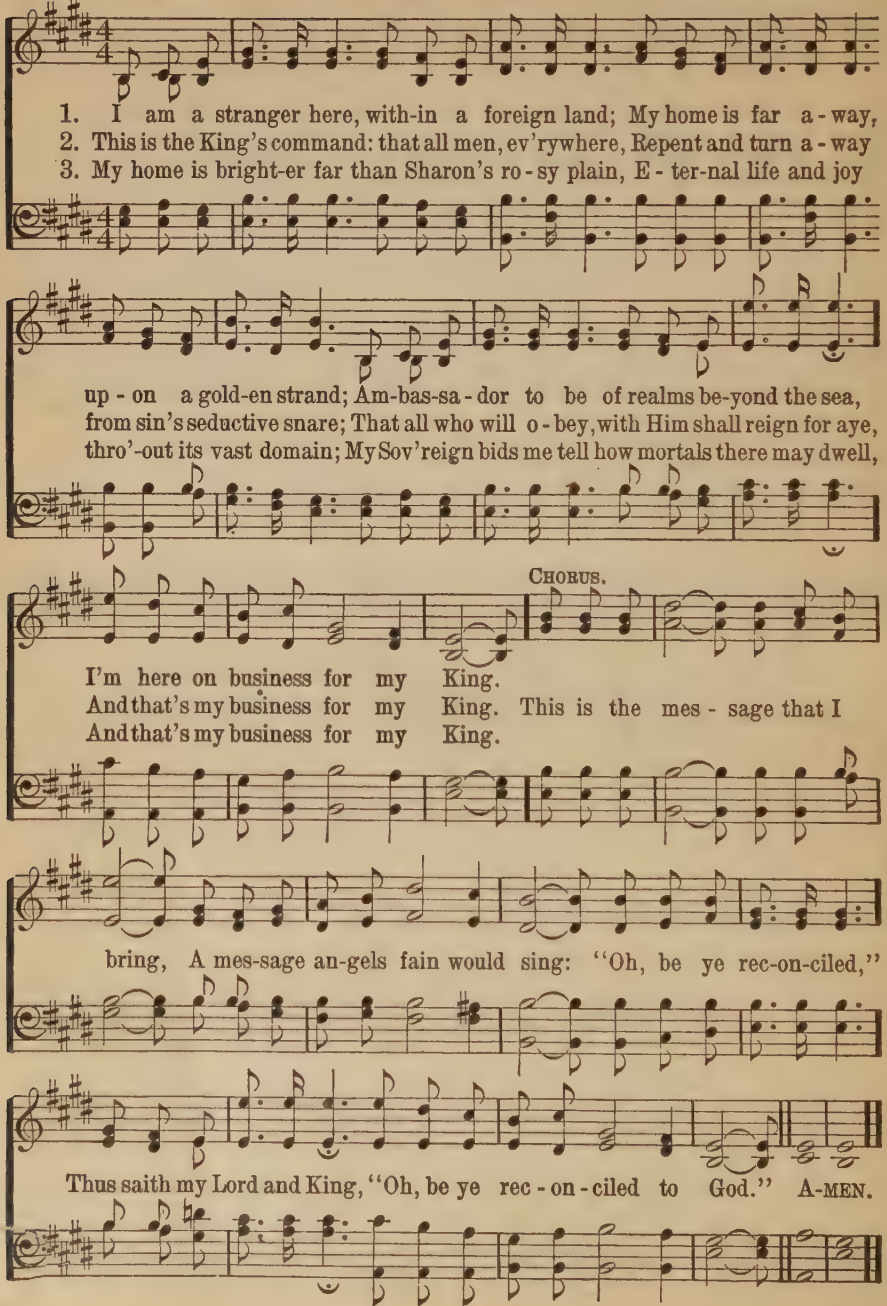


202 I Gave My Life for Thee.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. P. P. Bliss.


1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,
2. My Fa-ther's house of light, My glo-ry-cir-cled throne
3. I suf-fered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell,
4. And I have brought to thee, Down from My home a-bove,
That thou might'st ransomed be, And quick-ened from the dead;
I left, for earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
Of bit-t'rest ag-o-ny, To res-cue thee from hell;
Sal-va-tion full and free, My par-don and My love;
f
I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for Me?
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me? A-MEN.

203 The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stranger here, with-in a foreign land; My home is far a-way,
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev'rywhere, Repent and turn a-way
3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy
up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea,
from sin's seductive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye,
thro'-out its vast domain; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mortals there may dwell,
CHORUS.
I'm here on business for my King.
And that's my business for my King. This is the mes-sage that I
And that's my business for my King.
bring, A mes-sage an-gels fain would sing: "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled,"
Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God." A-MEN.

204 Nothing Satisfies But Jesus.

C. H. M.

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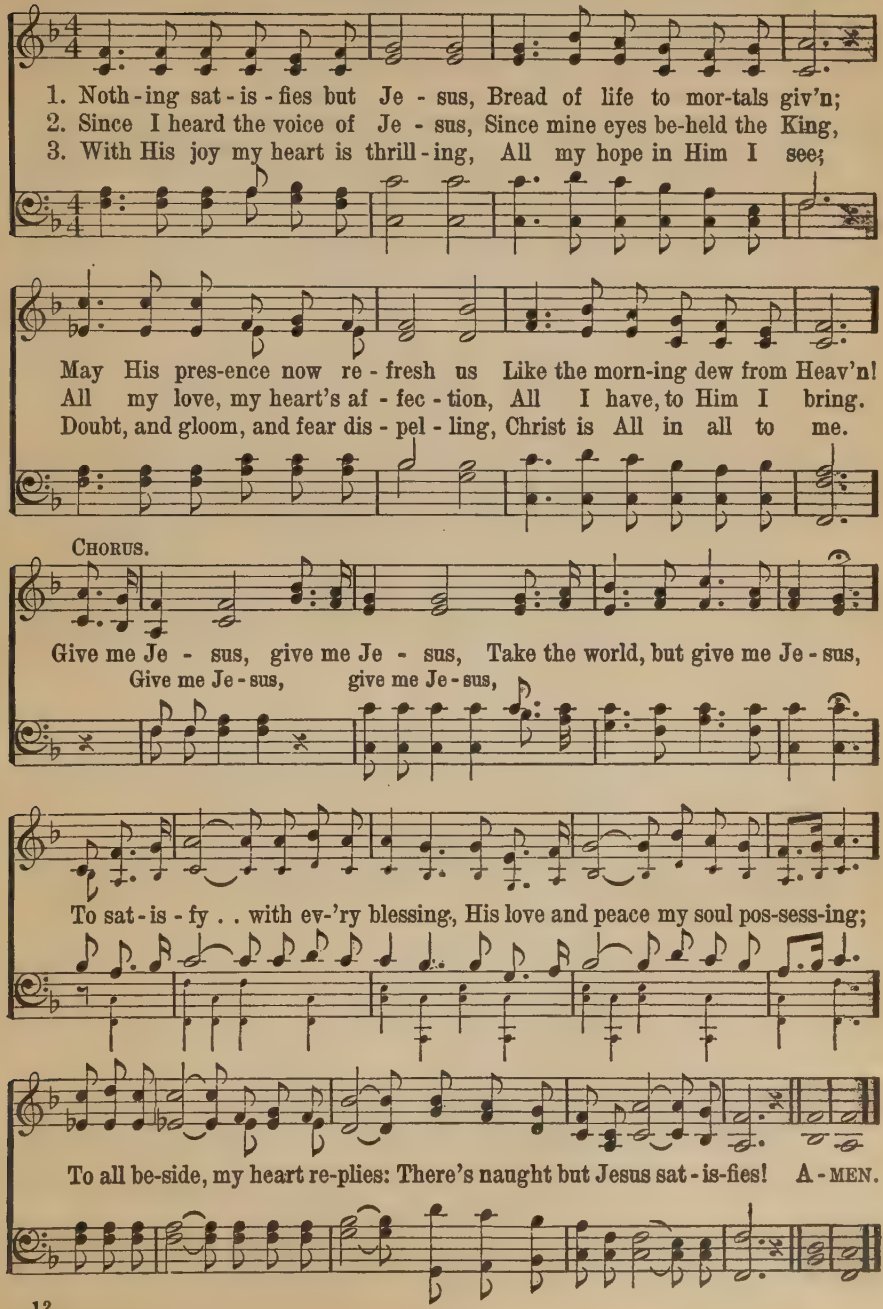
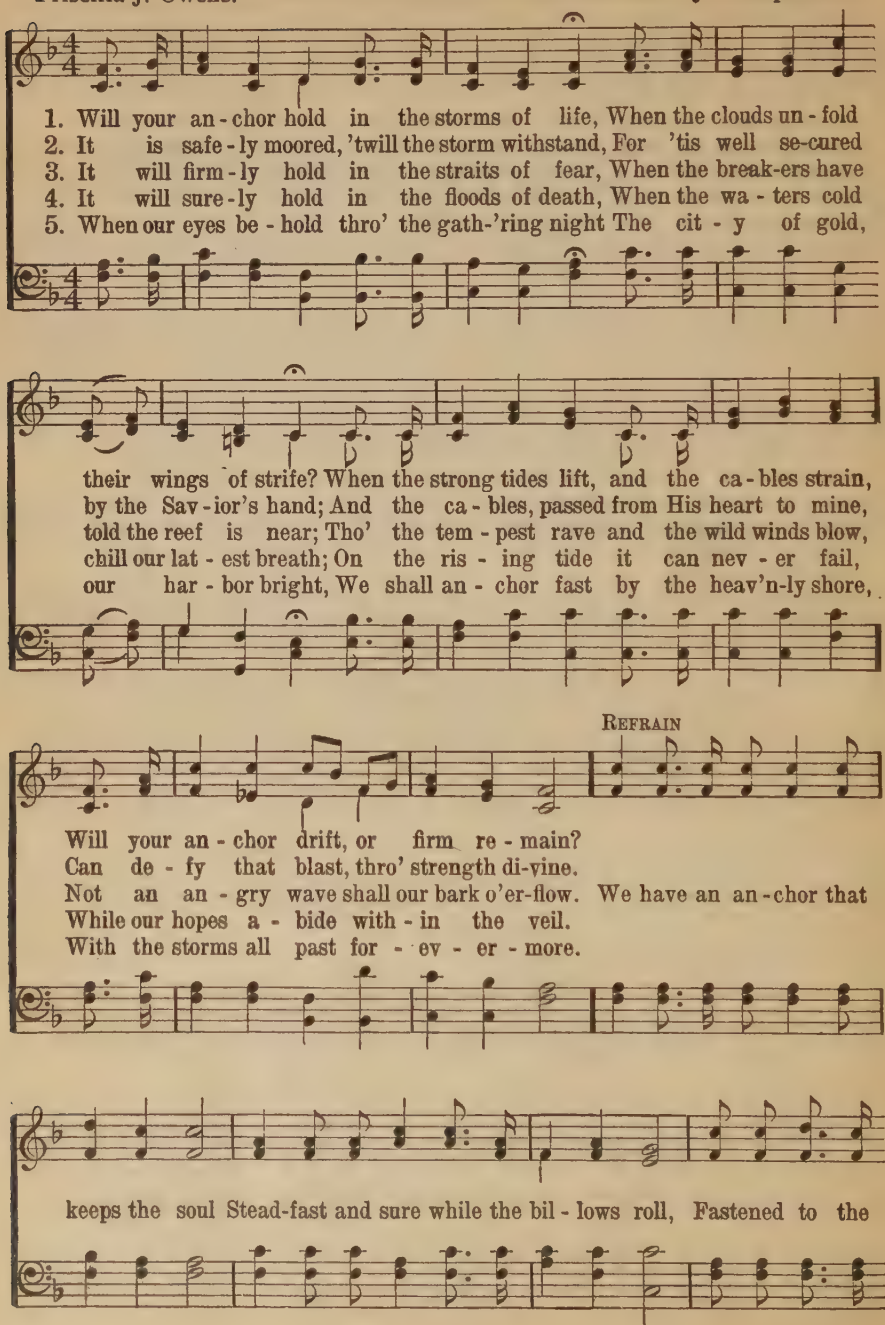
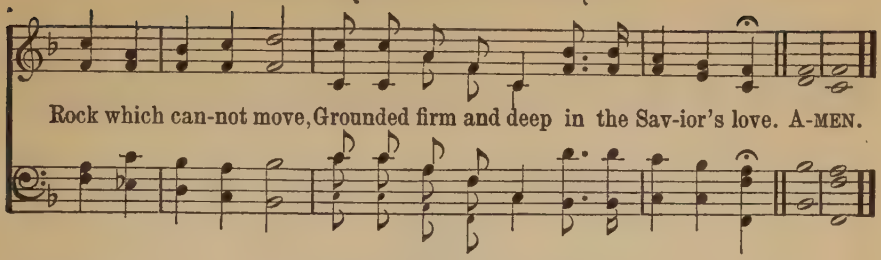

1. Noth-ing sat-is-fies but Je-sus, Bread of life to mor-tals giv'n;
2. Since I heard the voice of Je-sus, Since mine eyes be-held the King,
3. With His joy my heart is thrill-ing, All my hope in Him I see;
May His pres-ence now re-fresh us Like the morn-ing dew from Heav'n!
All my love, my heart's af-fec-tion, All I have, to Him I bring.
Doubt, and gloom, and fear dis-pel-ling, Christ is All in all to me.
Chorus.
Give me Je-sus, give me Je-sus, Take the world, but give me Je-sus,
Give me Je-sus, give me Je-sus,
To sat-is-fy . . with ev-'ry blessing, His love and peace my soul pos-sess-ing;
To all be-side, my heart re-plies: There's naught but Jesus sat-is-fies! A-MEN.

205 We Have an Anchor.

Priscilla J. Owens. COPYRIGHT, 1882, 1910, BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Will your an - chor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds un - fold
their wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the ca - bles strain,
2. It is safe - ly moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well se-cured
by the Sav - ior's hand; And the ca - bles, passed from His heart to mine,
3. It will firm - ly hold in the straits of fear, When the break-ers have
told the reef is near; Tho' the tem - pest rave and the wild winds blow,
4. It will sure - ly hold in the floods of death, When the wa - ters cold
chill our lat - est breath; On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail,
5. When our eyes be - hold thro' the gath-'ring night The cit - y of gold,
our har - bor bright, We shall an - chor fast by the heav'n-ly shore,
REFRAIN
Will your an - chor drift, or firm re - main?
Can de - fy that blast, thro' strength di-vine.
Not an an - gry wave shall our bark o'er-flow. We have an an-chor that
While our hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
With the storms all past for - ev - er - more.
keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the bil - lows roll, Fastened to the

We Have an Anchor.



206 Fairest Lord Jesus.

Anonymous.

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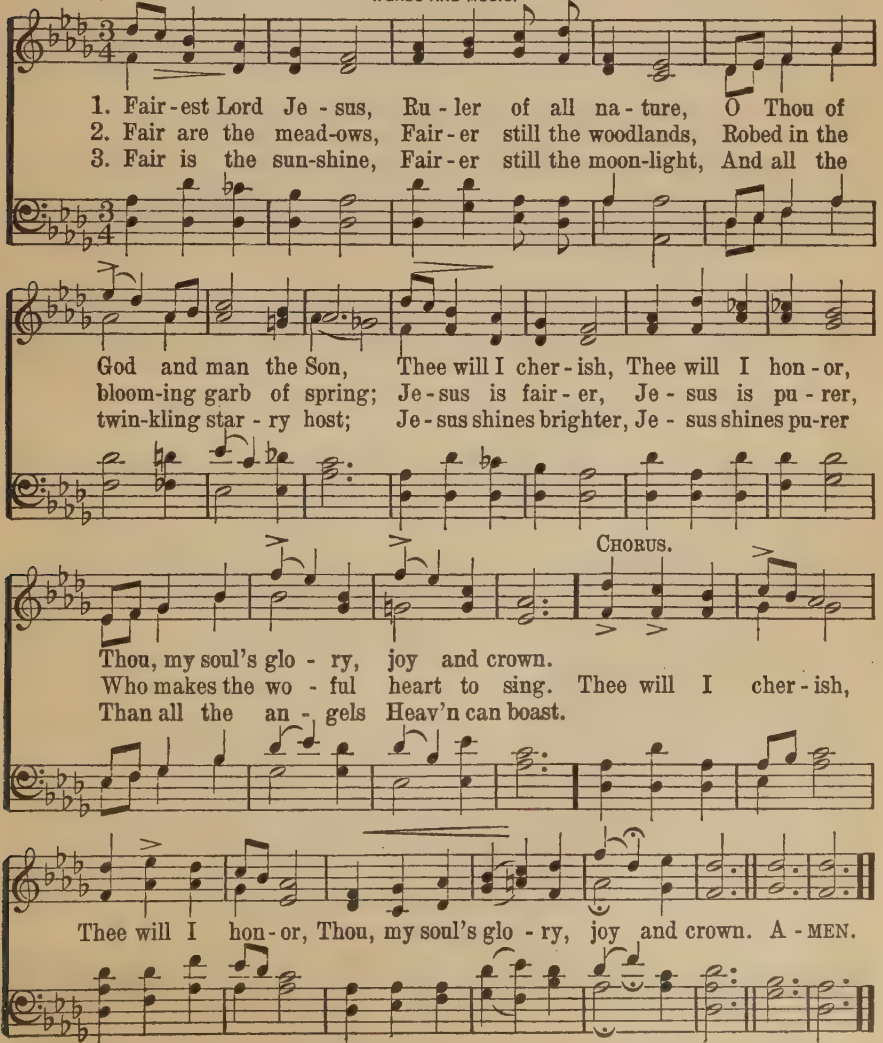
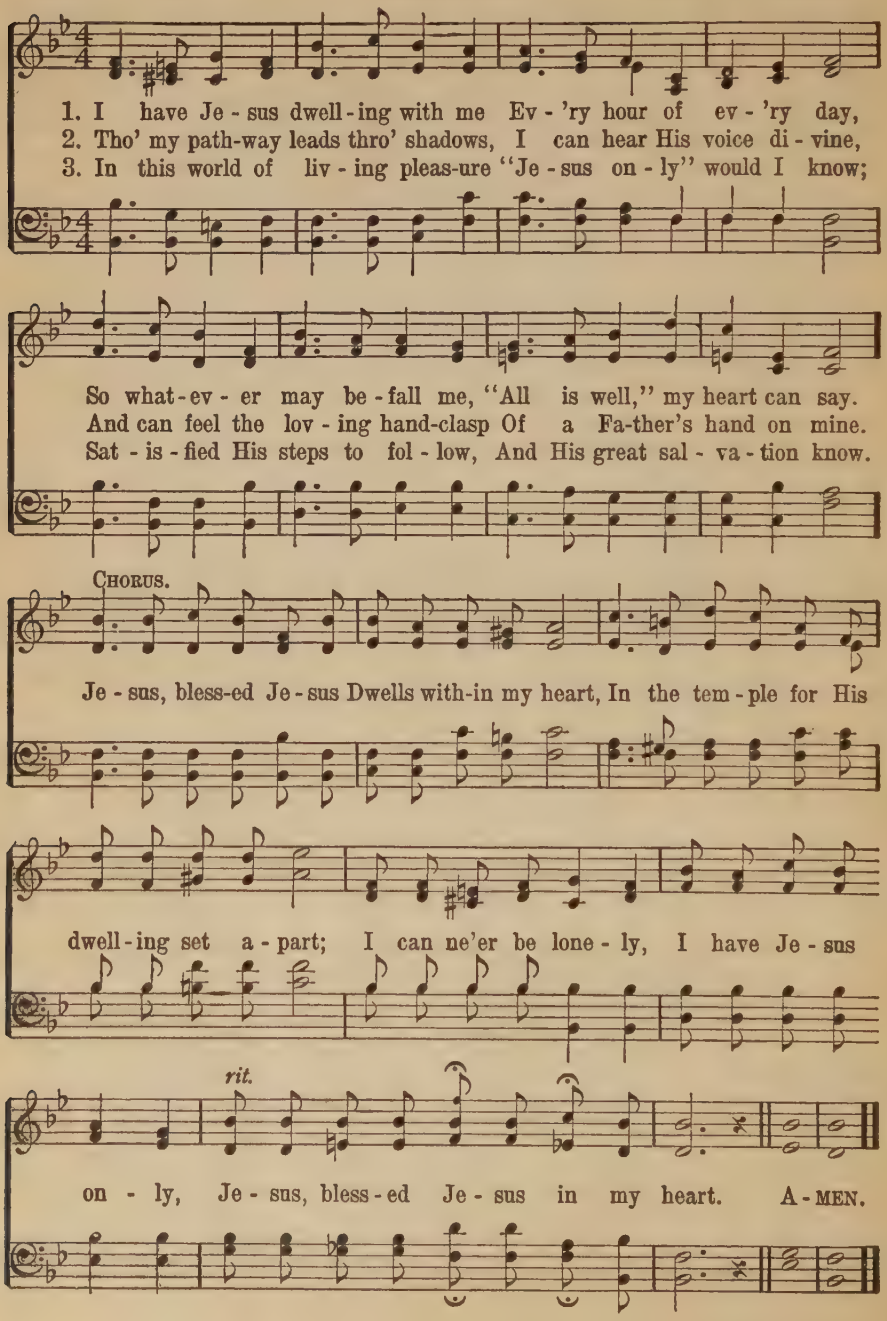
WORDS AND MUSIC.

L. D. Eichhorn.


1. Fair-est Lord Je-sus, Ru-ler of all na-ture, O Thou of
2. Fair are the mead-ows, Fair-er still the woodlands, Robed in the
3. Fair is the sun-shine, Fair-er still the moon-light, And all the
God and man the Son, Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or,
bloom-ing garb of spring; Je-sus is fair-er, Je-sus is pu-rer,
twin-kling star-ry host; Je-sus shines brighter, Je-sus shines pu-rer
CHORUS.
Thou, my soul's glo-ry, joy and crown.
Who makes the wo-ful heart to sing. Thee will I cher-ish,
Than all the an-gels Heav'n can boast.
Thee will I hon-or, Thou, my soul's glo-ry, joy and crown. A-MEN.

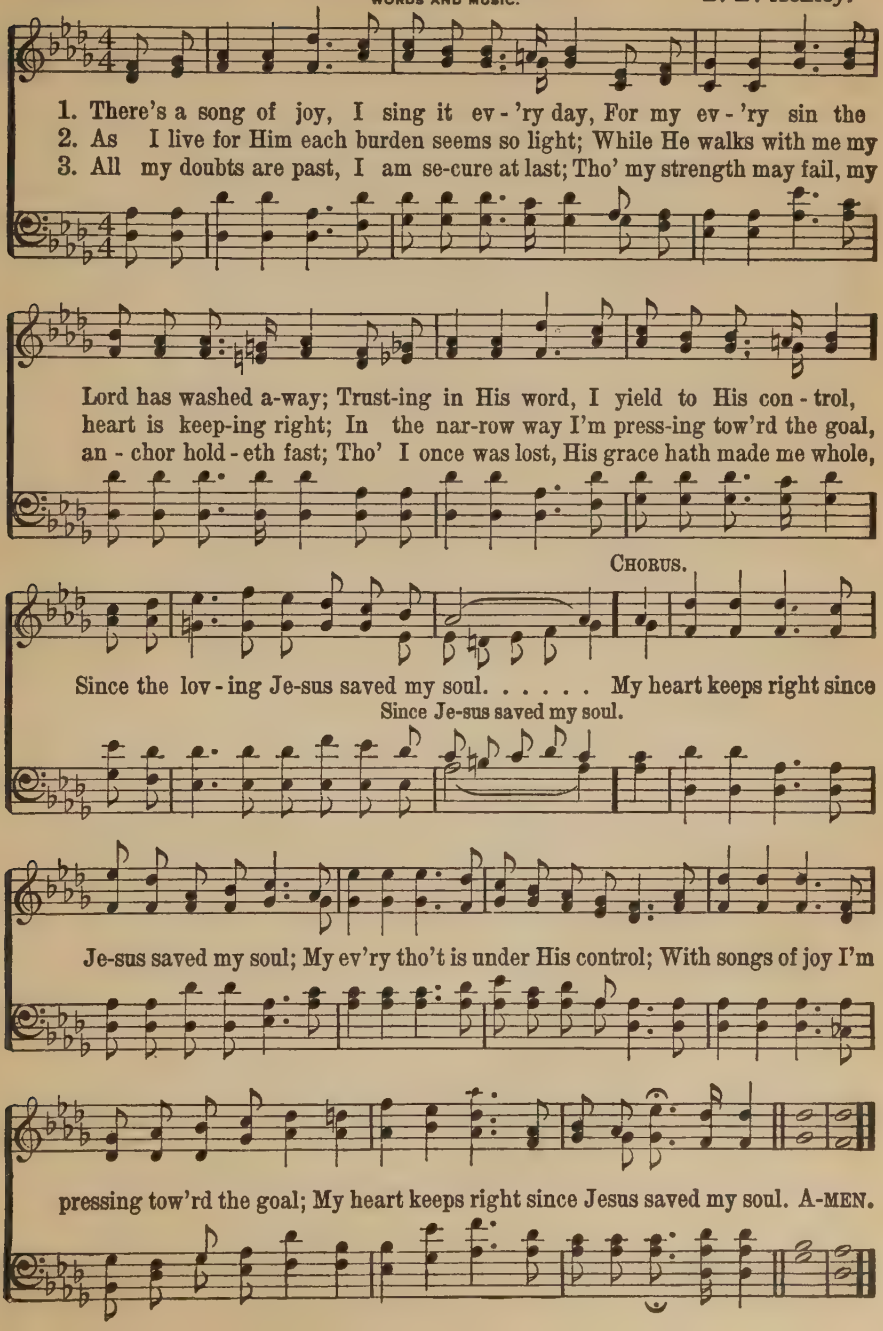
207 Jesus in My Heart.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I have Je - sus dwell - ing with me Ev - 'ry hour of ev - 'ry day,
2. Tho' my path-way leads thro' shadows, I can hear His voice di - vine,
3. In this world of liv - ing pleas-ure "Je - sus on - ly" would I know;
So what - ev - er may be - fall me, "All is well," my heart can say.
And can feel the lov - ing hand-clasp Of a Fa-ther's hand on mine.
Sat - is - fied His steps to fol - low, And His great sal - va - tion know.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus Dwells with-in my heart, In the tem - ple for His
dwell - ing set a - part; I can ne'er be lone - ly, I have Je - sus
rit.
on - ly, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus in my heart. A - MEN.

208 My Heart Keeps Right.

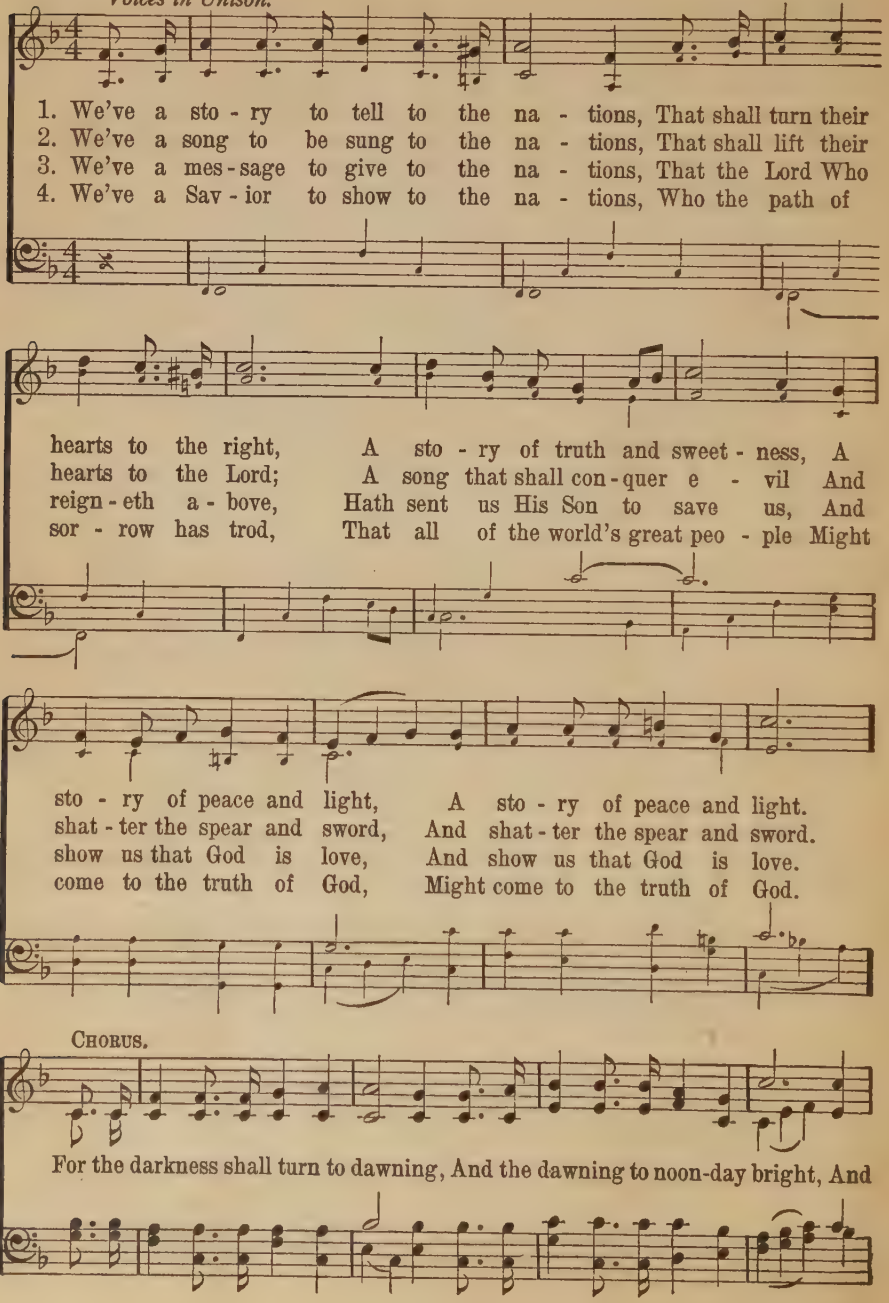
Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.


1. There's a song of joy, I sing it ev - 'ry day, For my ev - 'ry sin the
2. As I live for Him each burden seems so light; While He walks with me my
3. All my doubts are past, I am se-cure at last; Tho' my strength may fail, my
Lord has washed a-way; Trust-ing in His word, I yield to His con - trol,
heart is keep-ing right; In the nar-row way I'm press-ing tow'rd the goal,
an - chor hold - eth fast; Tho' I once was lost, His grace hath made me whole,
Chorus.
Since the lov - ing Je-sus saved my soul. . . . . My heart keeps right since
Since Je-sus saved my soul.
Je-sus saved my soul; My ev'ry tho't is under His control; With songs of joy I'm
pressing tow'rd the goal; My heart keeps right since Jesus saved my soul. A-men.

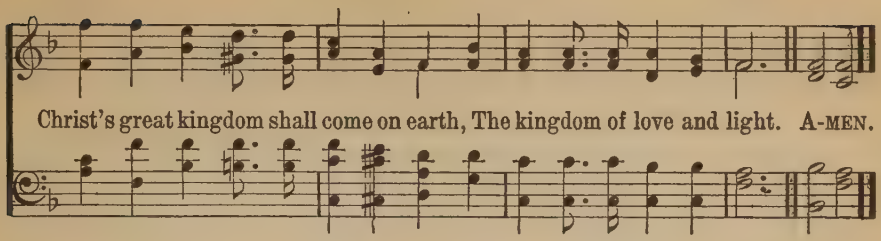
209 We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.

Colin Sterne. *Sterne. 10. 8. 7. 7. 7.* H. Ernest Nichol.

Voices in Unison.

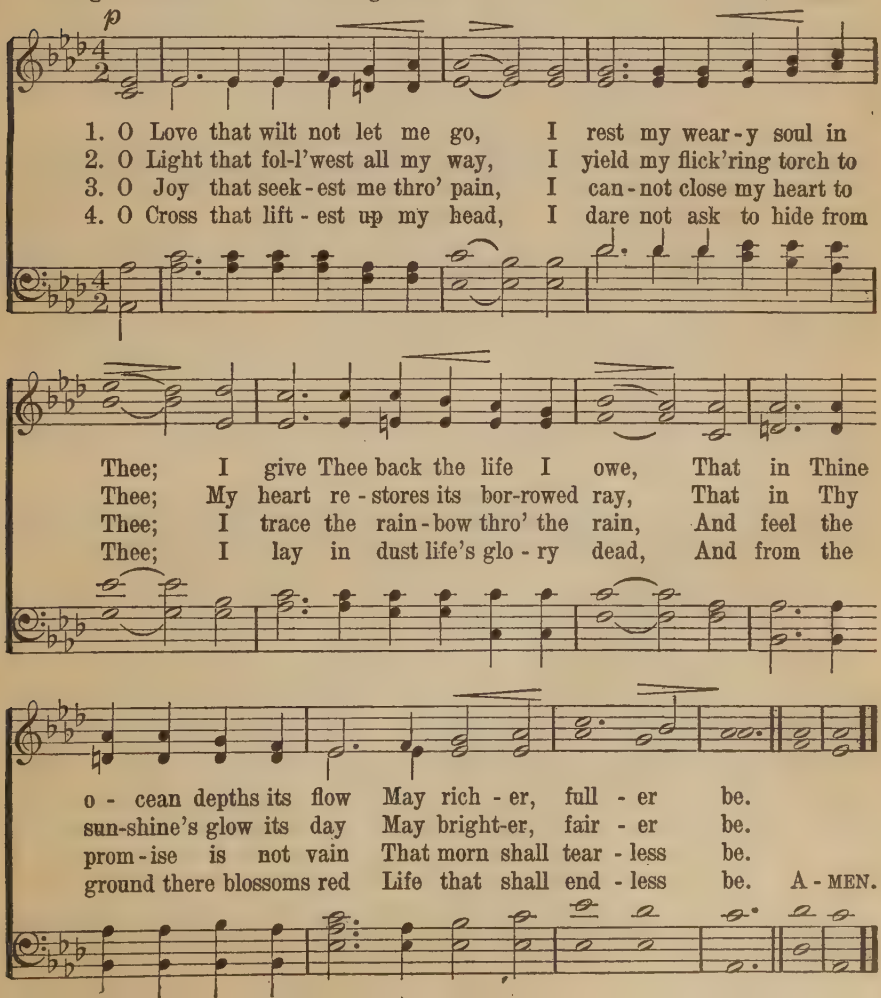

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness, A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil And shat - ter the spear and sword, And shat - ter the spear and sword.
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the Lord Who reign - eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us, And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God.
Chorus.
For the darkness shall turn to dawning, And the dawning to noon-day bright, And

We've a Story to Tell to the Nations.



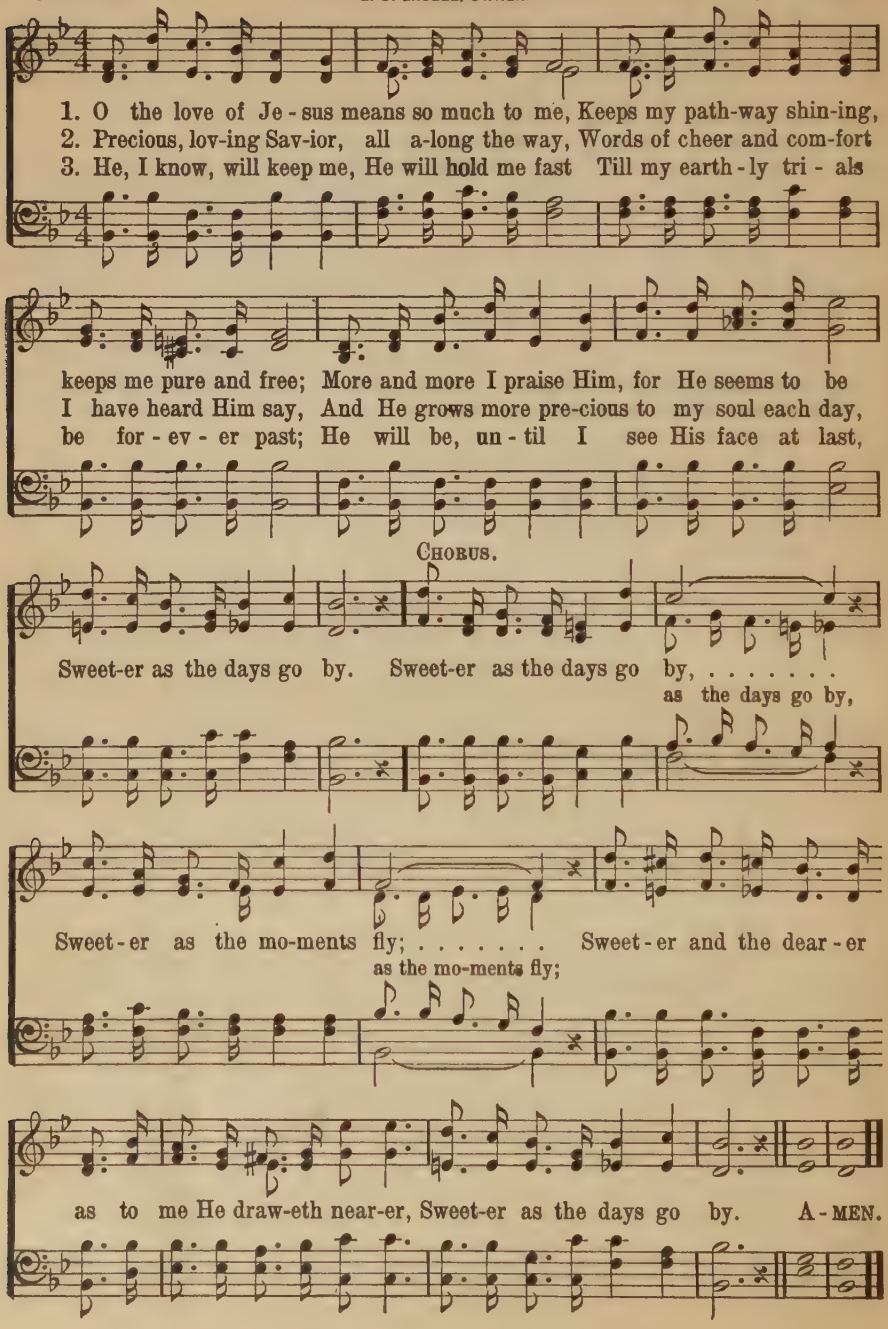
210 O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. *Margaret. 8. 8. 8. 8. 6.* A. L. Peace.


p
1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wear-y soul in
2. O Light that fol-l'west all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can-not close my heart to
4. O Cross that lift-est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from
Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That in Thine
Thee; My heart re-stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy
Thee; I trace the rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the
Thee; I lay in dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the
o-cean depths its flow May rich-er, full-er be.
sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er, fair-er be.
prom-ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
ground there blossoms red Life that shall end-less be. A-MEN.

211 Sweeter As the Days Go By.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Hamp Sewell.


1. O the love of Je - sus means so much to me, Keeps my path-way shin-ing,
2. Precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, all a-long the way, Words of cheer and com-fort
3. He, I know, will keep me, He will hold me fast Till my earth - ly tri - als
keeps me pure and free; More and more I praise Him, for He seems to be
I have heard Him say, And He grows more pre-cious to my soul each day,
be for - ev - er past; He will be, un - til I see His face at last,
CHORUS.
Sweet-er as the days go by. Sweet-er as the days go by, ... as the days go by,
Sweet - er as the mo-ments fly; . . . . . Sweet - er and the dear - er as the mo-ments fly;
as to me He draw-eth near-er, Sweet-er as the days go by. A - MEN.

212 The Wonderful Story.

C. H. G.

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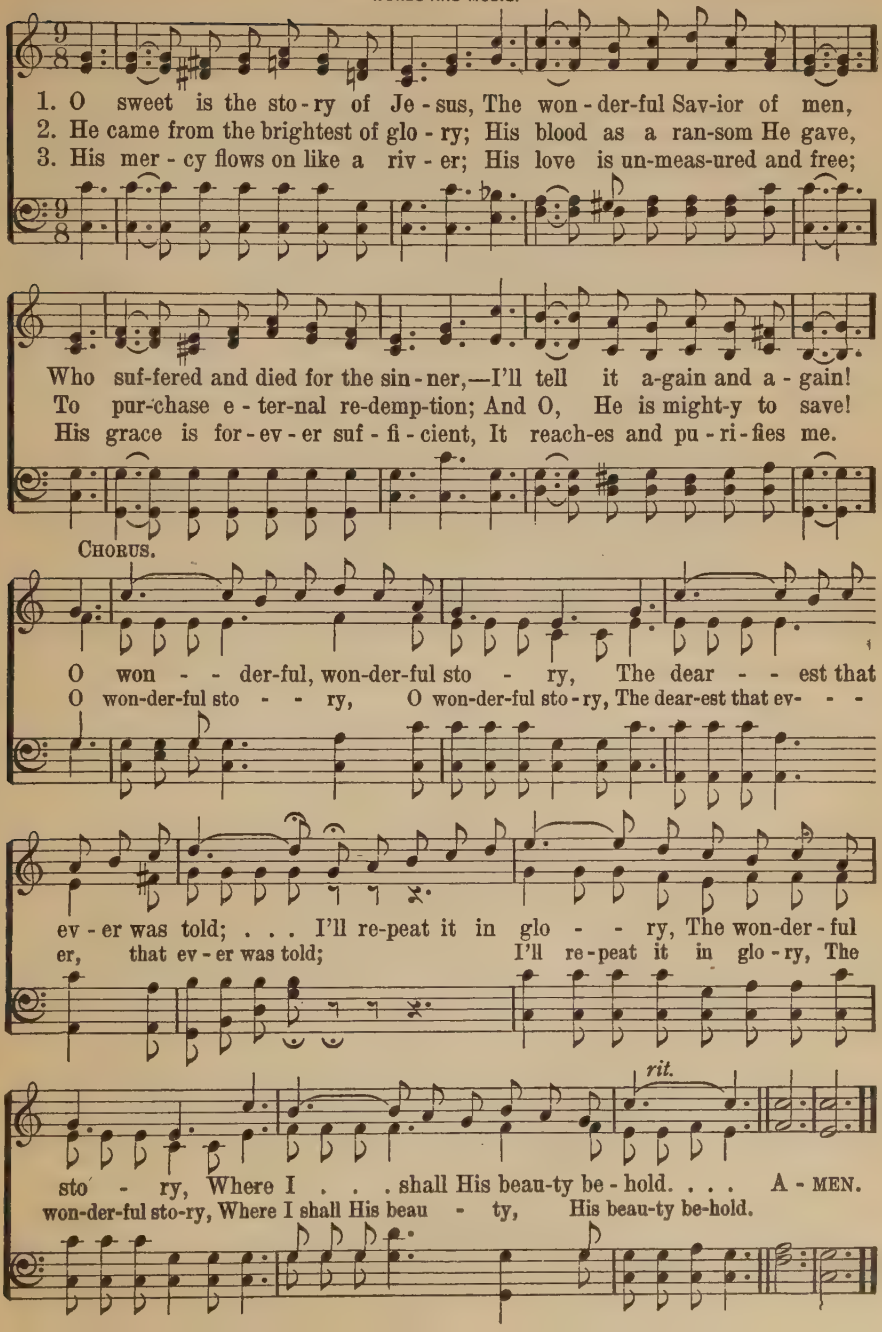
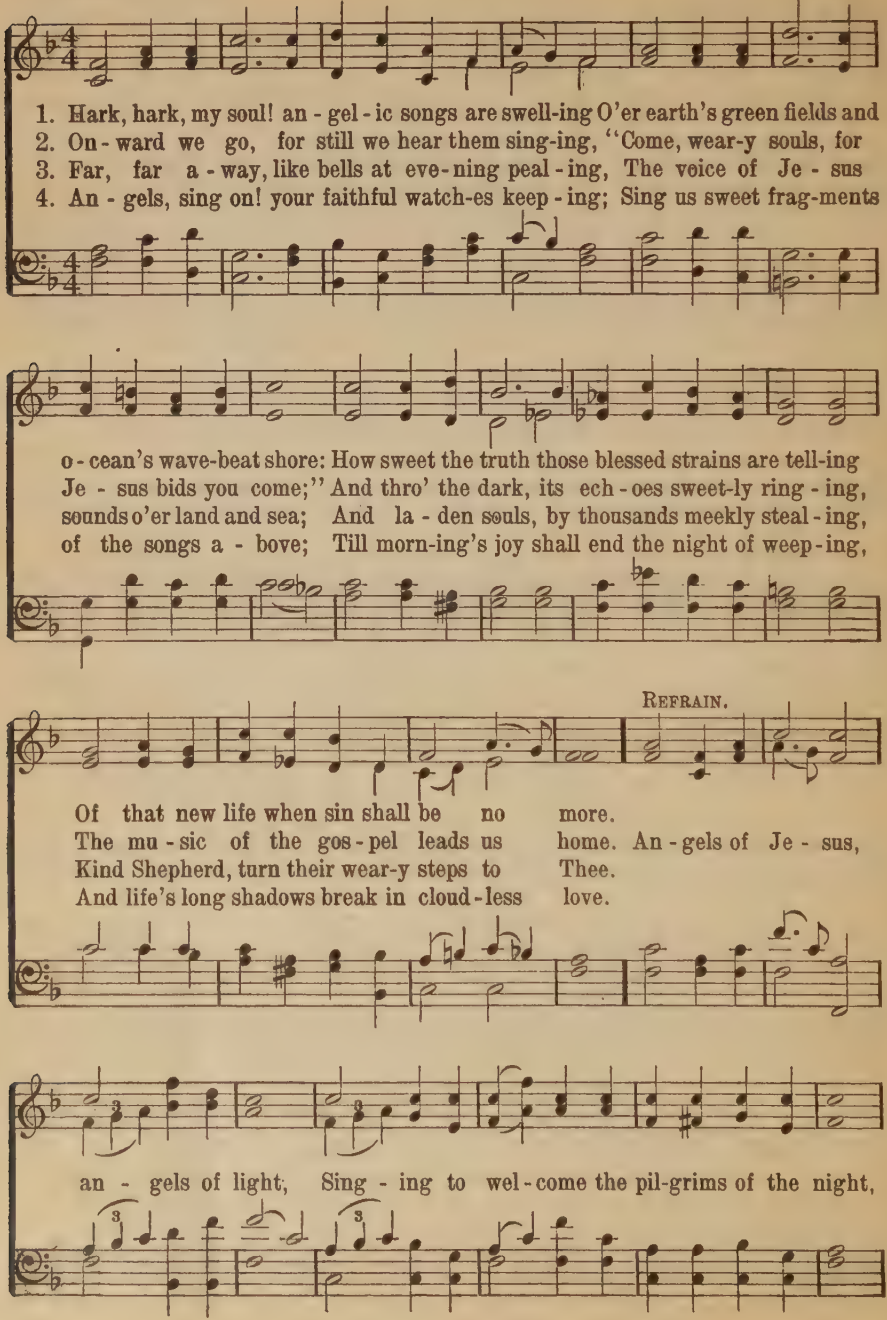
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

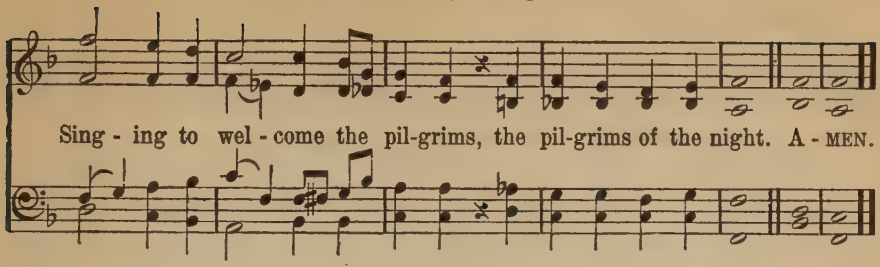

1. O sweet is the sto-ry of Je-sus, The won-der-ful Sav-ior of men,
2. He came from the brightest of glo-ry; His blood as a ran-som He gave,
3. His mer-cy flows on like a riv-er; His love is un-meas-ured and free;
Who suf-fered and died for the sin-ner,—I'll tell it a-gain and a-gain!
To pur-chase e-ter-nal re-demp-tion; And O, He is might-y to save!
His grace is for-ev-er suf-fi-cient, It reach-es and pu-ri-fies me.
Chorus.
O won - - der-ful, won-der-ful sto - ry, The dear - - est that
O won-der-ful sto - - ry, O won-der-ful sto-ry, The dear-est that ev- - -
ev-er was told; . . . I'll re-peat it in glo - - ry, The won-der-ful
er, that ev-er was told; I'll re-peat it in glo-ry, The
rit.
sto - ry, Where I . . . shall His beau-ty be-hold. . . . A-men.
won-der-ful sto-ry, Where I shall His beau - ty, His beau-ty be-hold.

213 Hark, Hark, My Soul.

Frederick W. Faber. J. B. Dykes.

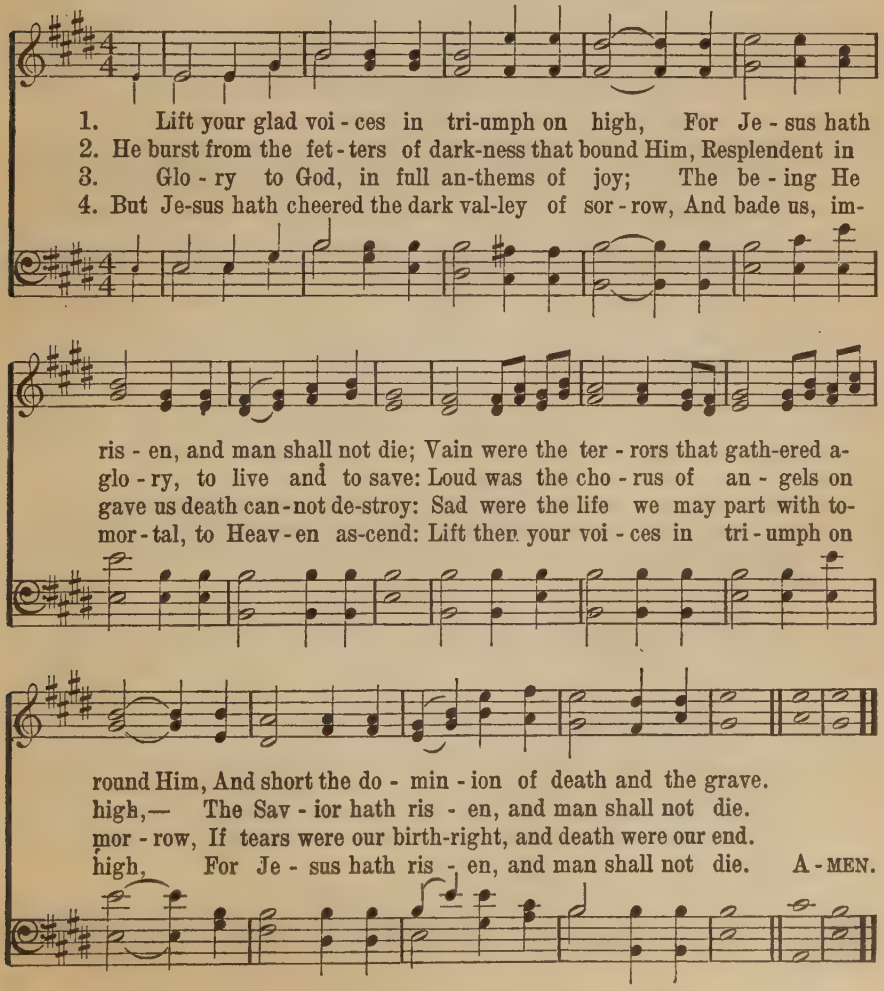

1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields and
2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing-ing, "Come, wear-y souls, for
3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus
4. An - gels, sing on! your faithful watch-es keep - ing; Sing us sweet frag-ments
o - cean's wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing
Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweet-ly ring - ing,
sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls, by thousands meekly steal - ing,
of the songs a - bove; Till morn-ing's joy shall end the night of weep-ing,
REFRAIN.
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home. An - gels of Je - sus,
Kind Shepherd, turn their wear-y steps to Thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloud - less love.
an - gels of light, Sing - ing to wel - come the pil-grims of the night,

Hark, Hark, My Soul.



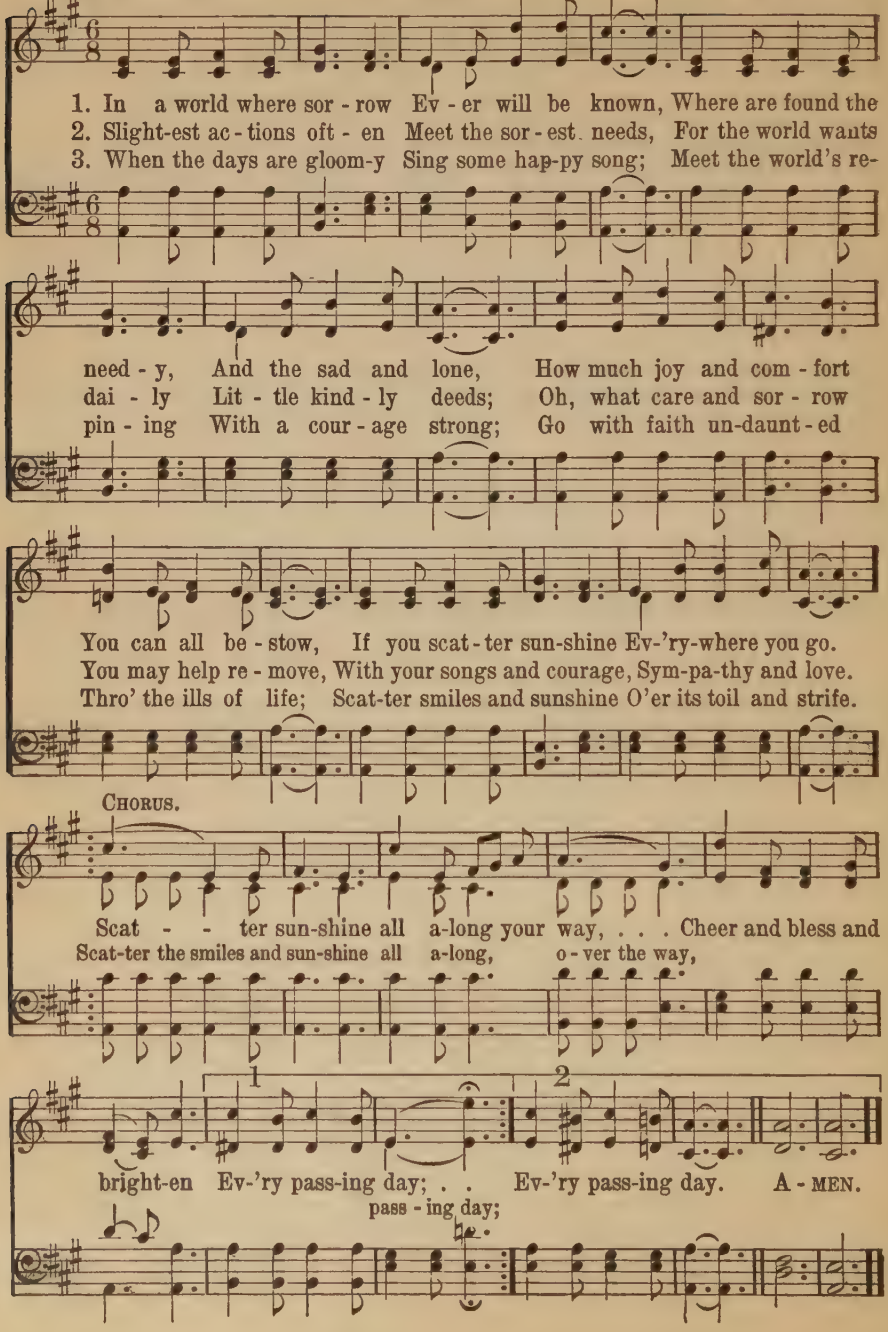
214 Lift Your Glad Voices.

Henry Ware, Jr. *Resurrection. 10. 11. 12.* John Edgar Gould.


1. Lift your glad voi - ces in tri-umph on high, For Je - sus hath
2. He burst from the fet - ters of dark-ness that bound Him, Resplendent in
3. Glo - ry to God, in full an-thems of joy; The be - ing He
4. But Je-sus hath cheered the dark val-ley of sor - row, And bade us, im-
ris - en, and man shall not die; Vain were the ter - rors that gath-ered a-
glo - ry, to live and to save: Loud was the cho - rus of an - gels on
gave us death can - not de-stroy: Sad were the life we may part with to-
mor - tal, to Heav - en as-cend: Lift then your voi - ces in tri - umph on
round Him, And short the do - min - ion of death and the grave.
high,— The Sav - ior hath ris - en, and man shall not die.
mor - row, If tears were our birth-right, and death were our end.
high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die. A - MEN.

215 Scatter Sunshine.

Lanta Wilson Smith. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. In a world where sor - row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slight-est ac - tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hap-py song; Meet the world's re-
need - y, And the sad and lone, How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un-daunt - ed
You can all be - stow, If you scat - ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re - move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.
CHORUS.
Scat - - ter sun-shine all a-long your way, . . . Cheer and bless and
Scat-ter the smiles and sun-shine all a-long, o - ver the way,
1
2
bright-en Ev-'ry pass-ing day; . . Ev-'ry pass-ing day. A - MEN.
pass - ing day;

216 'Tis Sweet to Know.

W. L. T.

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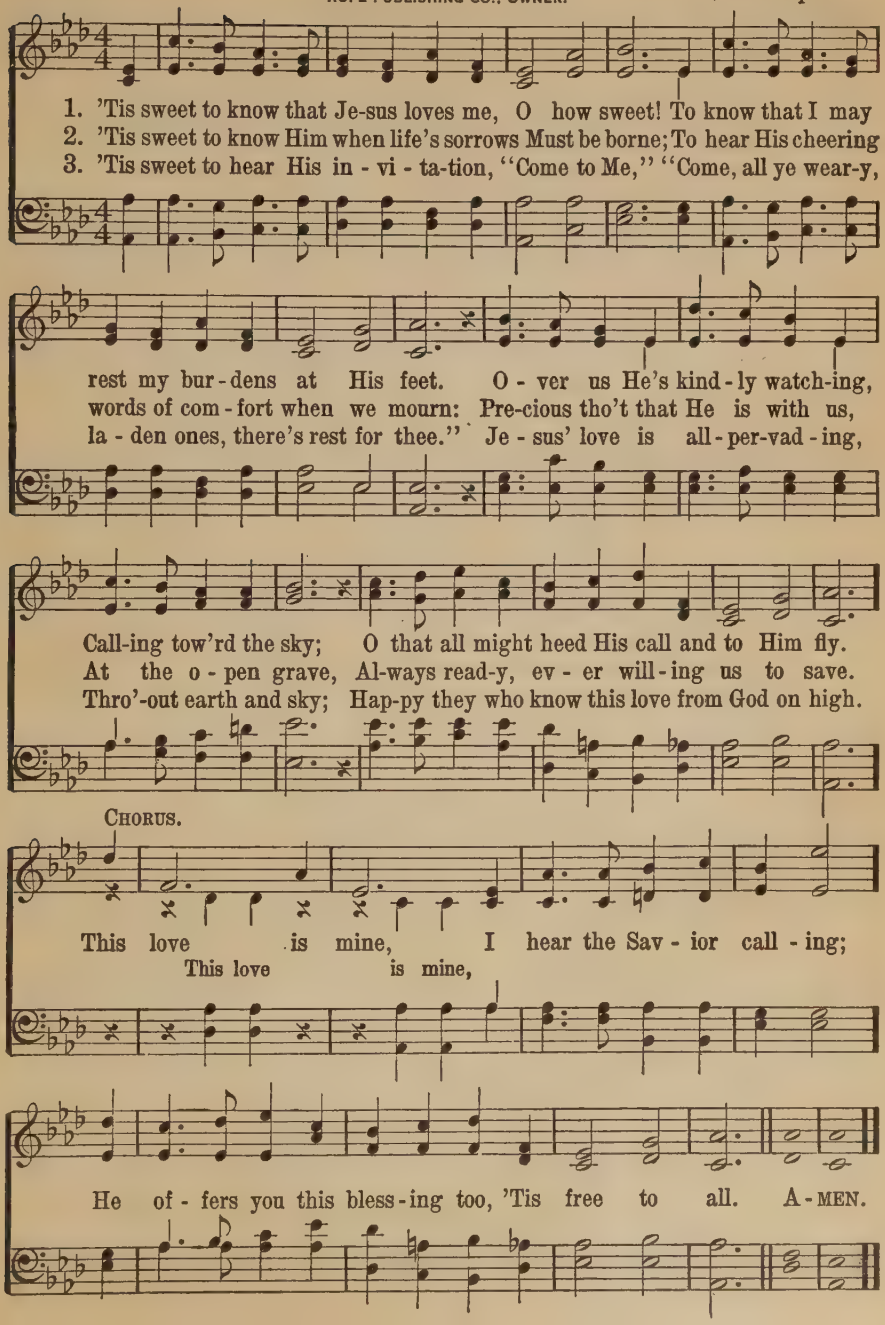
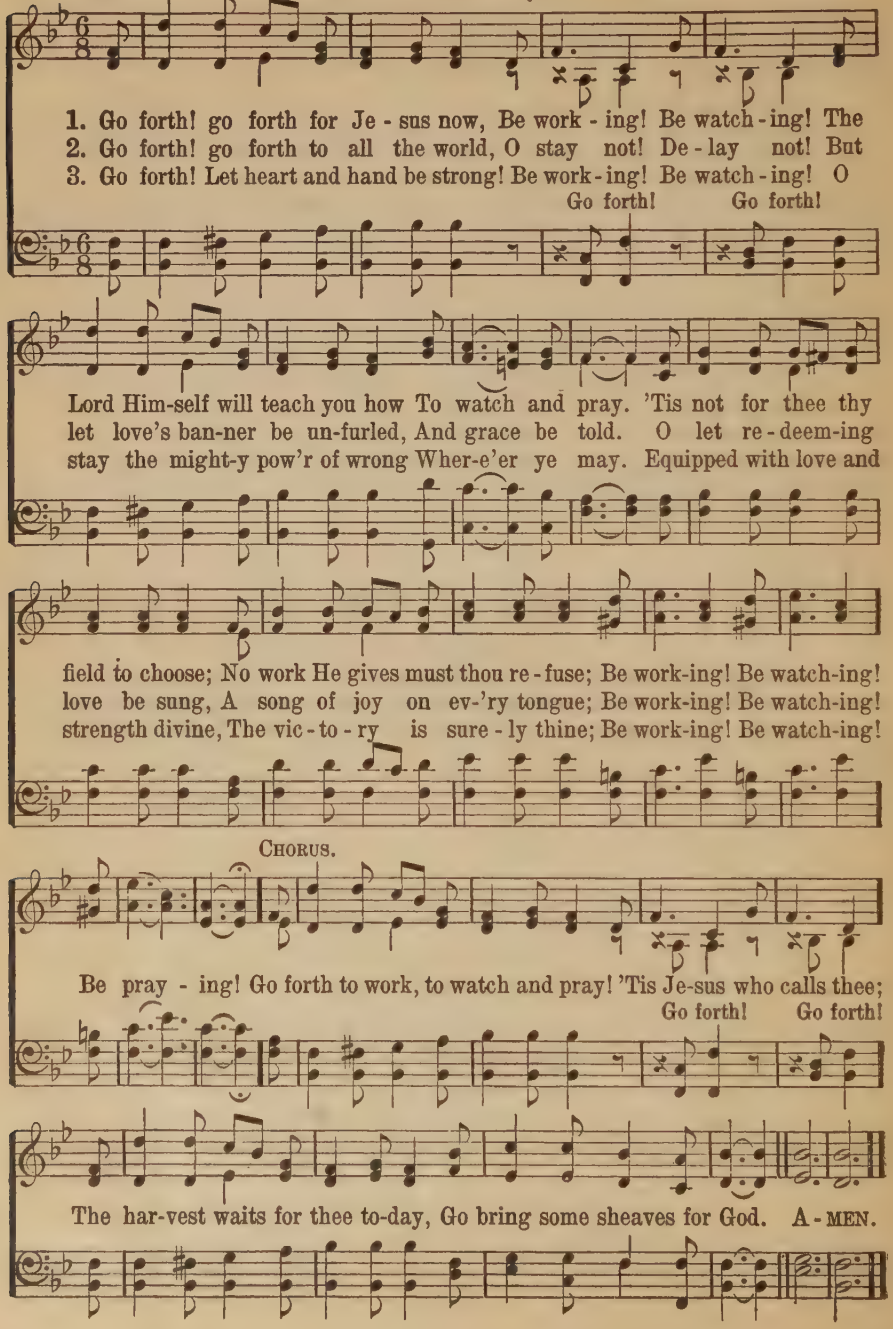
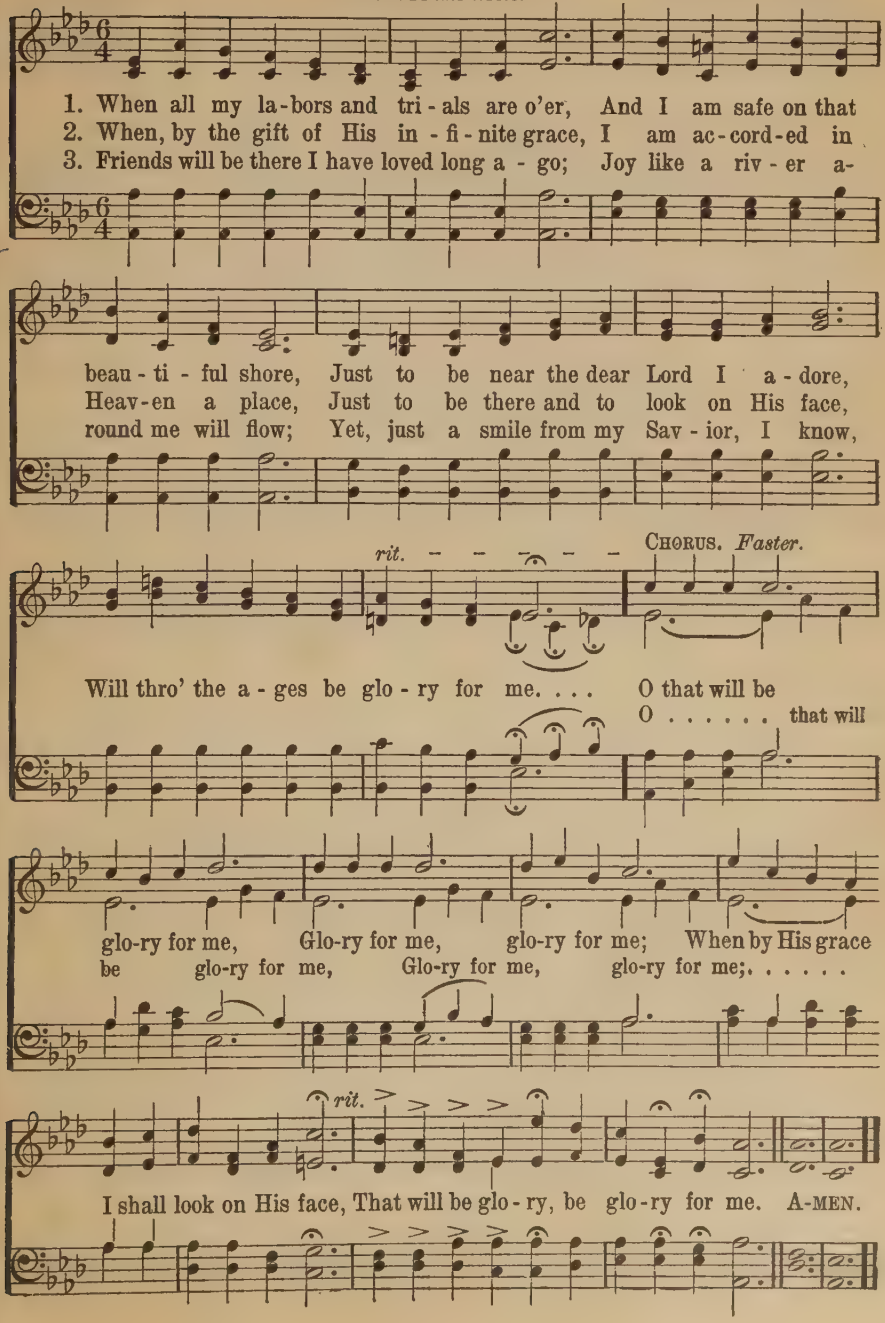

1. 'Tis sweet to know that Je-sus loves me, O how sweet! To know that I may
2. 'Tis sweet to know Him when life's sorrows Must be borne; To hear His cheering
3. 'Tis sweet to hear His in - vi - ta-tion, "Come to Me," "Come, all ye wear-y,
rest my bur-dens at His feet. O - ver us He's kind-ly watch-ing,
words of com-fort when we mourn: Pre-cious tho't that He is with us,
la - den ones, there's rest for thee." Je - sus' love is all-per-vad - ing,
Call-ing tow'rd the sky; O that all might heed His call and to Him fly.
At the o - pen grave, Al-ways read-y, ev - er will-ing us to save.
Thro'-out earth and sky; Hap-py they who know this love from God on high.
CHORUS.
This love is mine, I hear the Sav - ior call - ing;
This love is mine,
He of - fers you this bless-ing too, 'Tis free to all. A-MEN.

217 Working, Watching, Praying.

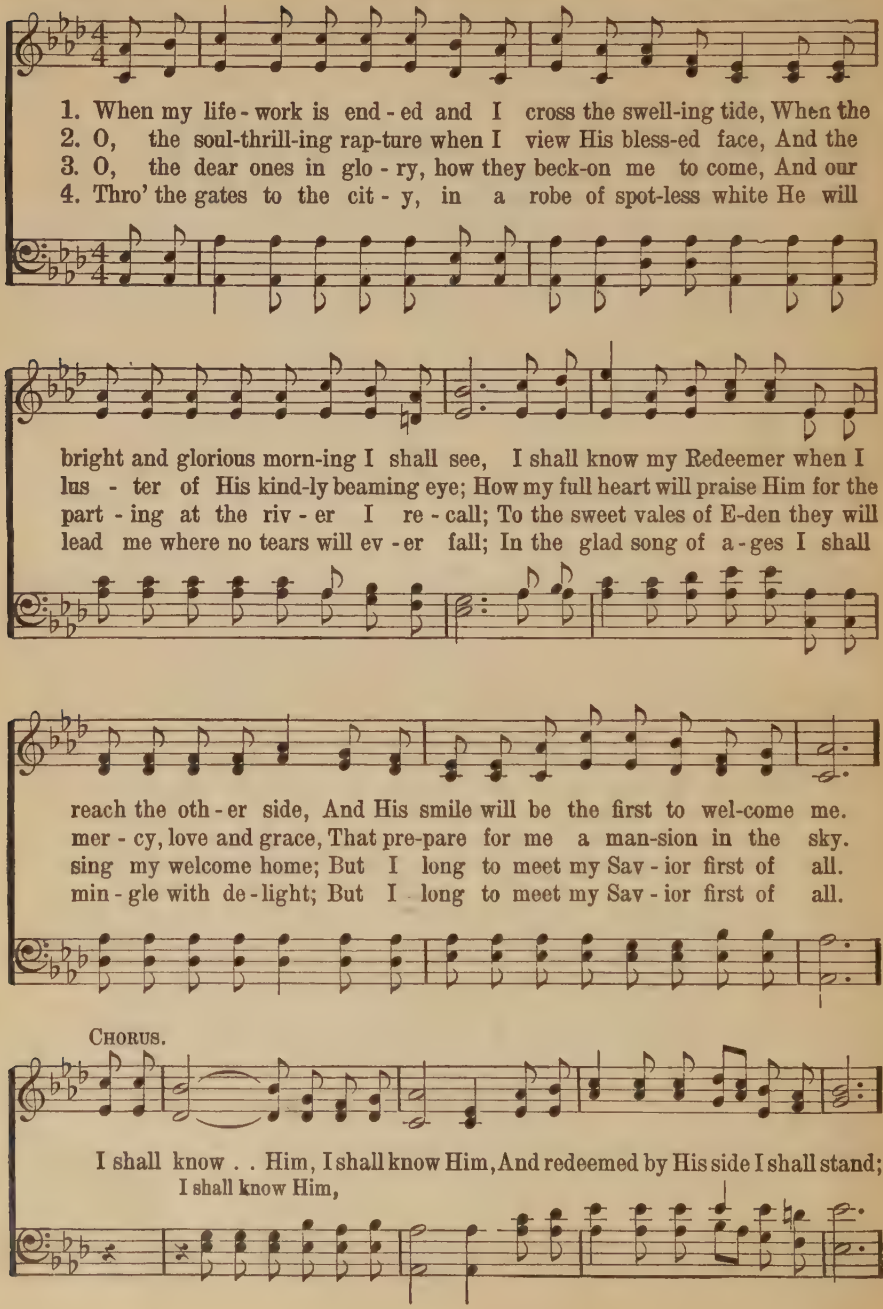
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY POWELL G. FITHIAN. USED BY PERMISSION. Powell G. Fithian.

1. Go forth! go forth for Je - sus now, Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! The
2. Go forth! go forth to all the world, O stay not! De - lay not! But
3. Go forth! Let heart and hand be strong! Be work - ing! Be watch - ing! O
Go forth! Go forth!
Lord Him-self will teach you how To watch and pray. 'Tis not for thee thy
let love's ban-ner be un-furled, And grace be told. O let re - deem-ing
stay the might-y pow'r of wrong Wher-e'er ye may. Equipped with love and
field to choose; No work He gives must thou re - fuse; Be work-ing! Be watch-ing!
love be sung, A song of joy on ev-'ry tongue; Be work-ing! Be watch-ing!
strength divine, The vic - to - ry is sure - ly thine; Be work-ing! Be watch-ing!
CHORUS.
Be pray - ing! Go forth to work, to watch and pray! 'Tis Je-sus who calls thee;
Go forth! Go forth!
The har-vest waits for thee to-day, Go bring some sheaves for God. A - MEN.

218 O That Will Be Glory.

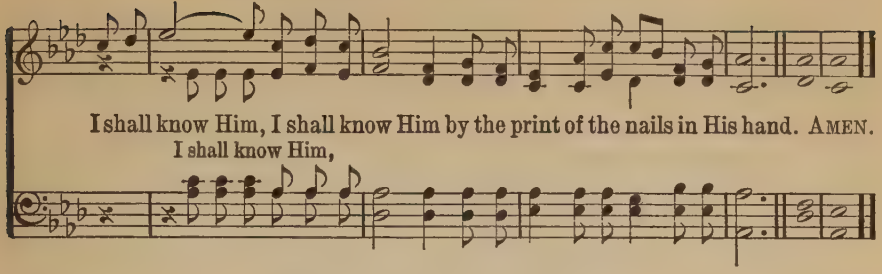
C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-
beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,
Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,
rit.
CHORUS. Faster.
Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will
glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; . . . . .
rit.
I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me. A-MEN.

219 My Savior First of All.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. When my life-work is end-ed and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. O, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. O, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y, in a robe of spot-less white He will
bright and glorious morn-ing I shall see, I shall know my Redeemer when I
lus-ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall
reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
mer-cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
CHORUS.
I shall know . . Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,

My Savior First of All.



220 Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps.

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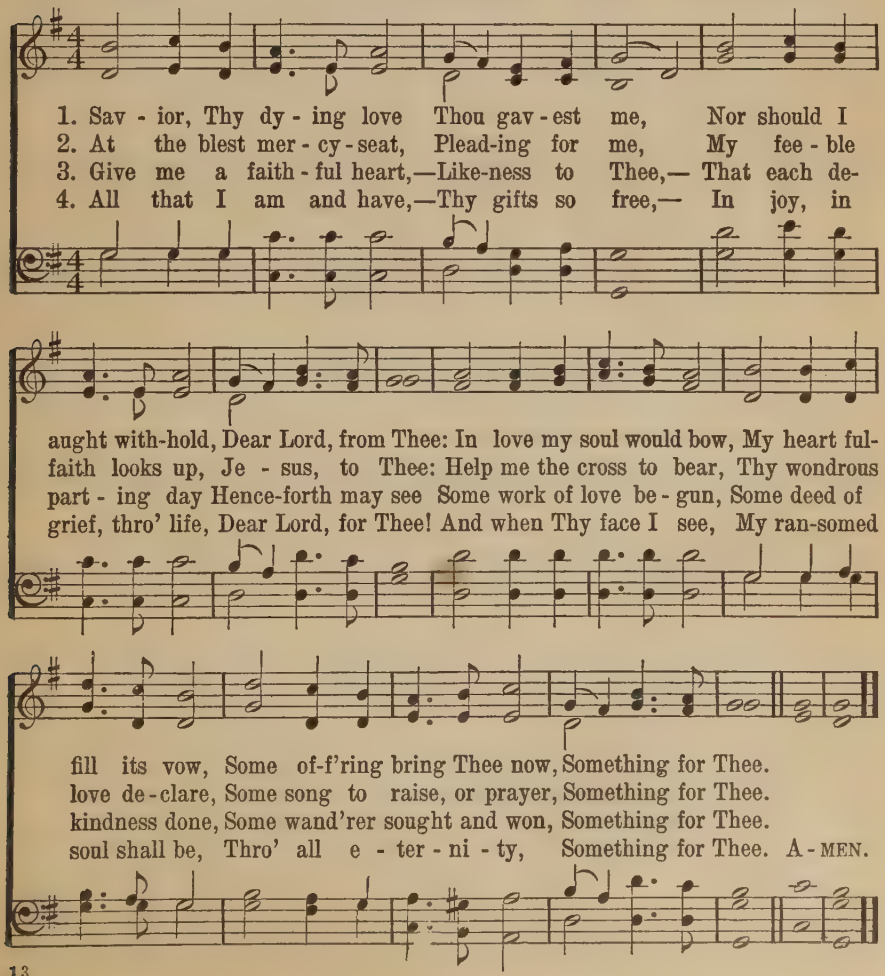
1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart,—Like-ness to Thee,— That each de-
4. All that I am and have,—Thy gifts so free,— In joy, in
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous
part - ing day Hence-forth may see Some work of love be - gun, Some deed of
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see, My ran-somed
fill its vow, Some of-f'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
love de - clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee. A - MEN.

221 Count Your Blessings.

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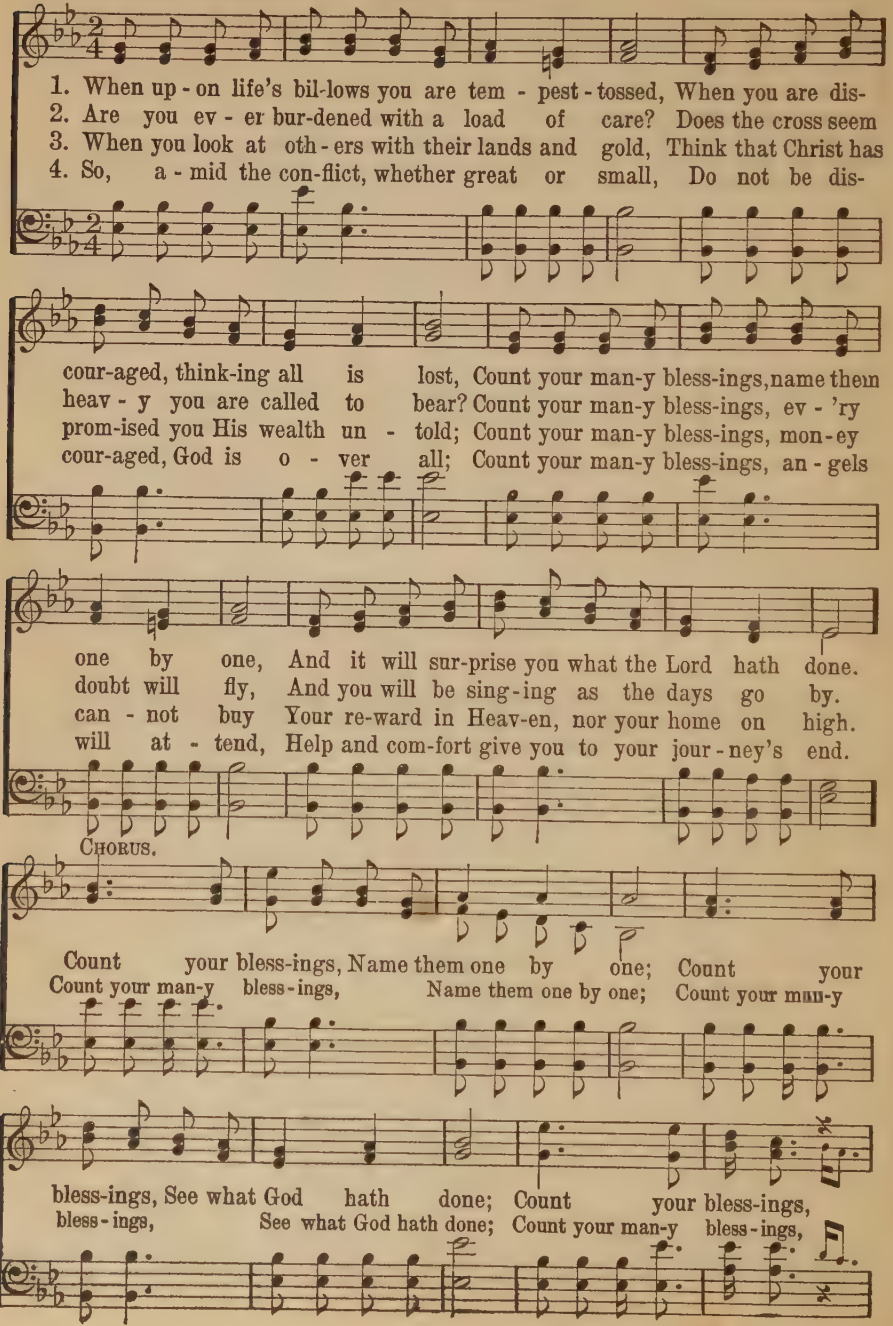
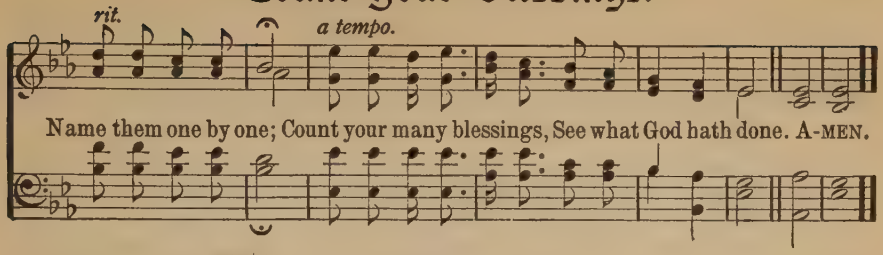
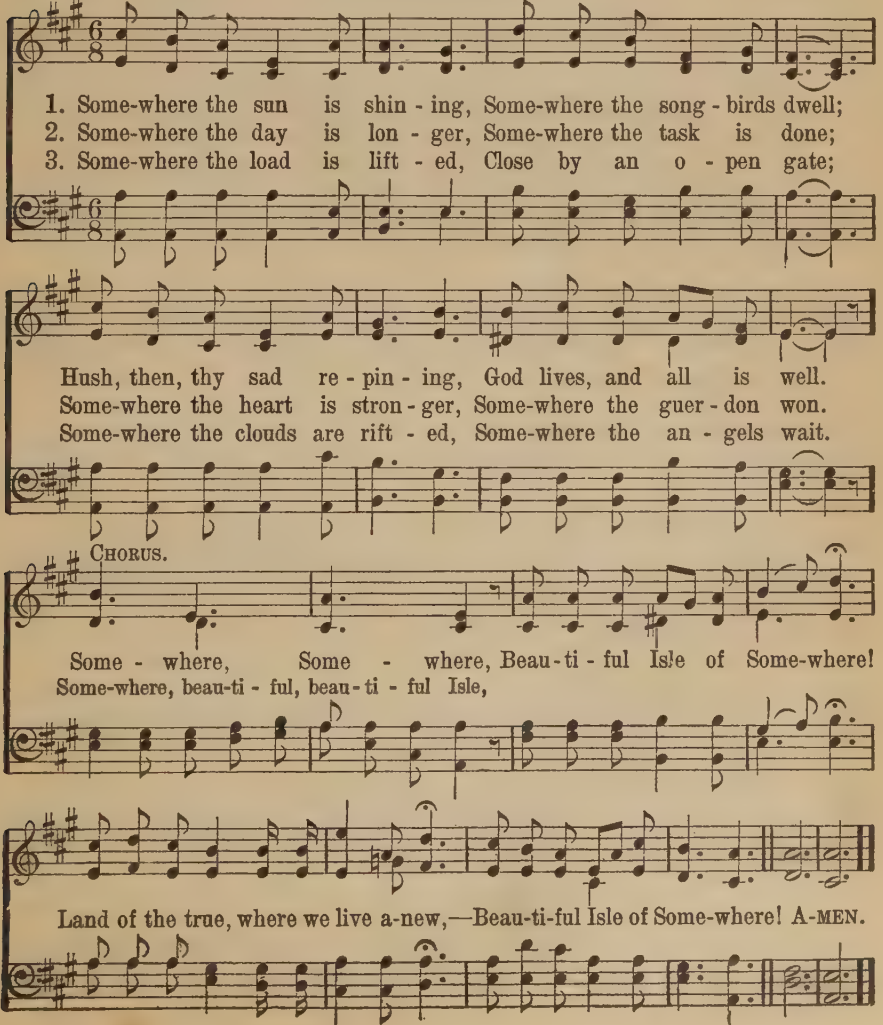

1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them
2. Are you ev - er bur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev - 'ry
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey
4. So, a - mid the con-flict, whether great or small, Do not be dis-
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels
one by one, And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
doubt will fly, And you will be sing-ing as the days go by.
can - not buy Your re-ward in Heav-en, nor your home on high.
will at - tend, Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.
CHORUS.
Count your bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y
bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your bless-ings,
bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your man-y bless - ings,

Count Your Blessings.



222 Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Fearis.


1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;
Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer - don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.
CHORUS.
Some - where, Some - where, Beau - ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,
Land of the true, where we live a-new,—Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where! A-MEN.

223 God's Promise is Enough For Me.

C. H. M.

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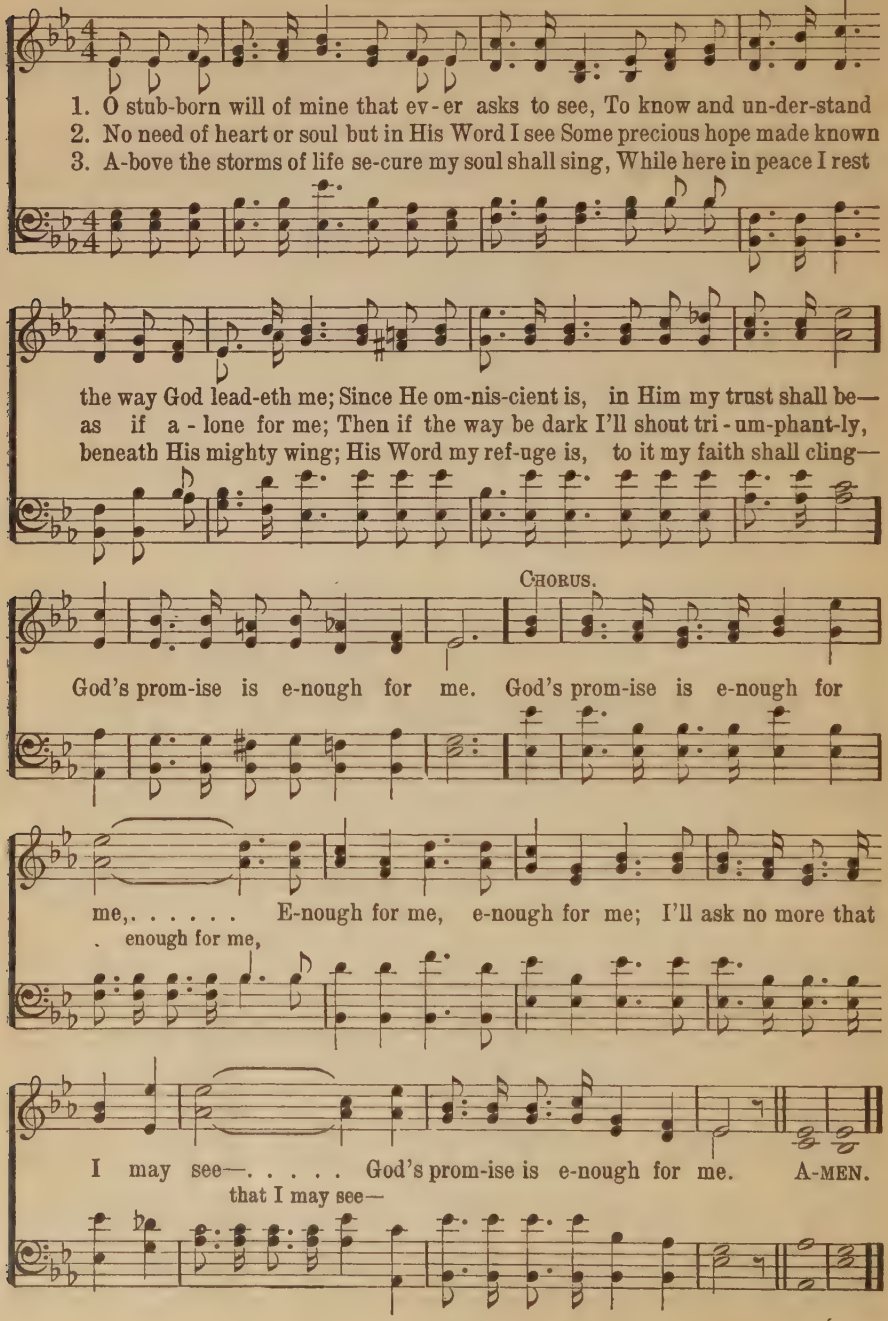
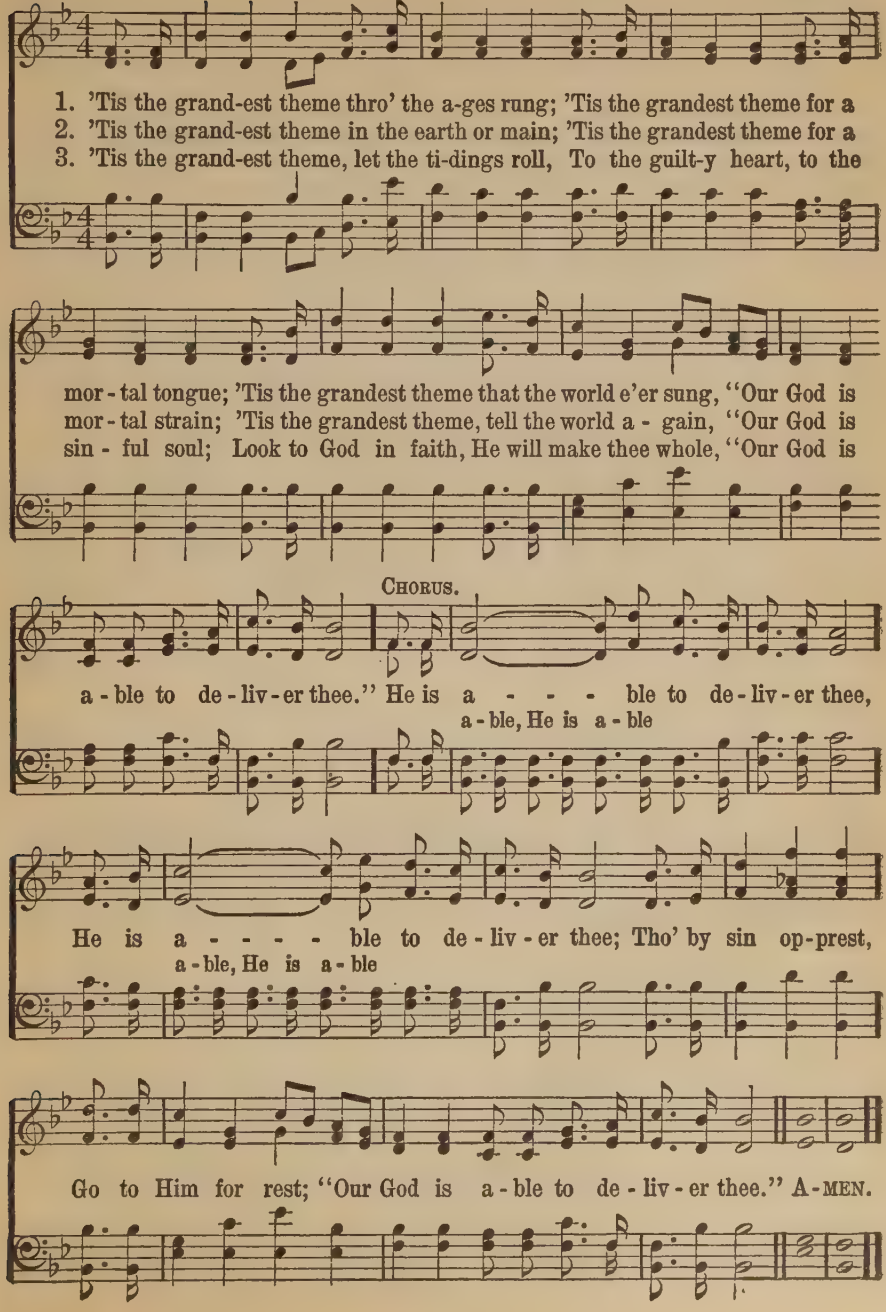
Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. O stub-born will of mine that ev-er asks to see, To know and un-der-stand
2. No need of heart or soul but in His Word I see Some precious hope made known
3. A-bove the storms of life se-cure my soul shall sing, While here in peace I rest
the way God lead-eth me; Since He om-nis-cient is, in Him my trust shall be—
as if a-lone for me; Then if the way be dark I'll shout tri-um-phant-ly,
beneath His mighty wing; His Word my ref-uge is, to it my faith shall cling—
CHORUS.
God's prom-ise is e-nough for me. God's prom-ise is e-nough for
me,. . . . . E-nough for me, e-nough for me; I'll ask no more that
. enough for me,
I may see—. . . . . God's prom-ise is e-nough for me. A-MEN.
that I may see—

224 He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY MRS. W. A. OGDEN. RENEWAL. W. A. Ogden.


1. 'Tis the grand-est theme thro' the a-ges rung; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
2. 'Tis the grand-est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grandest theme for a
3. 'Tis the grand-est theme, let the ti-dings roll, To the guilt-y heart, to the
mor - tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung, "Our God is
mor - tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain, "Our God is
sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole, "Our God is
Chorus.
a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee,
a - ble, He is a - ble
He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest,
a - ble, He is a - ble
Go to Him for rest; "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." A - men.

225 More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas-ter I would ev-er be, More of His meek-ness,
2. More like the Mas-ter is my dai-ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas-ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu-mil-i-ty; More zeal to la-bor, more cour-age to be true,
cross-es I must bear; More ear-nest ef-fort to bring His kingdom in;
oth-ers I would show; More self-de-ni-al, like His in Gal-i-lee.

CHORUS.

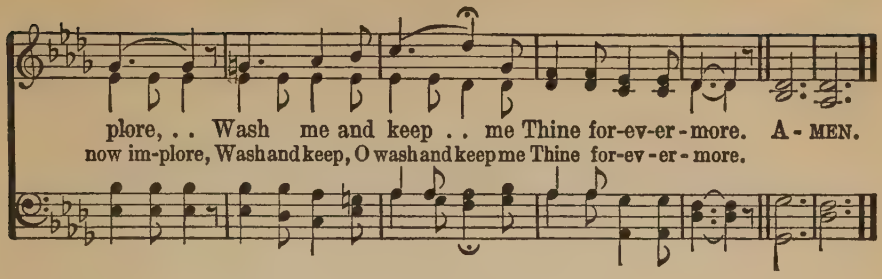
rit.

More con-se-cra-tion for work He bids me do. . . . . Take Thou my
More of His Spir-it, the wan-der-er to win. . . . .
More like the Mas-ter I long to ev-er be. . . . . Take my heart, O

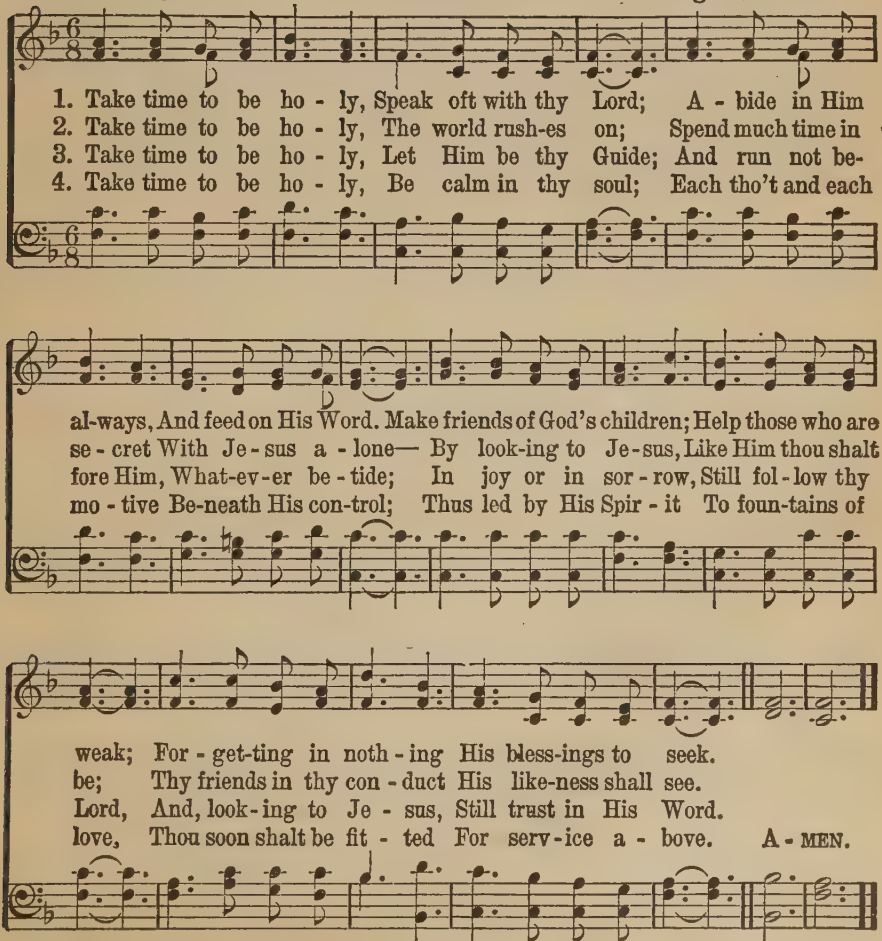
heart, . . I would be Thine a-lone; . . Take Thou my heart . . and
take my heart, I would be Thine a-lone; Take my heart, O take my heart and

make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . . O Lord, I now im-
make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev'ry sin, O Lord, I

More Like the Master.



226 Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. Longstaff. COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. George C. Stebbins.

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in Him
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush-es on; Spend much time in
3. Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide; And run not be-
4. Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul; Each tho't and each
al-ways, And feed on His Word. Make friends of God's children; Help those who are
se - cret With Je - sus a - lone— By look-ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt
fore Him, What-ev-er be - tide; In joy or in sor - row, Still fol - low thy
mo - tive Be-neath His con-trol; Thus led by His Spir - it To foun-tains of
weak; For - get-ting in noth - ing His bless-ings to seek.
be; Thy friends in thy con - duct His like-ness shall see.
Lord, And, look-ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
love, Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv-ice a - bove. A-MEN.

227 Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt

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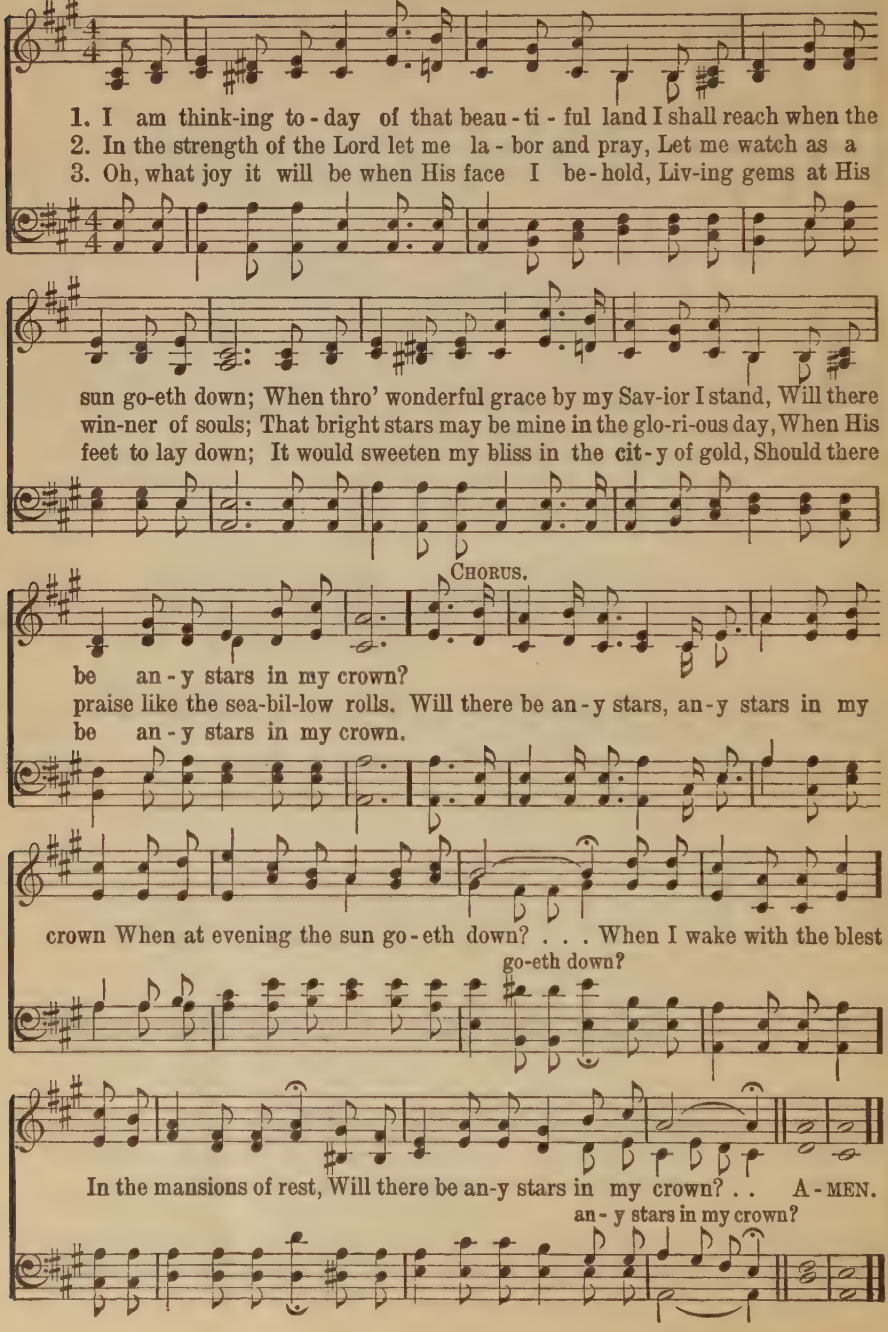
Jno. R. Sweney.

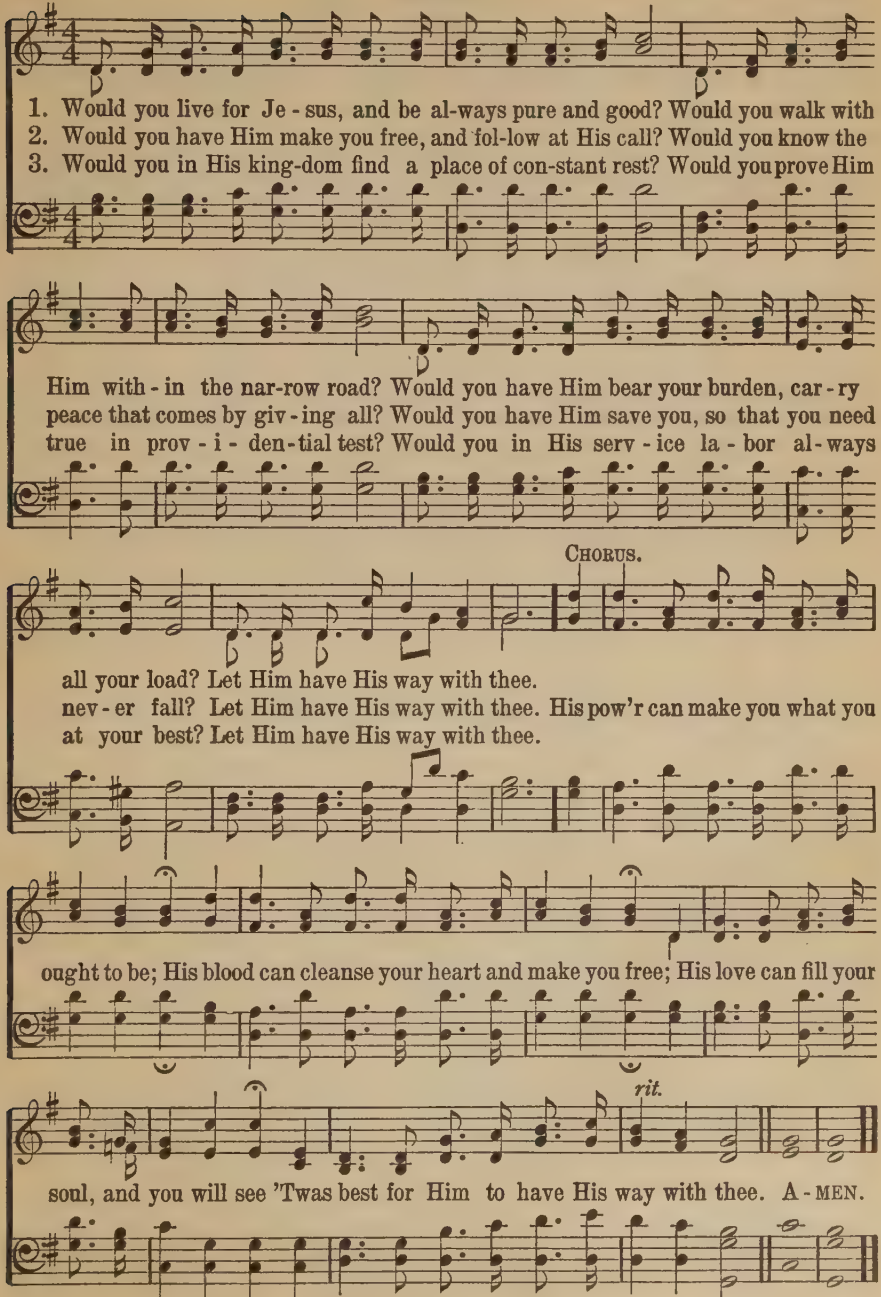

1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His
sun go-eth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Sav-ior I stand, Will there
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day, When His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there
CHORUS.
be an-y stars in my crown?
praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y stars in my
be an-y stars in my crown.
crown When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I wake with the blest
go-eth down?
In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown? . . A-MEN.
an-y stars in my crown?

228 His Way With Thee.

C. S. N.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.

Cyrus S. Nusbaum.


1. Would you live for Je - sus, and be al-ways pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and fol-low at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His king-dom find a place of con-stant rest? Would you prove Him
Him with - in the nar-row road? Would you have Him bear your burden, car - ry
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that you need
true in prov - i - den-tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor al-ways
CHORUS.
all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you what you
at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.
ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can fill your
rit.
soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee. A - MEN.

229 The Hand that was Wounded for Me.

Hattie H. Pierson
and Fred P. Morris.

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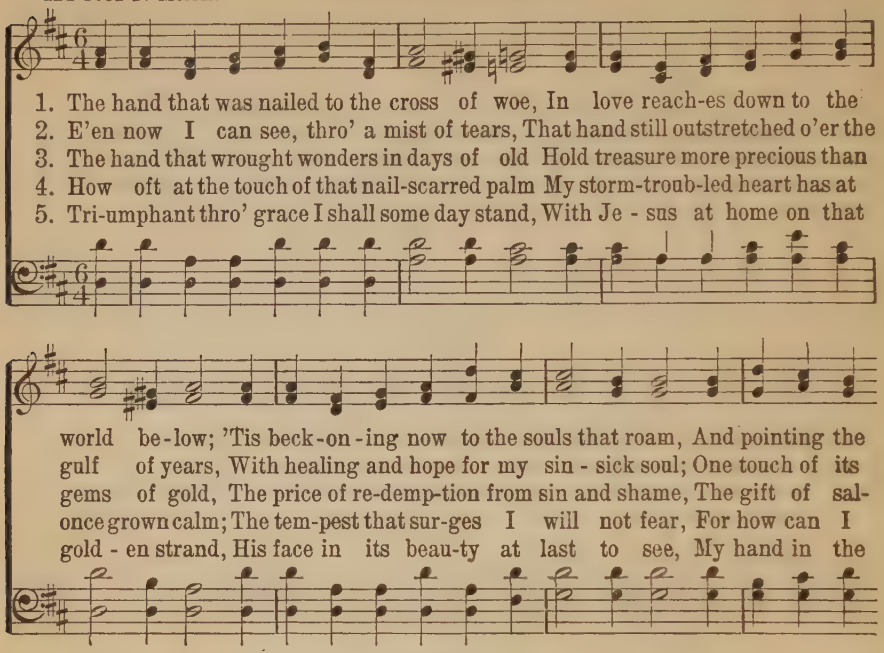
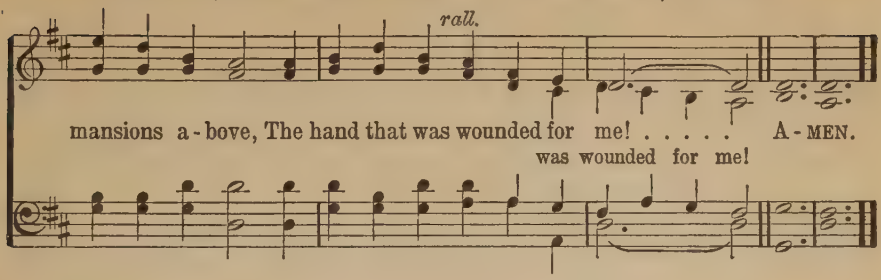
D. B. Towner.

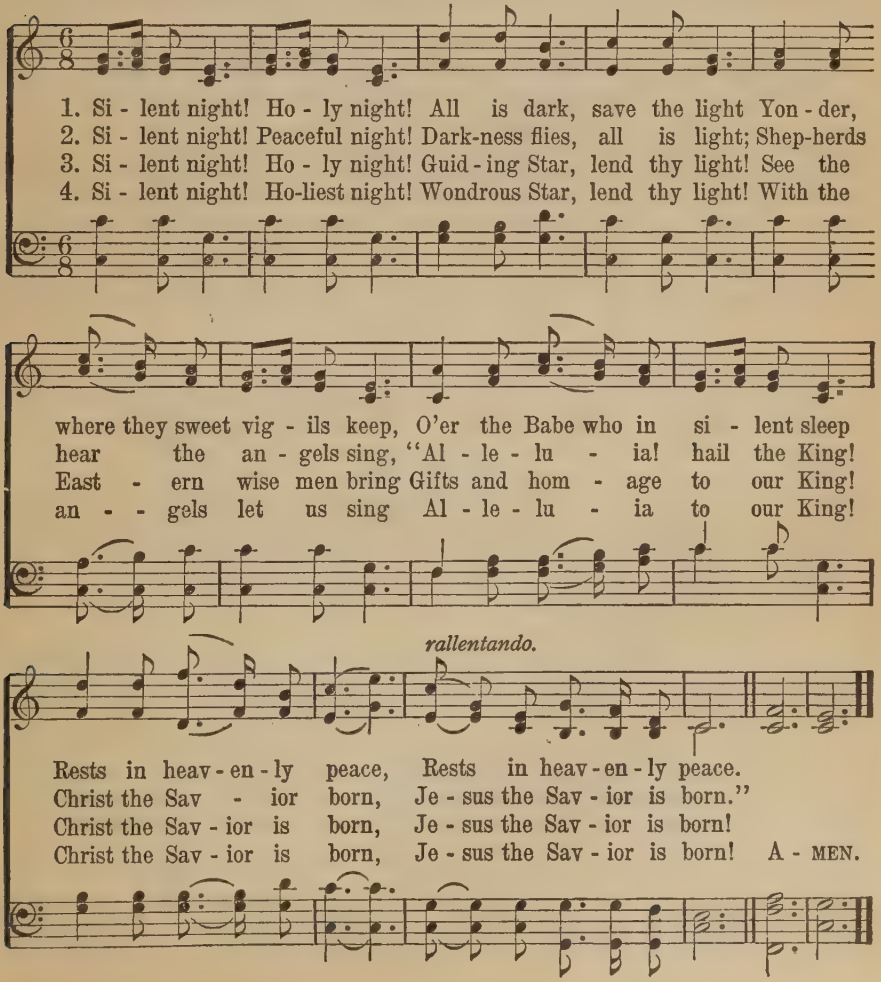

1. The hand that was nailed to the cross of woe, In love reach-es down to the
2. E'en now I can see, thro' a mist of tears, That hand still outstretched o'er the
3. The hand that wrought wonders in days of old Hold treasure more precious than
4. How oft at the touch of that nail-scarred palm My storm-troub-led heart has at
5. Tri-umphant thro' grace I shall some day stand, With Je - sus at home on that
world be-low; 'Tis beck-on-ing now to the souls that roam, And pointing the
gulf of years, With healing and hope for my sin - sick soul; One touch of its
gems of gold, The price of re-demp-tion from sin and shame, The gift of sal-
once grown calm; The tem-pest that sur-ges I will not fear, For how can I
gold - en strand, His face in its beau-ty at last to see, My hand in the
Chorus.
way to the heav'n-ly home.
fin - ger will make me whole.
va - tion thro' Je-sus' name. The hand of my Sav - ior I see, ...
sink while that hand is near?
hand that was pierced for me.
my Sav-ior I see,
I see, I see,
The hand that was wounded for me: . . . . 'Twill lead me in love to the
was wound-ed for me:
for me:

The Hand that was Wounded for Me.



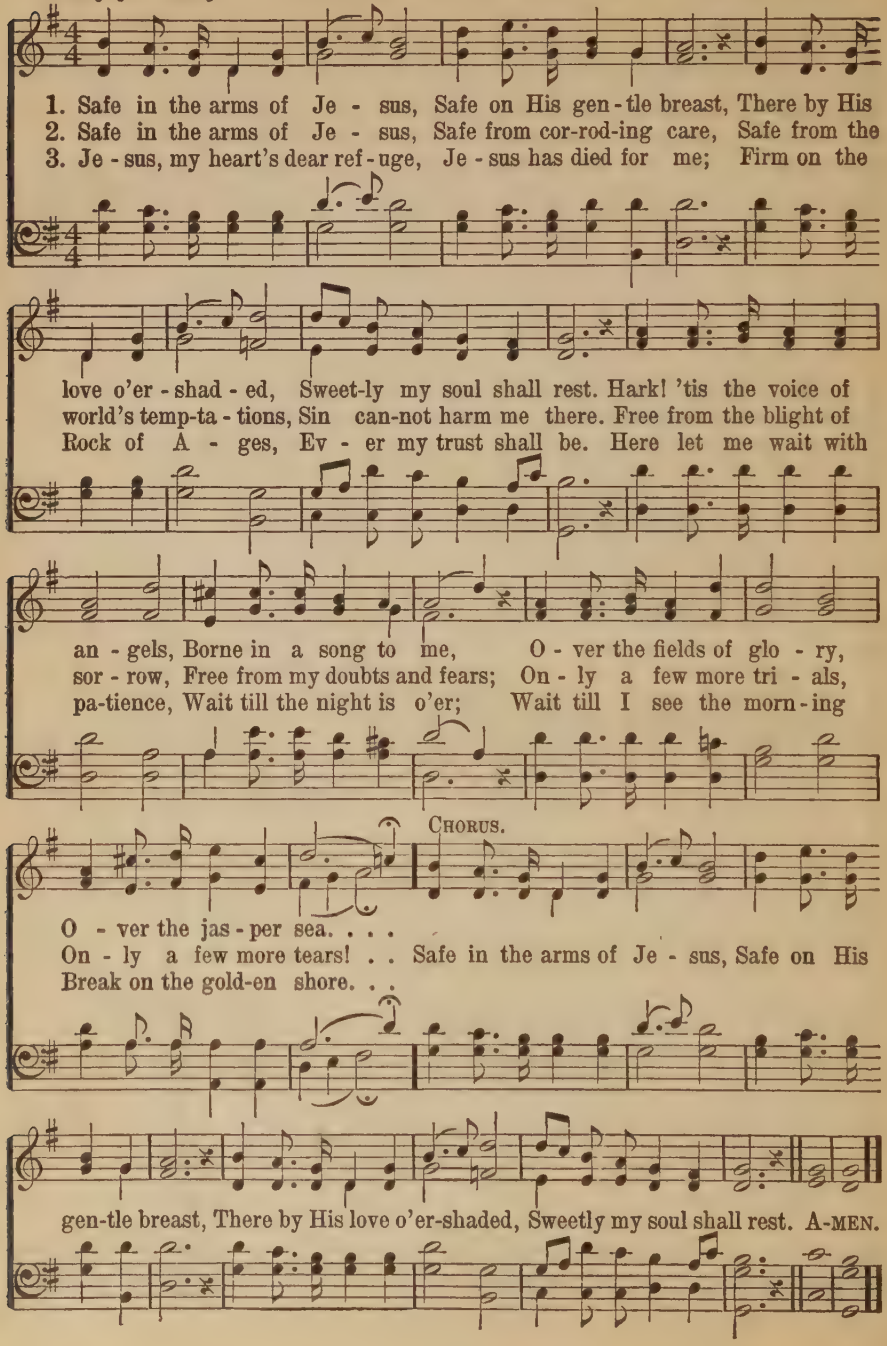
230 Silent Night! Holy Night!

Rev. Joseph Mohr. *Christmas Carol.* Franz Gruber.


1. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! All is dark, save the light Yon - der,
2. Si - lent night! Peaceful night! Dark-ness flies, all is light; Shep-herds
3. Si - lent night! Ho - ly night! Guid - ing Star, lend thy light! See the
4. Si - lent night! Ho-liest night! Wondrous Star, lend thy light! With the
where they sweet vig - ils keep, O'er the Babe who in si - lent sleep
hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
East - ern wise men bring Gifts and hom - age to our King!
an - - gels let us sing Al - le - lu - ia to our King!
rallentando.
Rests in heav - en - ly peace, Rests in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sav - ior born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born."
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born!
Christ the Sav - ior is born, Je - sus the Sav - ior is born! A - MEN.

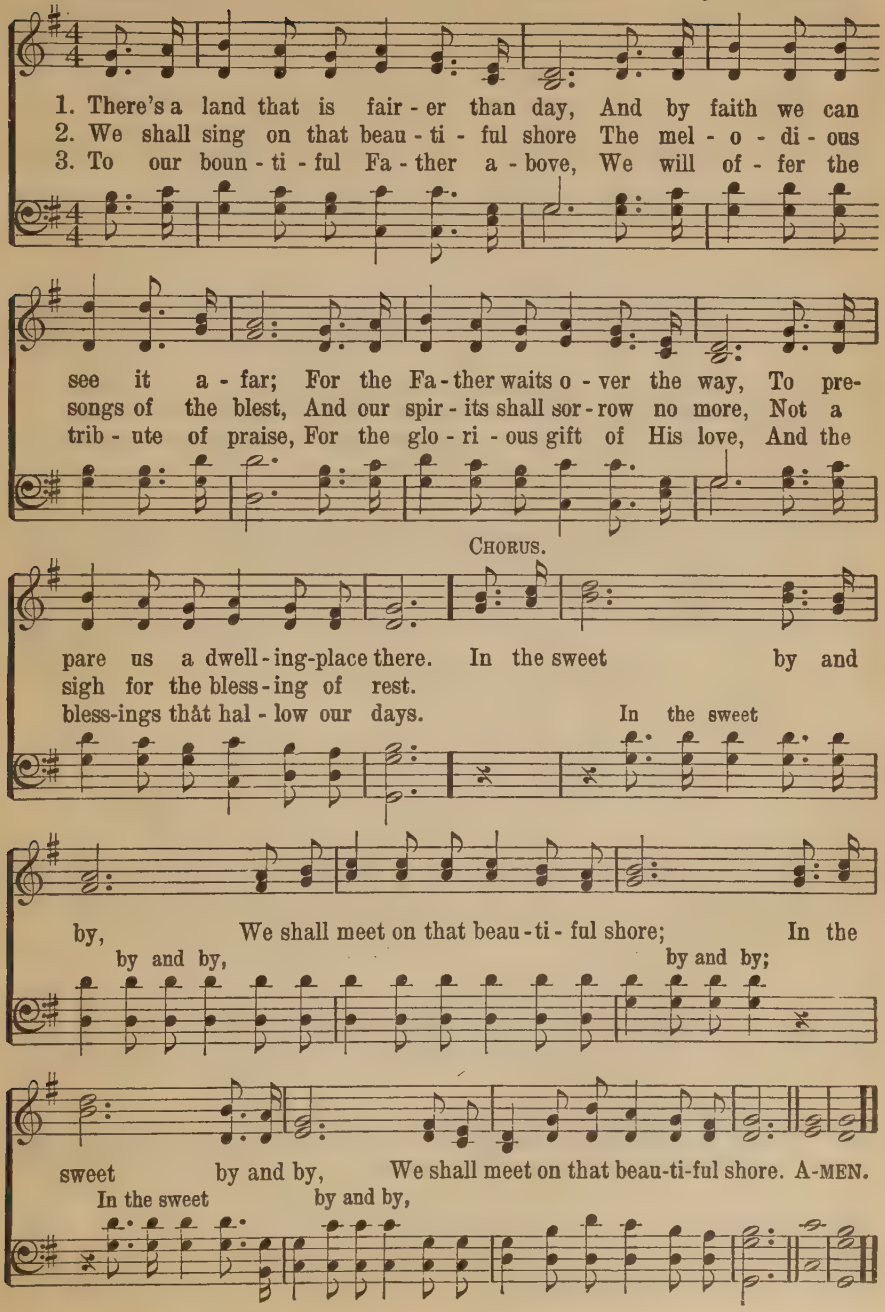
231 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

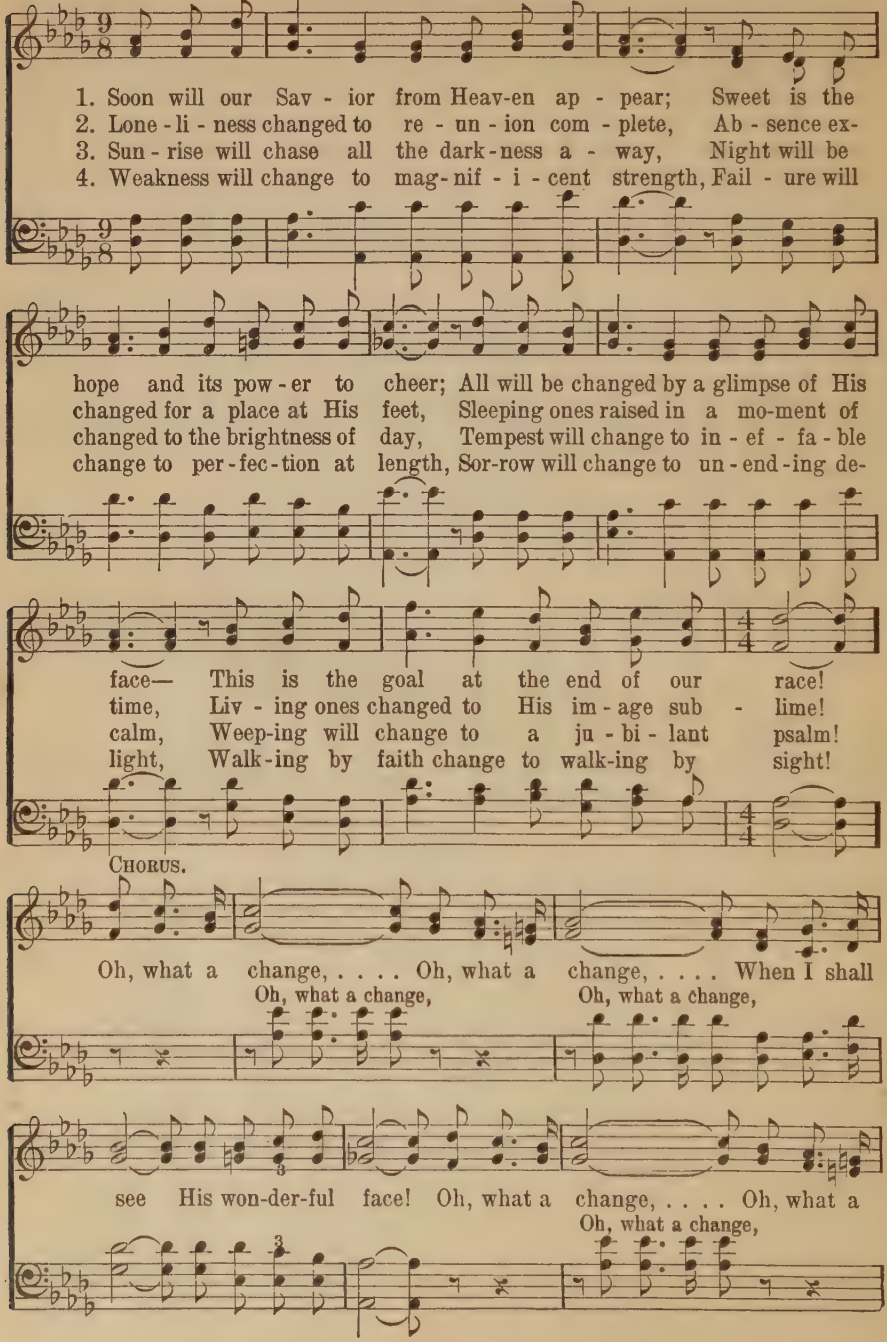

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast, There by His
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor-rod-ing care, Safe from the
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the
love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of
world's temp-ta - tions, Sin can-not harm me there. Free from the blight of
Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with
an - gels, Borne in a song to me, O - ver the fields of glo - ry,
sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als,
pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn - ing
CHORUS.
O - ver the jas - per sea. . . .
On - ly a few more tears! . . Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His
Break on the gold-en shore. . .
gen-tle breast, There by His love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul shall rest. A-MEN.

232 Sweet By and By.

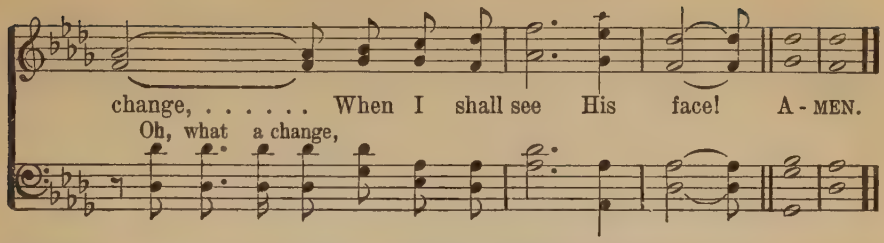
S. F. Bennett. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY JOAN H. WEBSTER. J. P. Webster.


1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the
see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre-
songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a
trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the
CHORUS.
pare us a dwell - ing-place there. In the sweet by and
sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
bless-ings that hal - low our days.
In the sweet
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the
by and by, by and by;
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore. A-MEN.
In the sweet by and by,

233 Oh, What a Change!

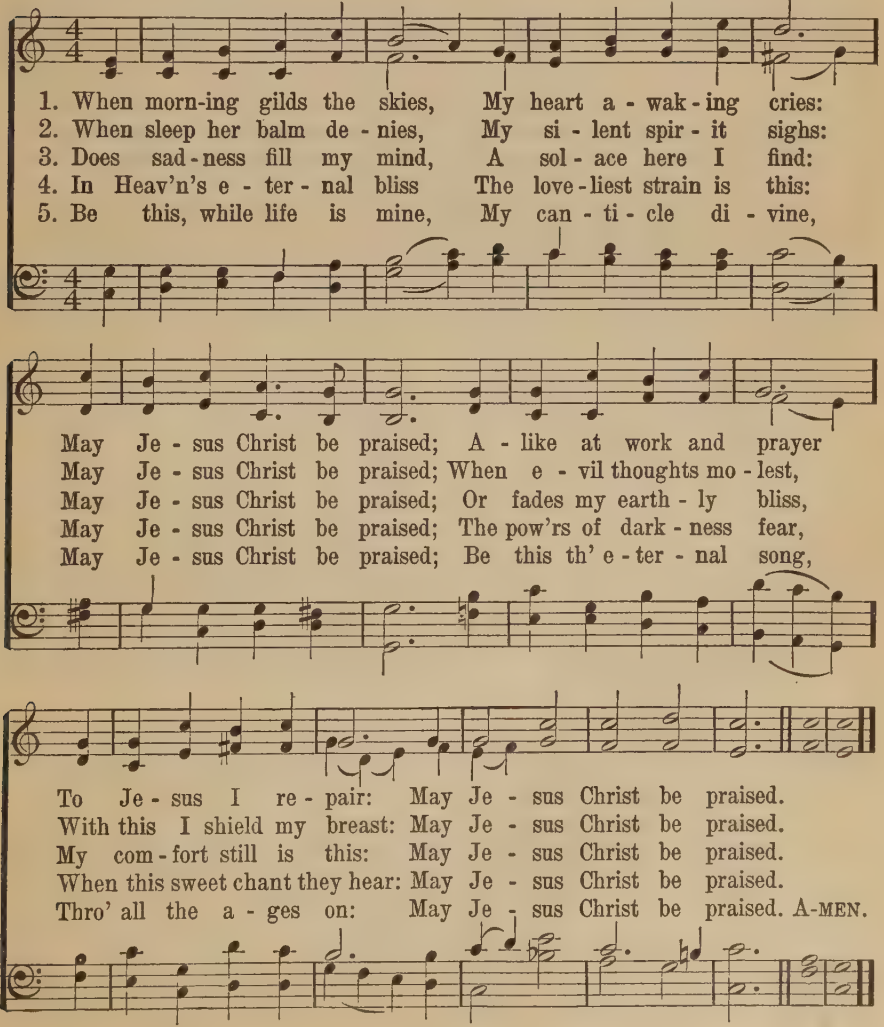
Ada R. Habershon. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Robert Harkness.

1. Soon will our Sav - ior from Heav-en ap - pear; Sweet is the
2. Lone - li - ness changed to re - un - ion com - plete, Ab - sence ex-
3. Sun - rise will chase all the dark - ness a - way, Night will be
4. Weakness will change to mag - nif - i - cent strength, Fail - ure will
hope and its pow - er to cheer; All will be changed by a glimpse of His
changed for a place at His feet, Sleeping ones raised in a mo-ment of
changed to the brightness of day, Tempest will change to in - ef - fa - ble
change to per - fec - tion at length, Sor-row will change to un - end - ing de-
face— This is the goal at the end of our race!
time, Liv - ing ones changed to His im - age sub - lime!
calm, Weep-ing will change to a ju - bi - lant psalm!
light, Walk - ing by faith change to walk - ing by sight!
CHORUS.
Oh, what a change, ... Oh, what a change, ... When I shall
Oh, what a change,
Oh, what a change,
see His won-der-ful face! Oh, what a change, ... Oh, what a
Oh, what a change,

Oh, What a Change!



234 May Jesus Christ Be Praised.

From the German. Sir Joseph Barnby.


1. When morn-ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries:
2. When sleep her balm de - nies, My si - lent spir - it sighs:
3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find:
4. In Heav'n's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this:
5. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work and prayer
May Je - sus Christ be praised; When e - vil thoughts mo - lest,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; The pow'rs of dark - ness fear,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th' e - ter - nal song,
To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
With this I shield my breast: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Thro' all the a - ges on: May Je - sus Christ be praised. A-MEN.

235 Victory Through Grace.

Sallie Martin.

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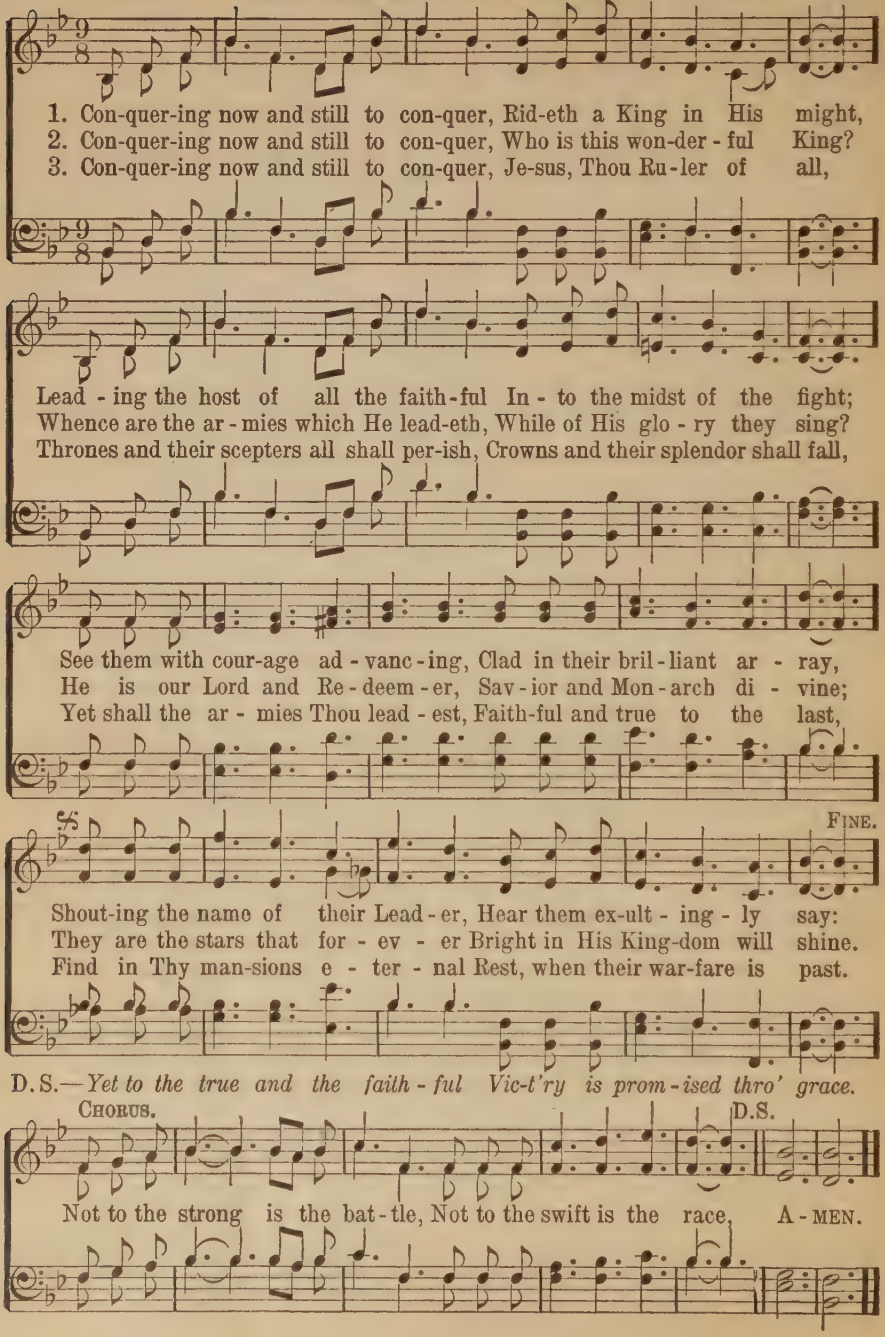
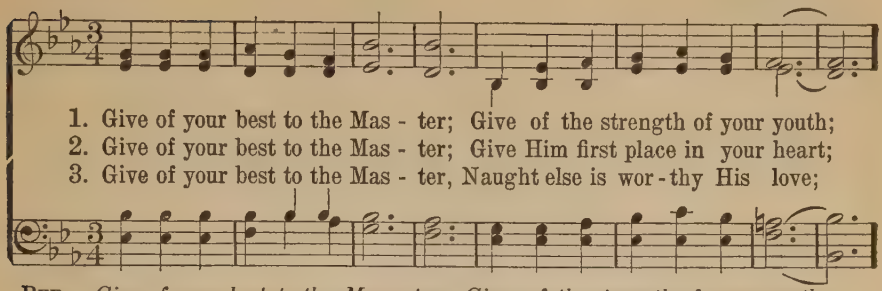
Jno. R. Sweney.

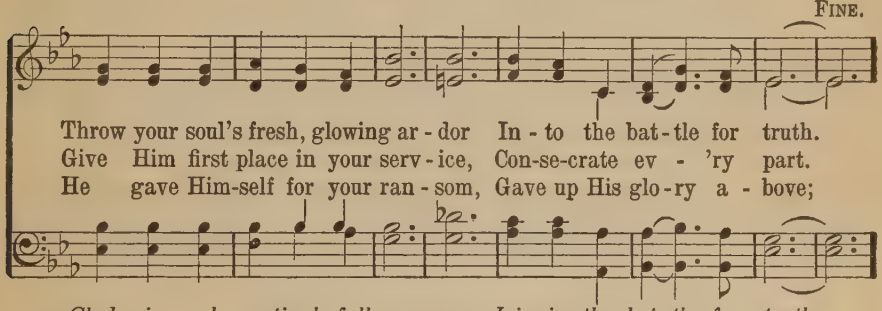

1. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
2. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der-ful King?
3. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Je-sus, Thou Ru-ler of all,
Lead-ing the host of all the faith-ful In-to the midst of the fight;
Whence are the ar-mies which He lead-eth, While of His glo-ry they sing?
Thrones and their scepters all shall per-ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
See them with cour-age ad-vanc-ing, Clad in their bril-liant ar-ray,
He is our Lord and Re-deem-er, Sav-ior and Mon-arch di-vine;
Yet shall the ar-mies Thou lead-est, Faith-ful and true to the last,
FINE.
Shout-ing the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex-ult-ing-ly say:
They are the stars that for-ev-er Bright in His King-dom will shine.
Find in Thy man-sions e-ter-nal Rest, when their war-fare is past.
D.S.—Yet to the true and the faith-ful Vic-t'ry is prom-ised thro' grace.
CHORUS.
D.S.
Not to the strong is the bat-tle, Not to the swift is the race, A-MEN.

236 Give of Your Best to the Master.

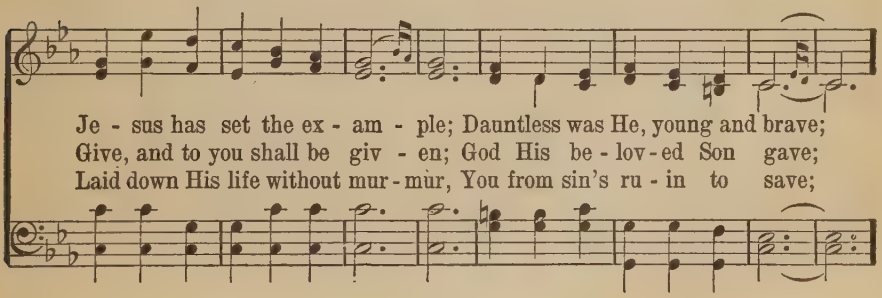
H. B. G. *Barnard. 8s. 7s. D.* Mrs. Charles Barnard.

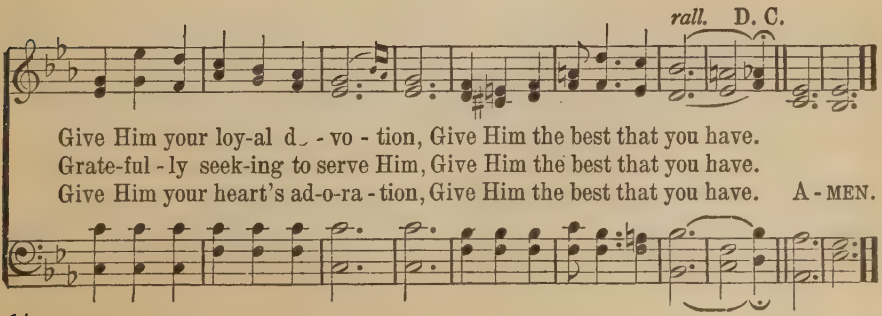

1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor - thy His love;

REF.—*Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;*


FINE.
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con-se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove;

Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.

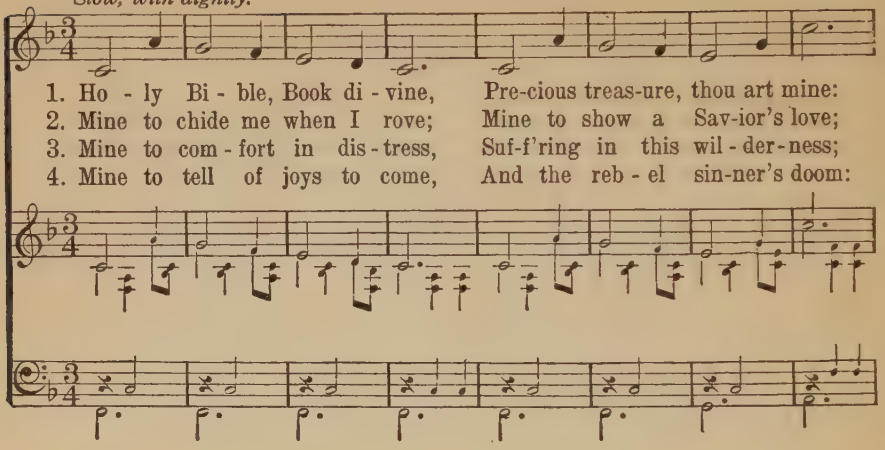

Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;

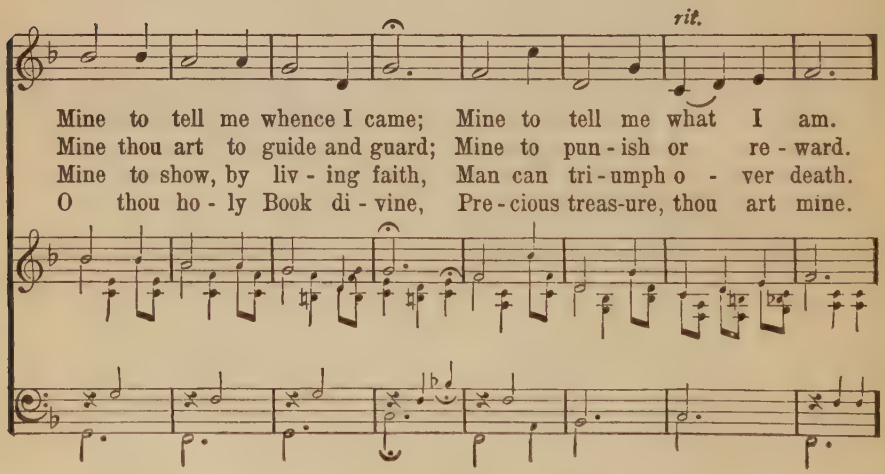

rall. D. C.
Give Him your loy-al d_ - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate-ful - ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad-o-ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have. A - MEN.

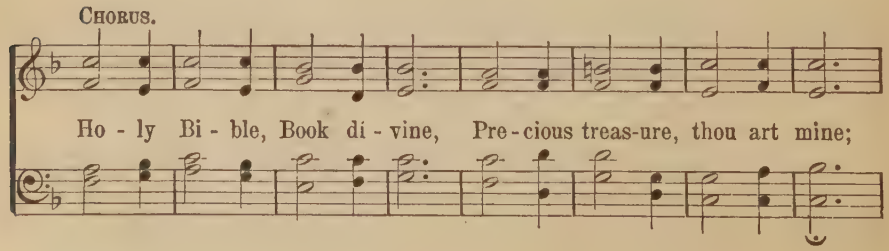
237 Holy Bible, Book Divine.

John Burton. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

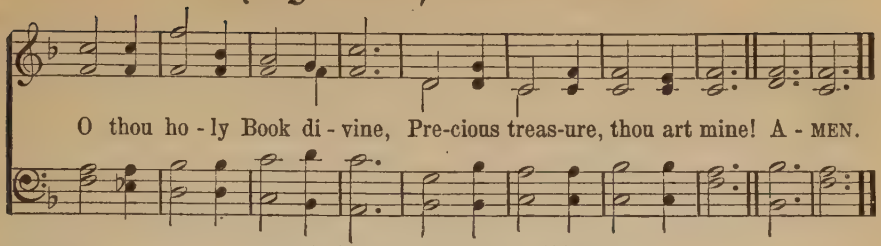
Slow, with dignity.


1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, Book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine:
2. Mine to chide me when I rove; Mine to show a Sav-ior's love;
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suf-f'ring in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin-ner's doom:


rit.
Mine to tell me whence I came; Mine to tell me what I am.
Mine thou art to guide and guard; Mine to pun - ish or re - ward.
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death.
O thou ho - ly Book di - vine, Pre - cious treas-ure, thou art mine.

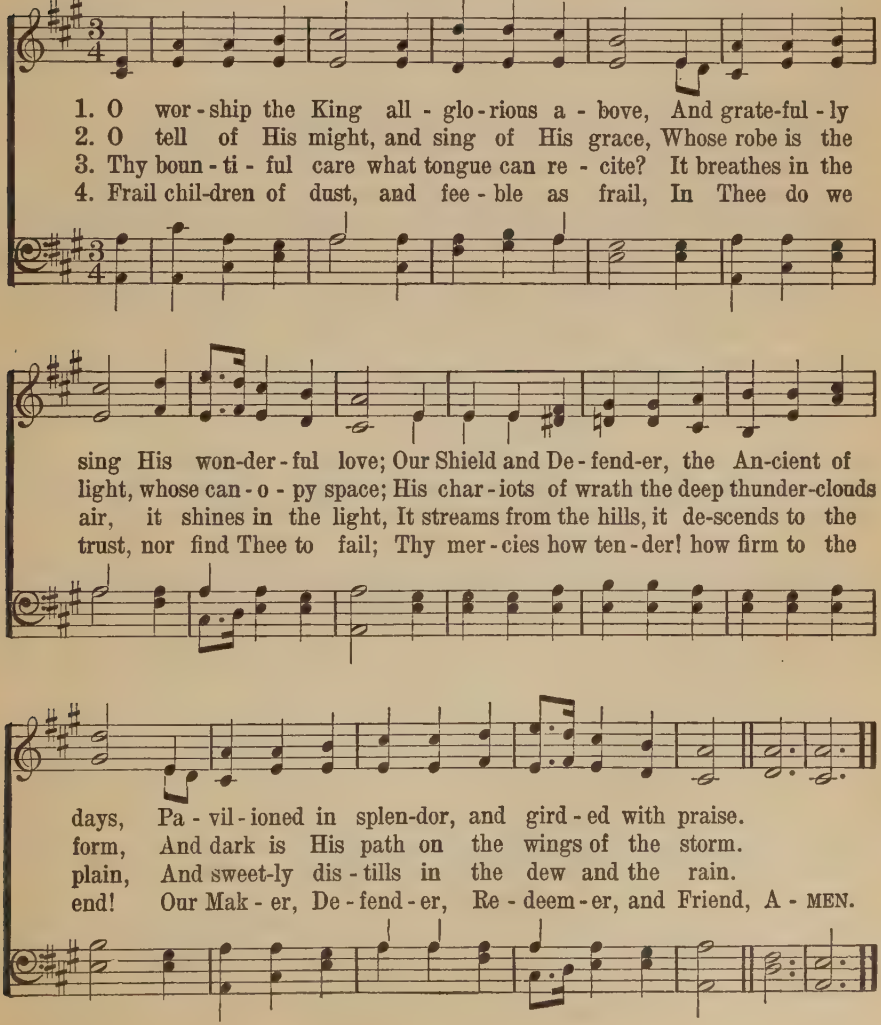


Holy Bible, Book Divine.



238 O Worship the King.

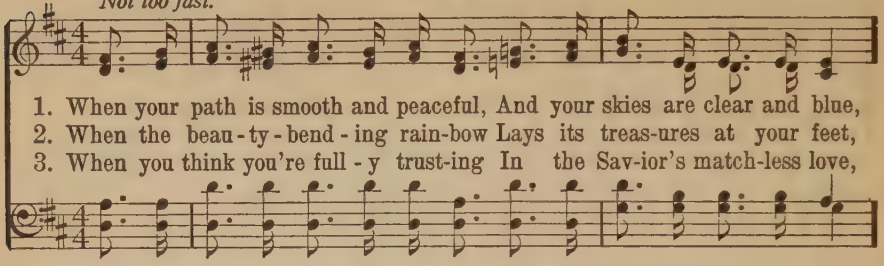
Sir Robert Grant. *Lyons. 10. 11.* Francis Joseph Haydn.

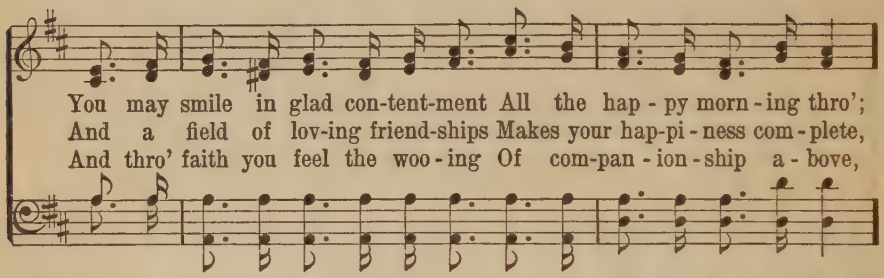

1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate-ful - ly
2. O tell of His might, and sing of His grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy boun - ti - ful care what tongue can re - cite? It breathes in the
4. Frail chil-dren of dust, and fee - ble as frail, In Thee do we
sing His won-der - ful love; Our Shield and De - fend-er, the An-cient of
light, whose can - o - py space; His char - iots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds
air, it shines in the light, It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mer - cies how ten - der! how firm to the
days, Pa - vil - ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.
form, And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
plain, And sweet-ly dis - tills in the dew and the rain.
end! Our Mak - er, De - fend - er, Re - deem - er, and Friend, A - MEN.

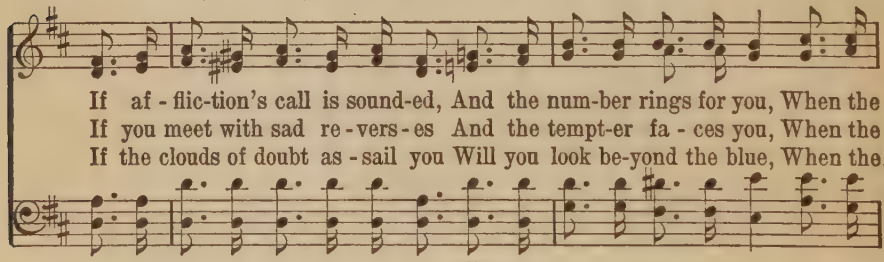
239 Will Your Heart Ring True?

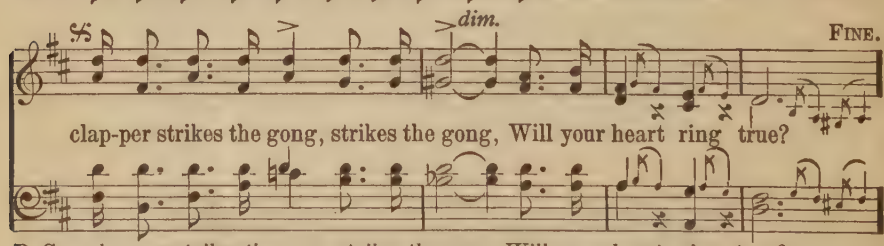
Almeda Hall Tarrant. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

Not too fast.


1. When your path is smooth and peaceful, And your skies are clear and blue,
2. When the beau-ty-bend-ing rain-bow Lays its treas-ures at your feet,
3. When you think you're full-y trust-ing In the Sav-ior's match-less love,

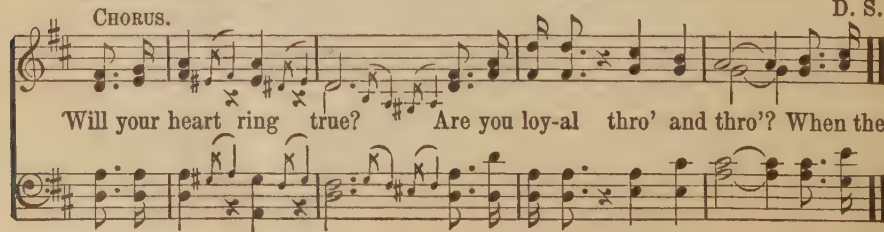

You may smile in glad con-tent-ment All the hap-py morn-ing thro';
And a field of lov-ing friend-ships Makes your hap-pi-ness com-plete,
And thro' faith you feel the woo-ing Of com-pan-ion-ship a-bove,


If af-flic-tion's call is sound-ed, And the num-ber rings for you, When the
If you meet with sad re-vers-es And the tempt-er fa-ces you, When the
If the clouds of doubt as-sail you Will you look be-yond the blue, When the



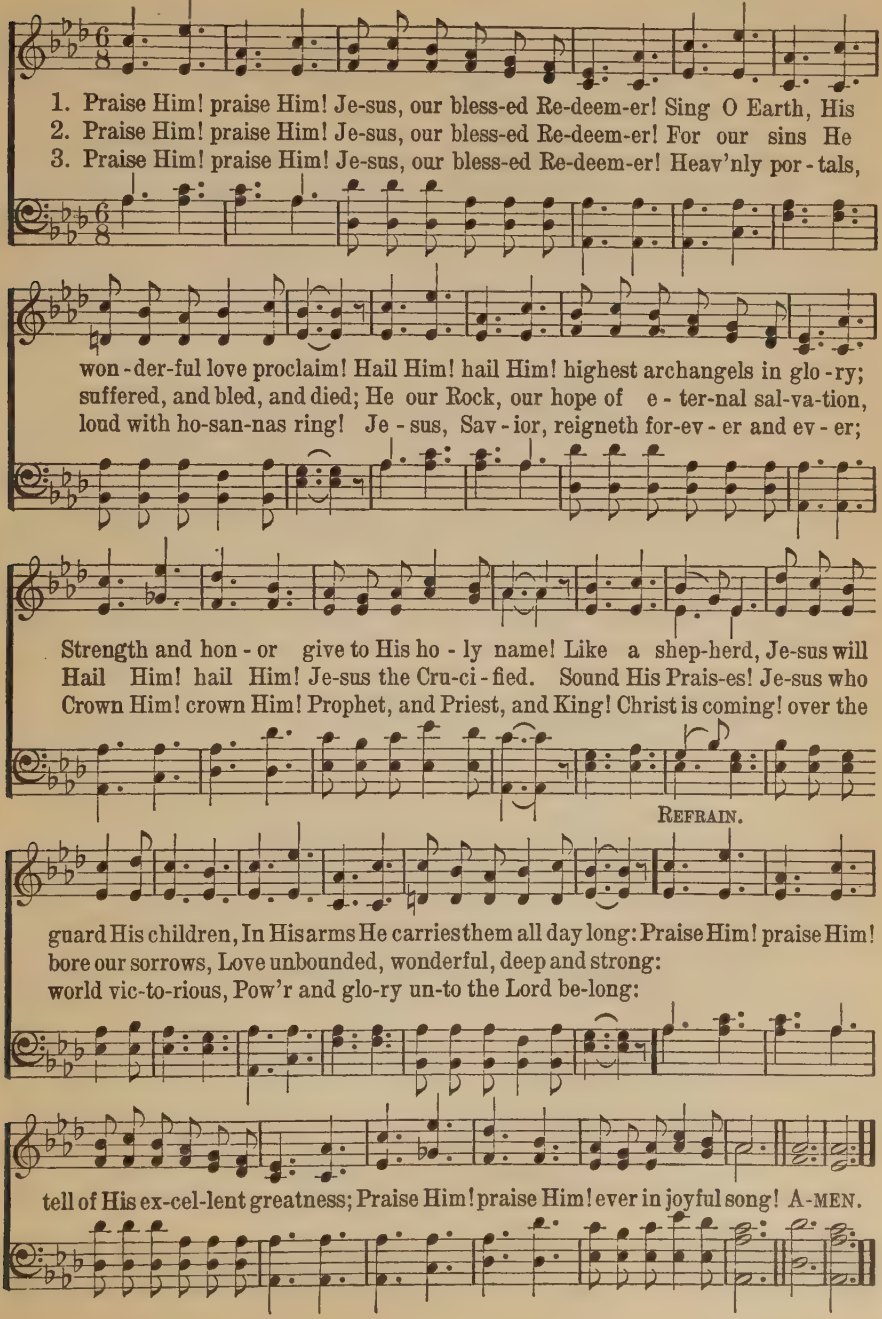
D.S.—*clap-per strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?*

CHORUS. D. S.

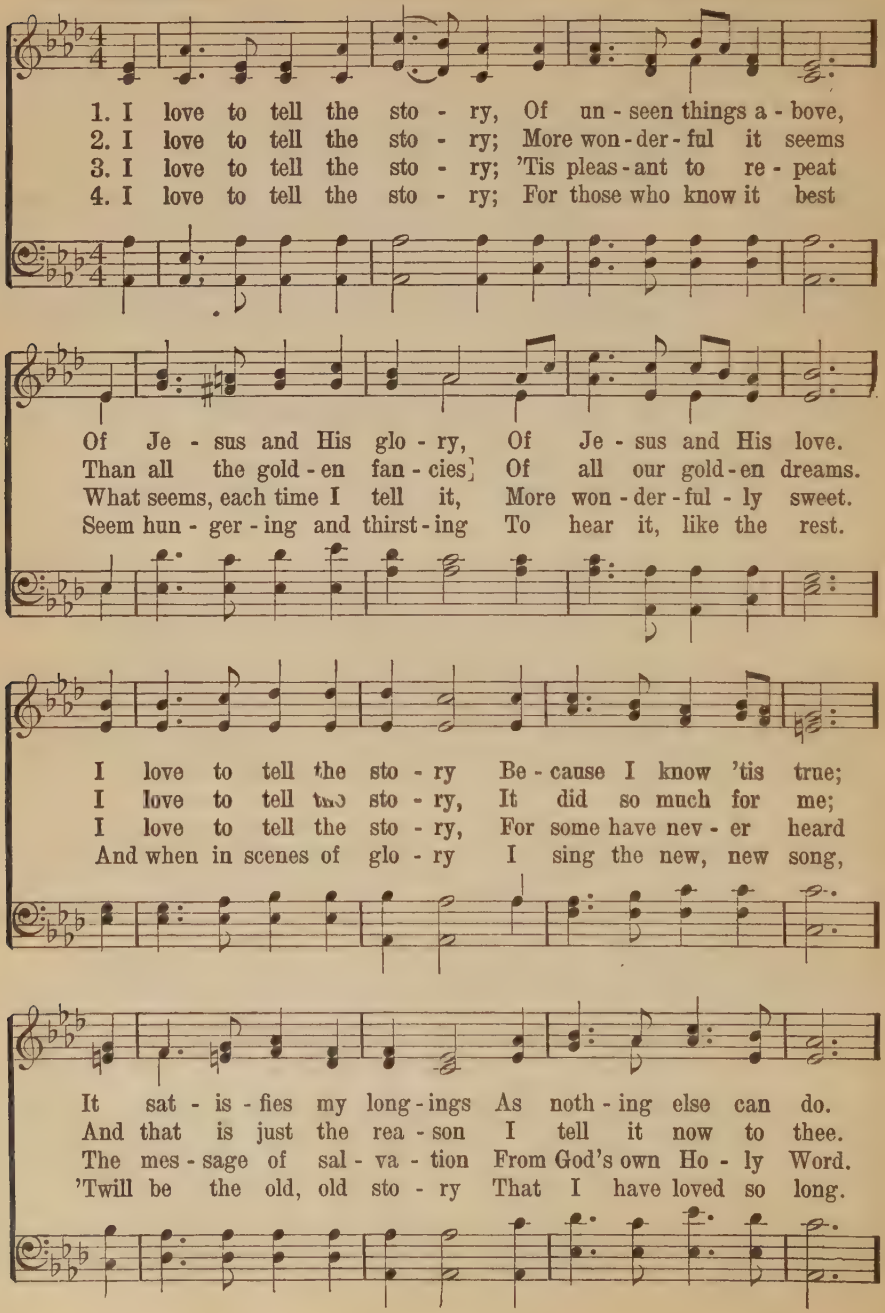


240 Praise Him! Praise Him!

Fanny J. Crosby. Chester G. Allen.

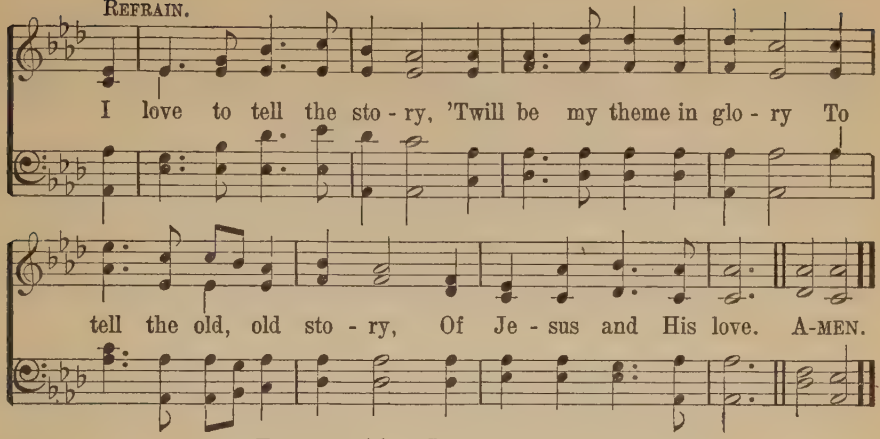

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing O Earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals,
won-der-ful love proclaim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;
suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;
Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will
Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His Prais-es! Je-sus who
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is coming! over the
REFRAIN.
guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long: Praise Him! praise Him!
bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong:
world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:
tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joyful song! A-MEN.

241 I Love to Tell the Story.

Katherine Hankey. *Hankey. 7s. D.* William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove,
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won - der - ful it seems
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best
Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams.
What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest.
I love to tell the sto - ry Be - cause I know 'tis true;
I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
And when in scenes of glo - ry I sing the new, new song,
It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Ho - ly Word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

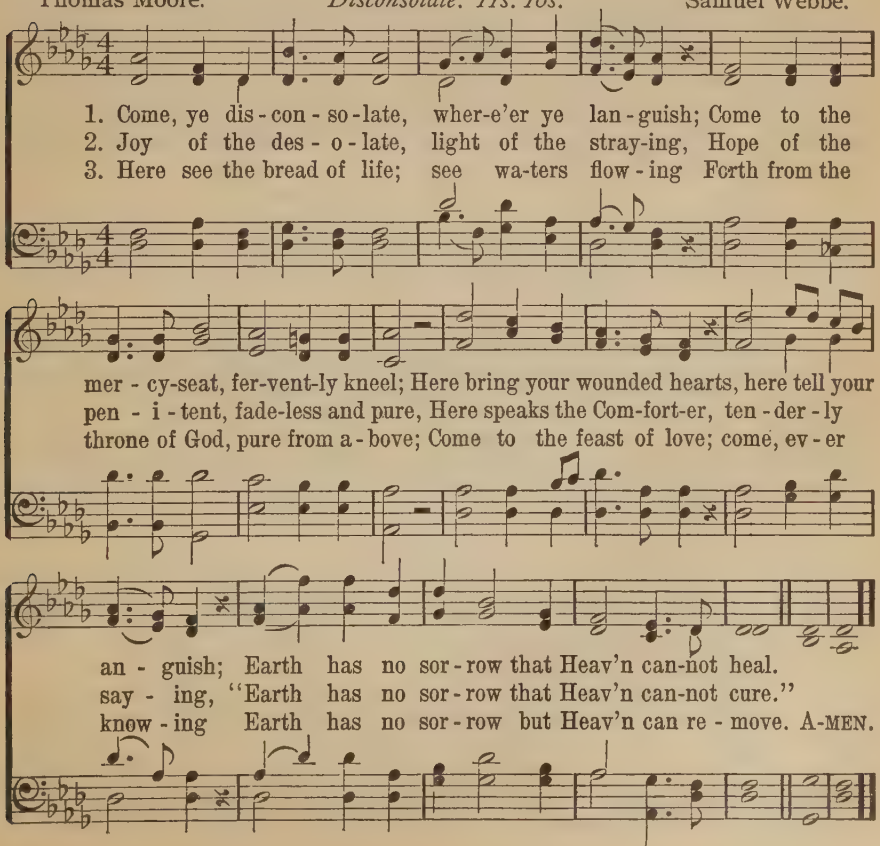
I Love to Tell the Story.

REFRAIN.



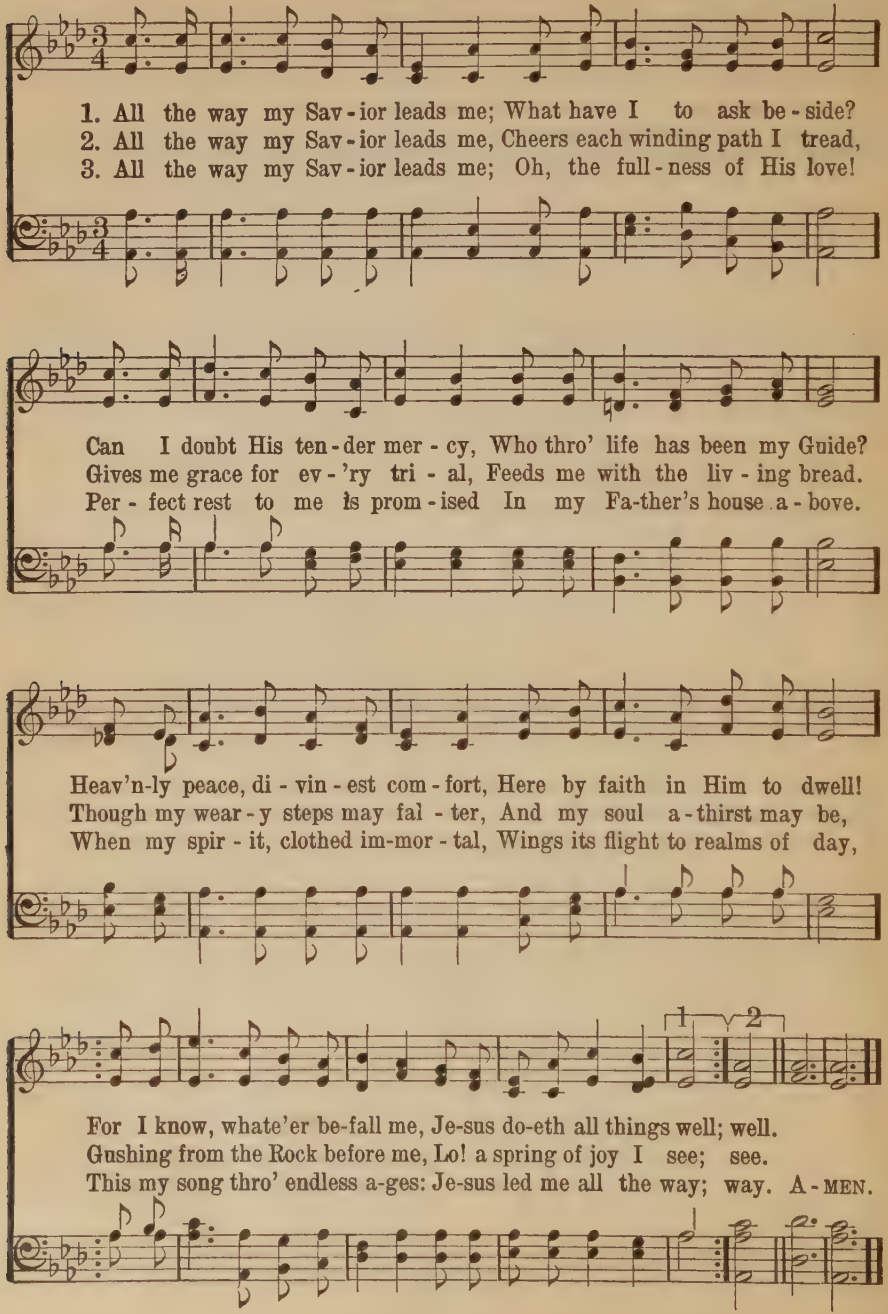
242 Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. *Disconsolate. 11s. 10s.* Samuel Webbe.


1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher-e'er ye lan - guish; Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o - late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life; see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the
mer - cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure, Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly
throne of God, pure from a - bove; Come to the feast of love; come, ev - er
an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can-not heal.
say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that Heav'n can-not cure."
know - ing Earth has no sor - row but Heav'n can re - move. A-MEN.

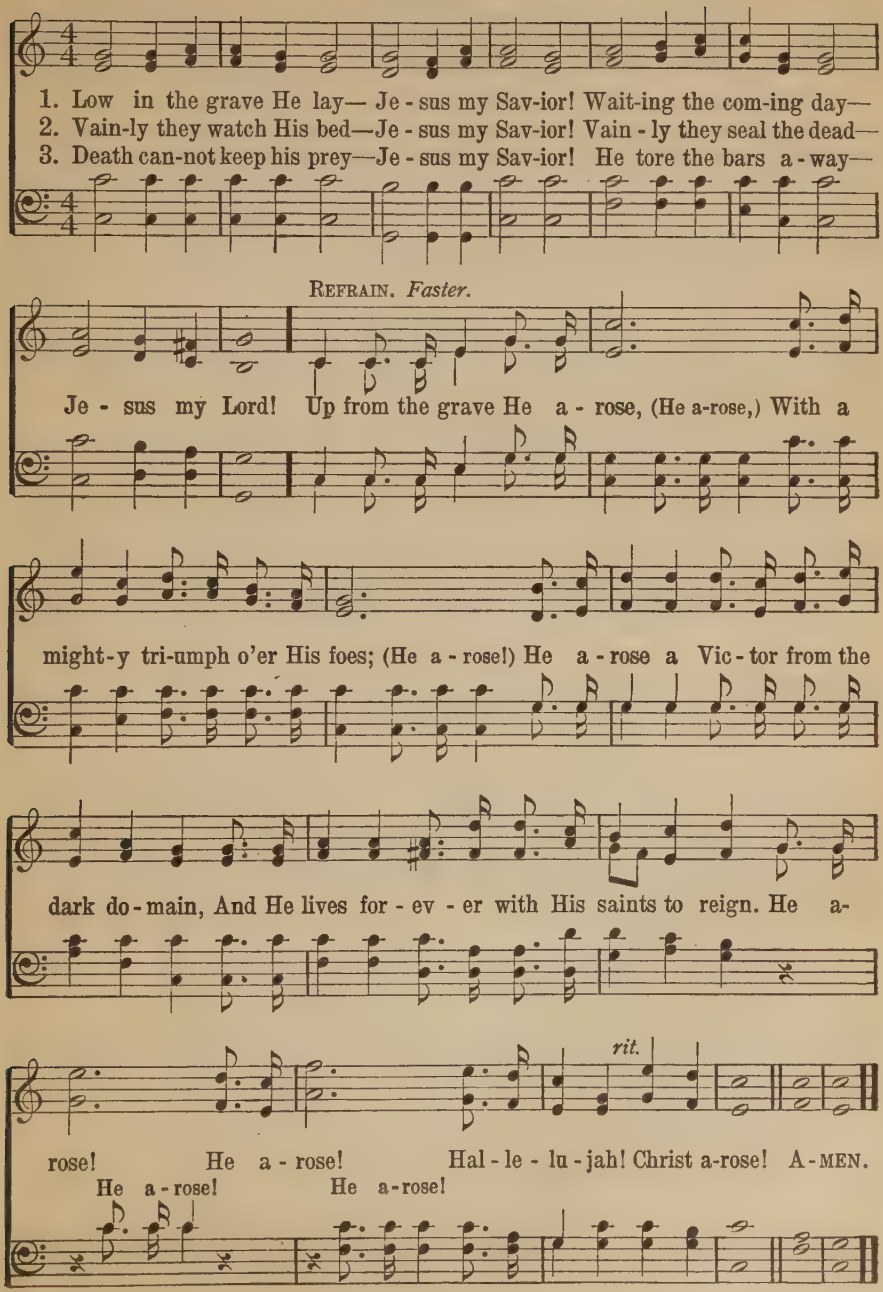
243 All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.


1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each winding path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Oh, the full-ness of His love!
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread.
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove.
Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Though my wear-y steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,
1
2
For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well; well.
Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see; see.
This my song thro' endless a-ges: Je-sus led me all the way; way. A-MEN.

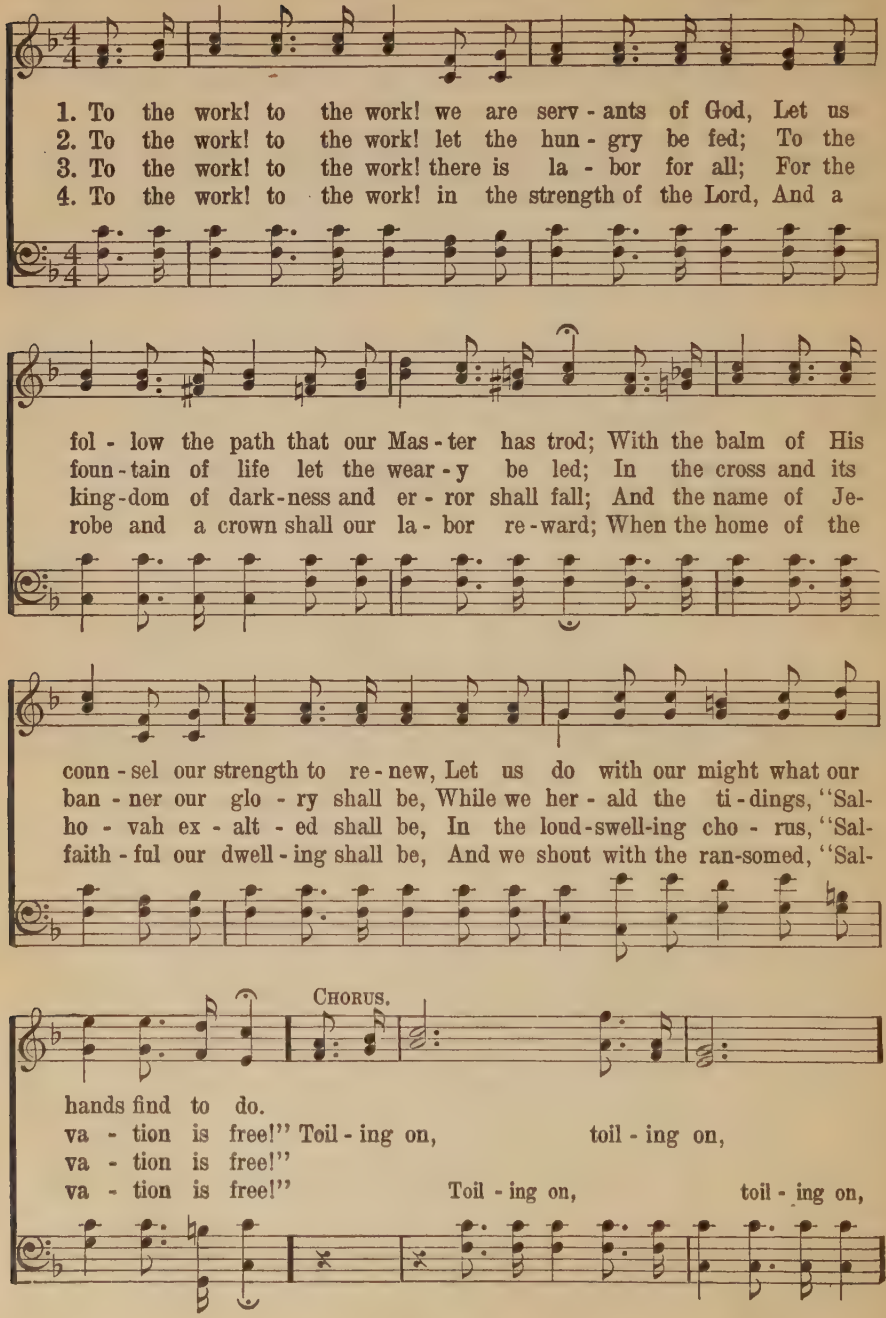
244 Christ Arose.

Robert Lowry. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.

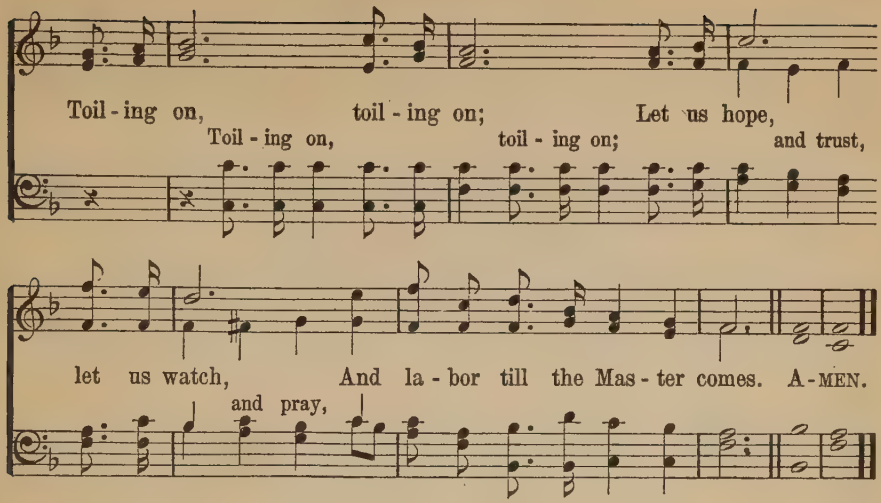

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav-ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day—
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je - sus my Sav-ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death can-not keep his prey—Je - sus my Sav-ior! He tore the bars a - way—
REFRAIN. Faster.
Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a-rose,) With a
might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a - rose!) He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
dark do-main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a-
rit.
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a-rose! A-MEN.
He a - rose! He a-rose!

245 To the Work.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.

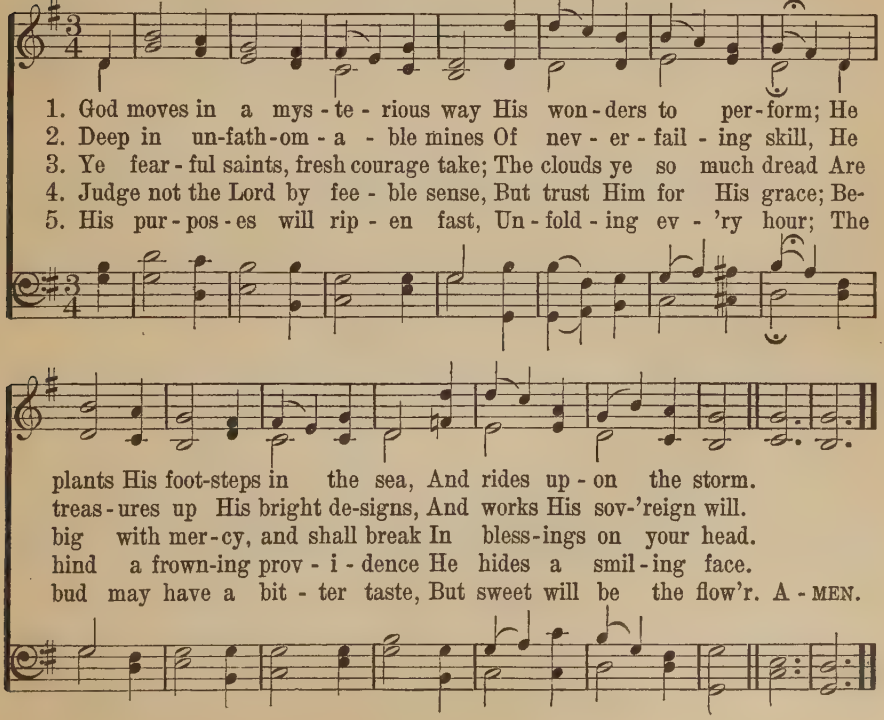

1. To the work! to the work! we are serv - ants of God, Let us
2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the
3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all; For the
4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a
fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the balm of His
foun - tain of life let the wear - y be led; In the cross and its
king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the name of Je-
robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the home of the
coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us do with our might what our
ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we her - ald the ti - dings, "Sal-
ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be, In the loud - swell - ing cho - rus, "Sal-
faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we shout with the ran - somed, "Sal-
CHORUS.
hands find to do.
va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,
va - tion is free!"
va - tion is free!" Toil - ing on, toil - ing on,

To the Work.


Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; Let us hope,
Toil - ing on, toil - ing on; and trust,
let us watch, And la - bor till the Mas - ter comes. A - MEN.
and pray,

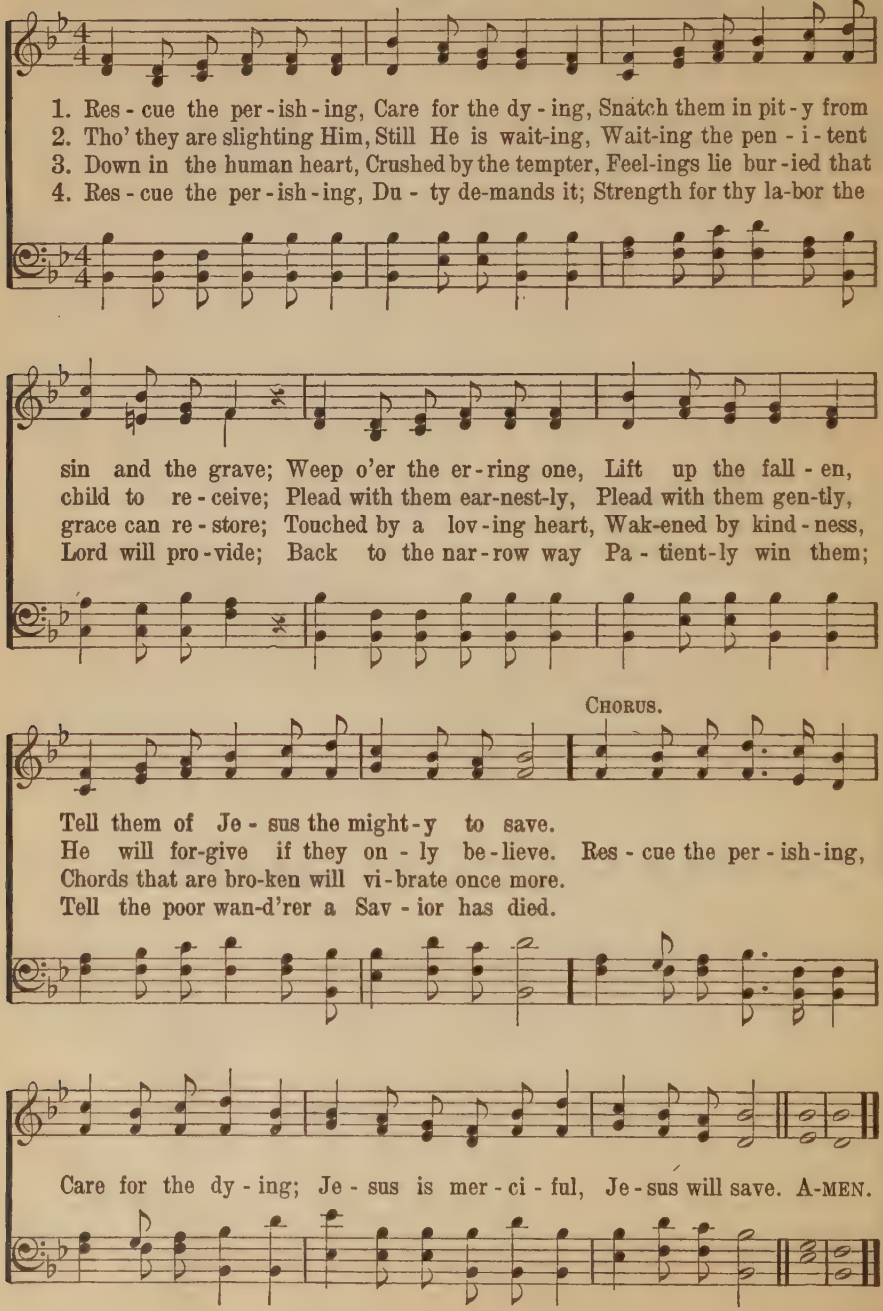
246 God Moves in a Mysterious Way.

William Cowper. *Belmont. C. M.* Samuel Webbe.


1. God moves in a mys - te - rious way His won - ders to per - form; He
2. Deep in un-fath-om - a - ble mines Of nev - er - fail - ing skill, He
3. Ye fear - ful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much dread Are
4. Judge not the Lord by fee - ble sense, But trust Him for His grace; Be-
5. His pur - pos - es will rip - en fast, Un - fold - ing ev - 'ry hour; The
plants His foot-steps in the sea, And rides up - on the storm.
treas - ures up His bright de-signs, And works His sov-'reign will.
big with mer - cy, and shall break In bless-ings on your head.
hind a frown-ing prov - i - dence He hides a smil - ing face.
bud may have a bit - ter taste, But sweet will be the flow'r. A - MEN.

247 Rescue the Perishing.

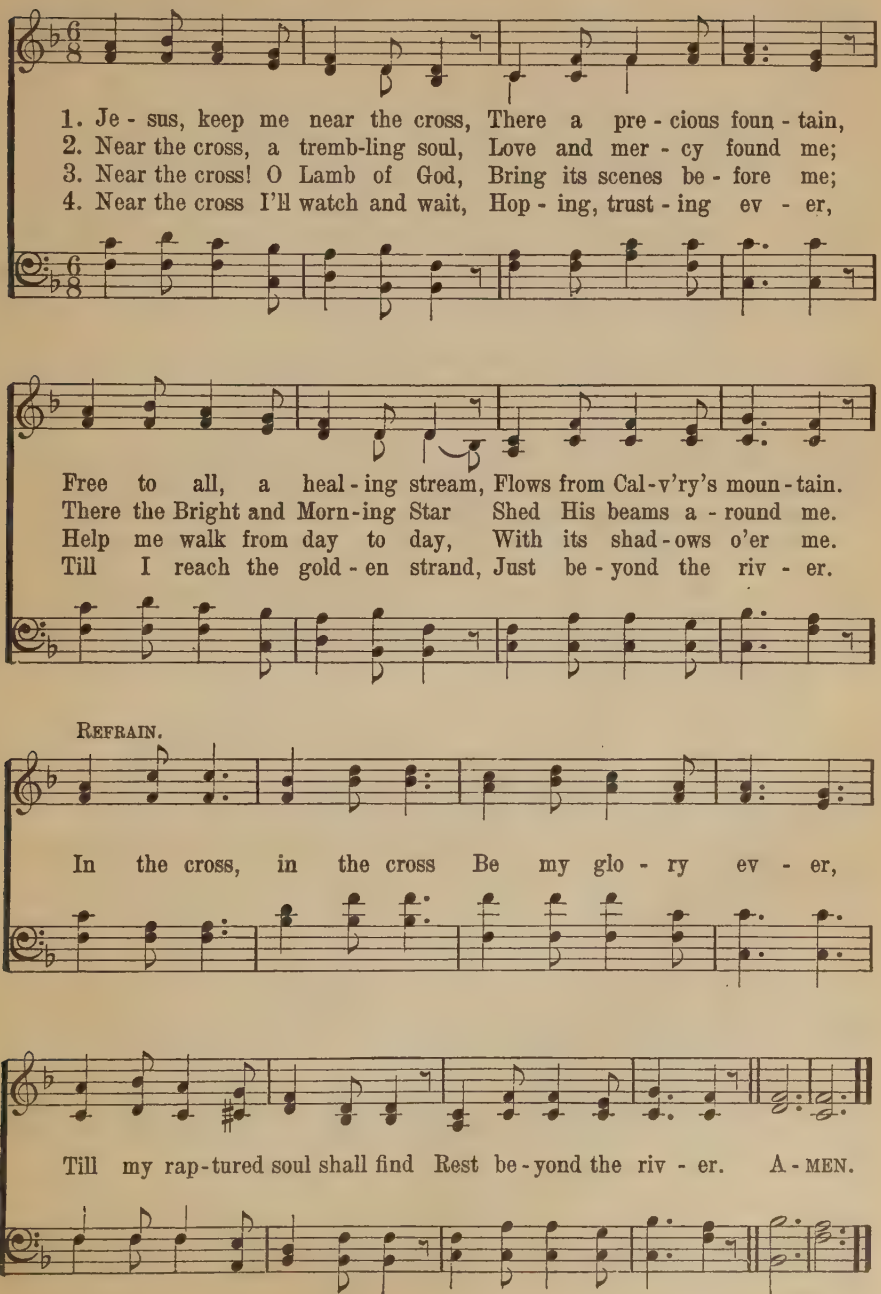
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE. USED BY PERMISSION. William H. Doane.


1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
4. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la-bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly,
grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind - ness,
Lord will pro - vide; Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient-ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro-ken will vi - brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save. A-MEN.

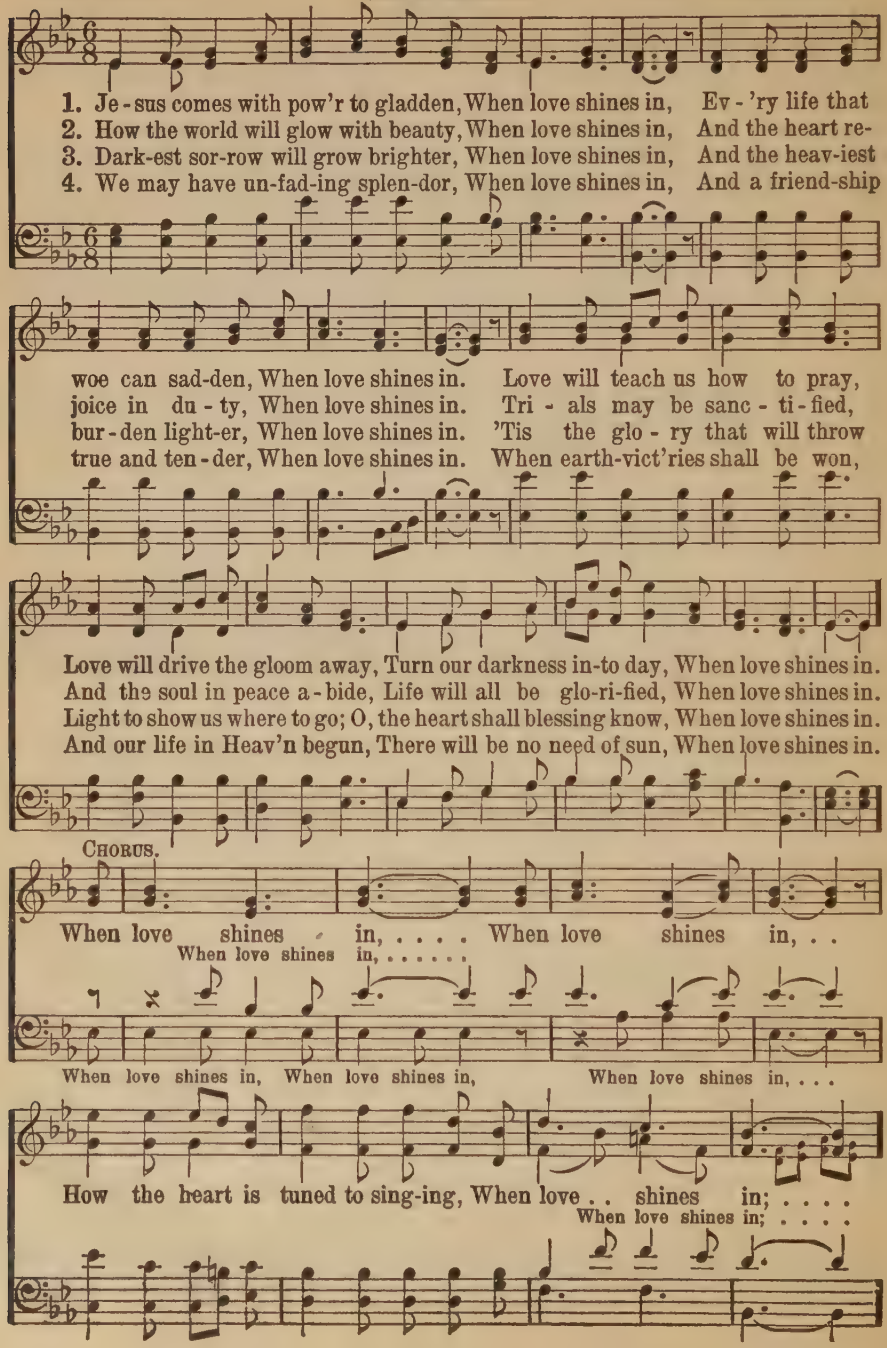
248 Near the Cross.

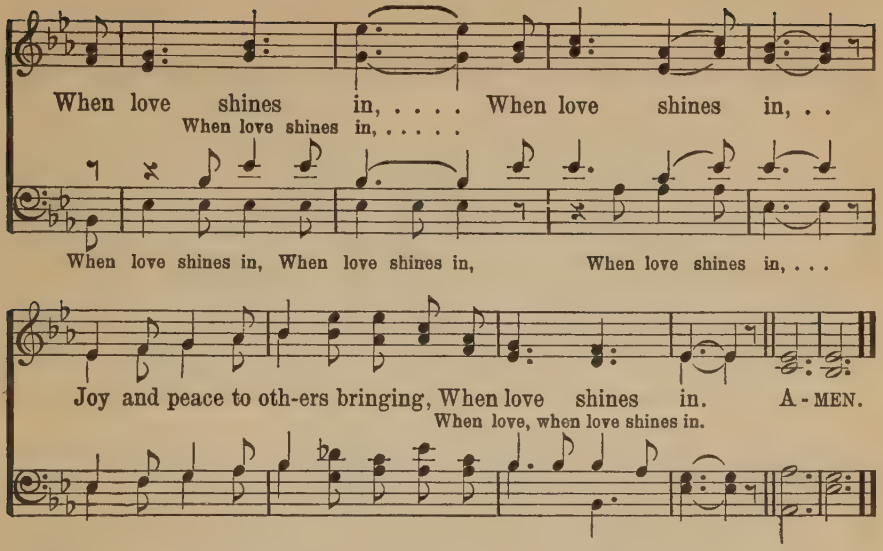
COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain,
2. Near the cross, a tremb-ling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,
Free to all, a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun - tain.
There the Bright and Morn-ing Star Shed His beams a - round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.
REFRAIN.
In the cross, in the cross Be my glo - ry ev - er,
Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er. A - MEN.

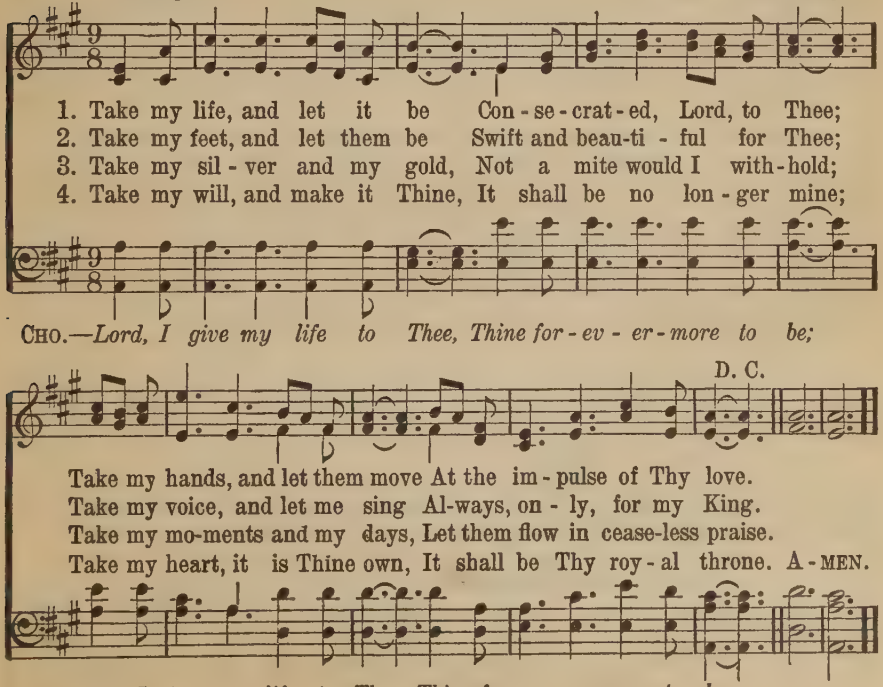
249 When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev - 'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor-row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heav-iest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splen-dor, When love shines in, And a friend-ship
woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du - ty, When love shines in. Tri - als may be sanc - ti - fied,
bur - den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo - ry that will throw
true and ten - der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,
Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace a - bide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in Heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.
Chorus.
When love shines in, ... When love shines in, . .
When love shines in, ...
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in, . . .
How the heart is tuned to sing-ing, When love . . shines in; . . . .
When love shines in; . . . .

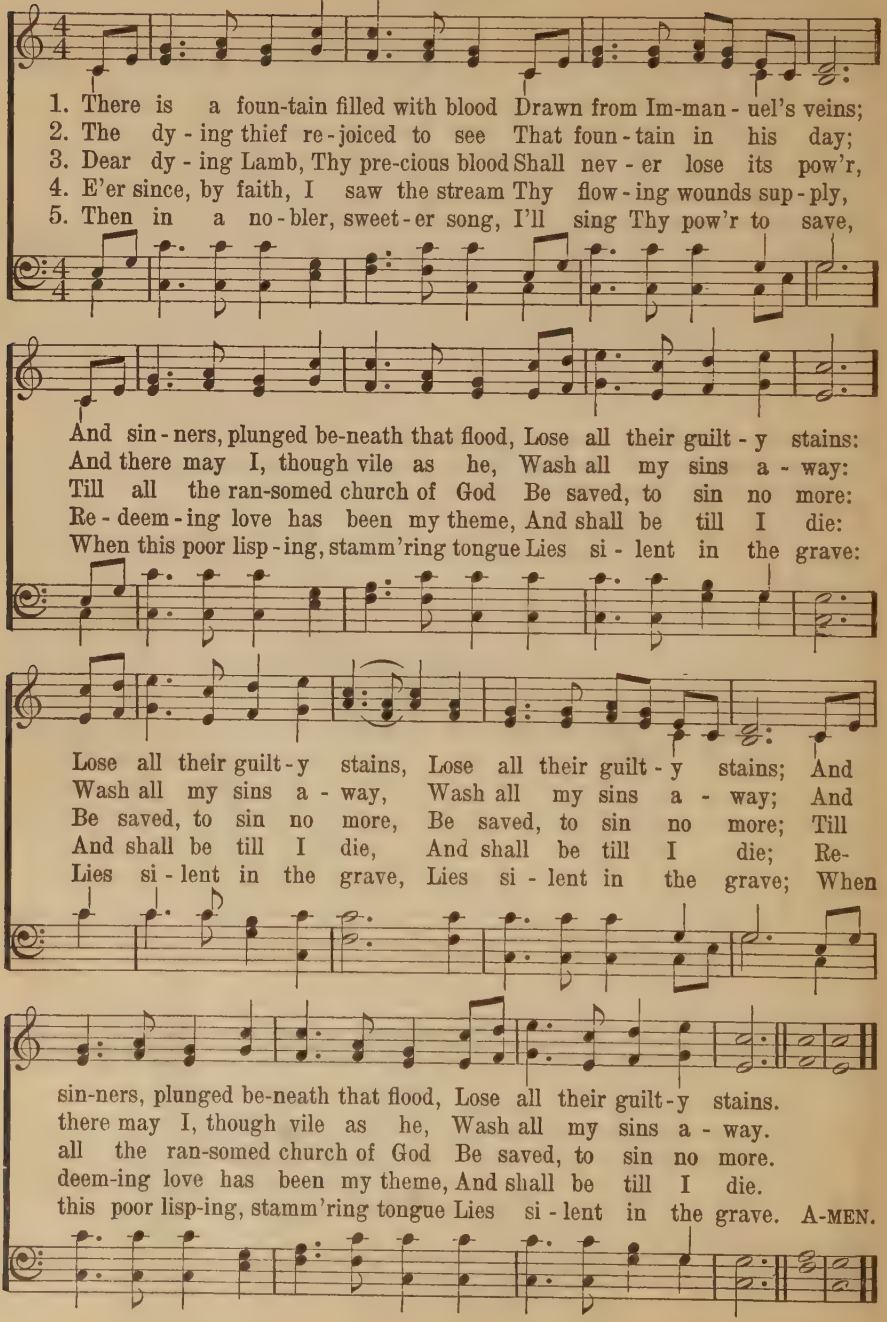
When Love Shines In.

When love shines in, ... When love shines in, . .
When love shines in, ...
When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in, . . .
Joy and peace to oth-ers bringing, When love shines in. A-MEN.
When love, when love shines in.

250 Take My Life, and Let It Be.

F. R. Havergal. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;
CHO.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be;
D. C.
Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne. A-MEN.
Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be.

251 There is a Fountain.

William Cowper. *Cleansing Fountain. C. M.* Lowell Mason.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Im-man - uel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun - tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,
And sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains:
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way:
Till all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more:
Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die:
When this poor lisp - ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave:
Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains; And
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way; And
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more; Till
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die; Re-
Lies si - lent in the grave, Lies si - lent in the grave; When
sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
all the ran-somed church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue Lies si - lent in the grave. A-MEN.

252 We're Marching to Zion.

Isaac Watts.

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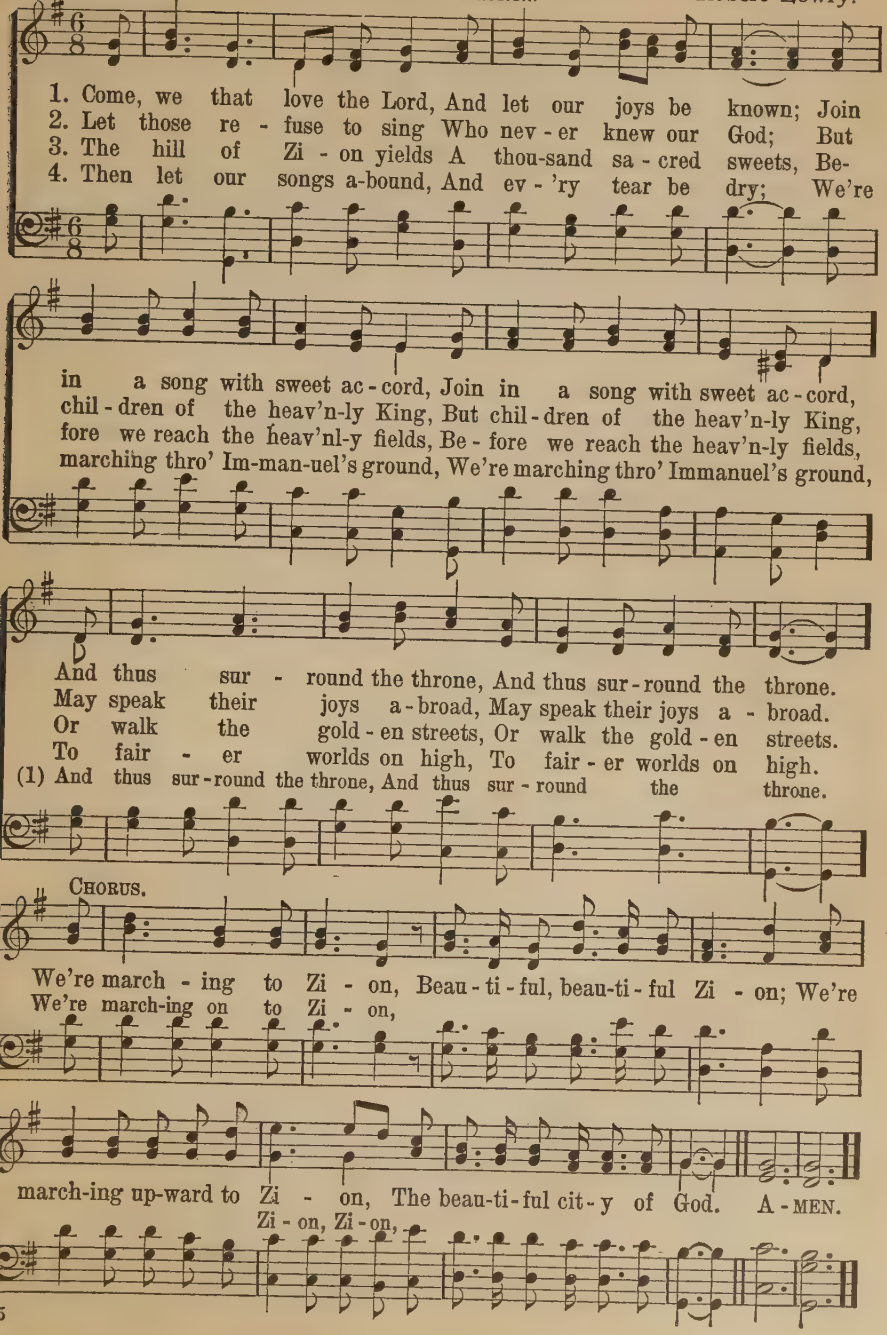
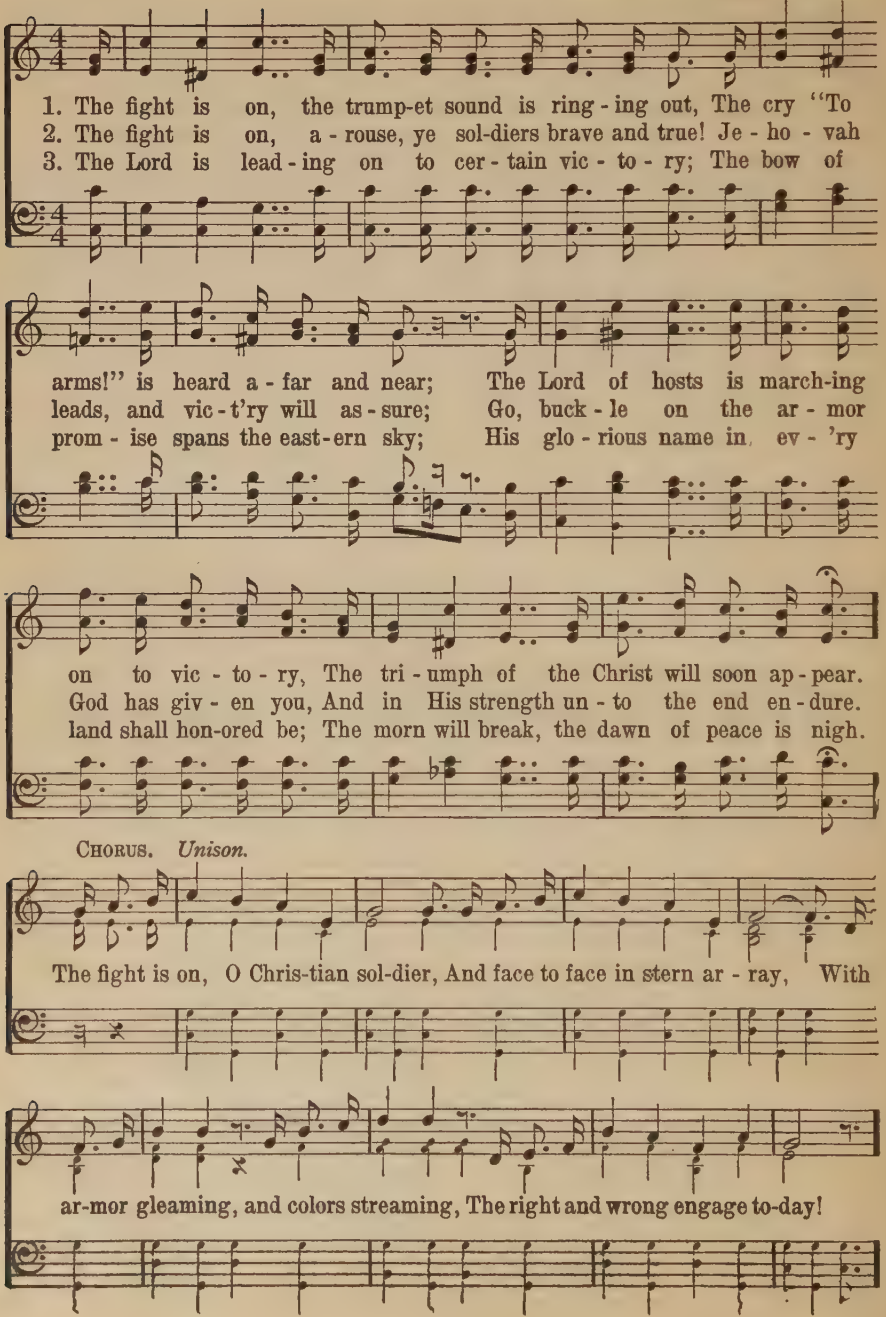
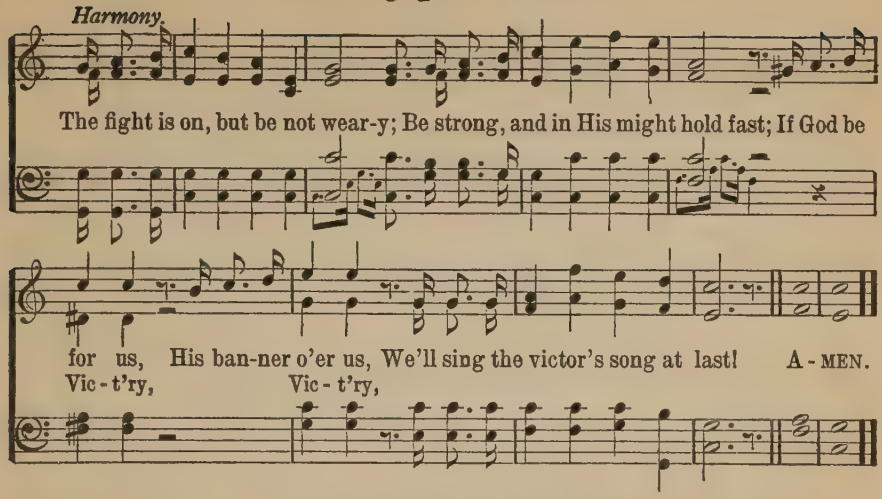
Robert Lowry.


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be-
4. Then let our songs a-bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King,
fore we reach the heav'nl-y fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields,
marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
(1) And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
CHORUS.
We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march-ing on to Zi - on,
march-ing up-ward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit - y of God. A - MEN.
Zi - on, Zi - on,

253 The Fight is On.

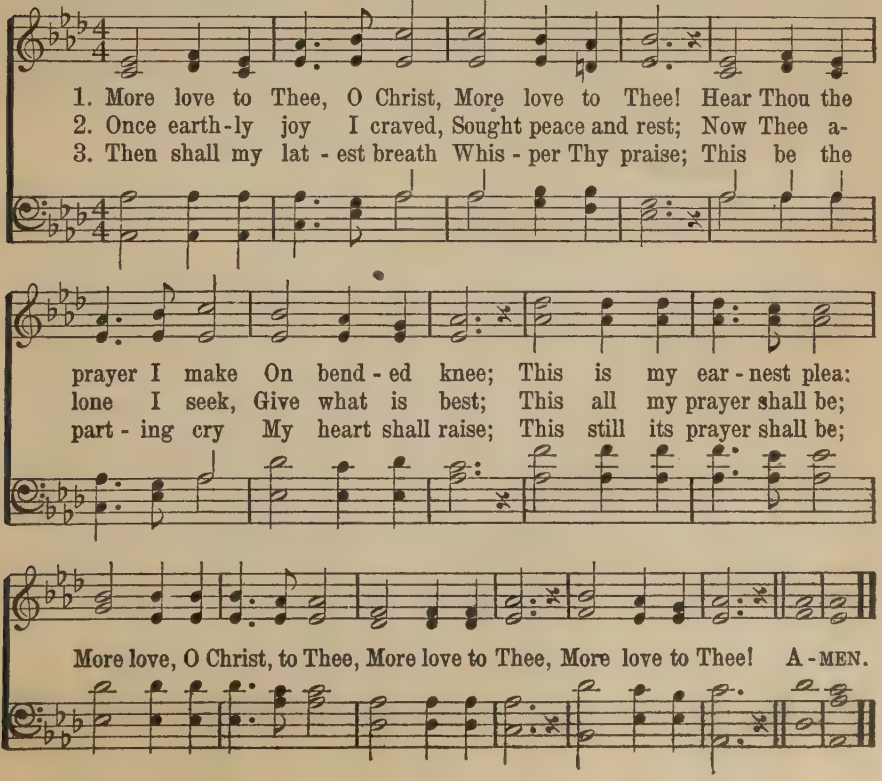
C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trump-et sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye sol-diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of
arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march-ing
leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry
on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap - pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.
land shall hon-ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
CHORUS. Unison.
The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar - ray, With
ar-mor gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day!

The Fight is On.


Harmony.
The fight is on, but be not wear-y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the victor's song at last! A-MEN.
Vic-t'ry, Vic-t'ry,

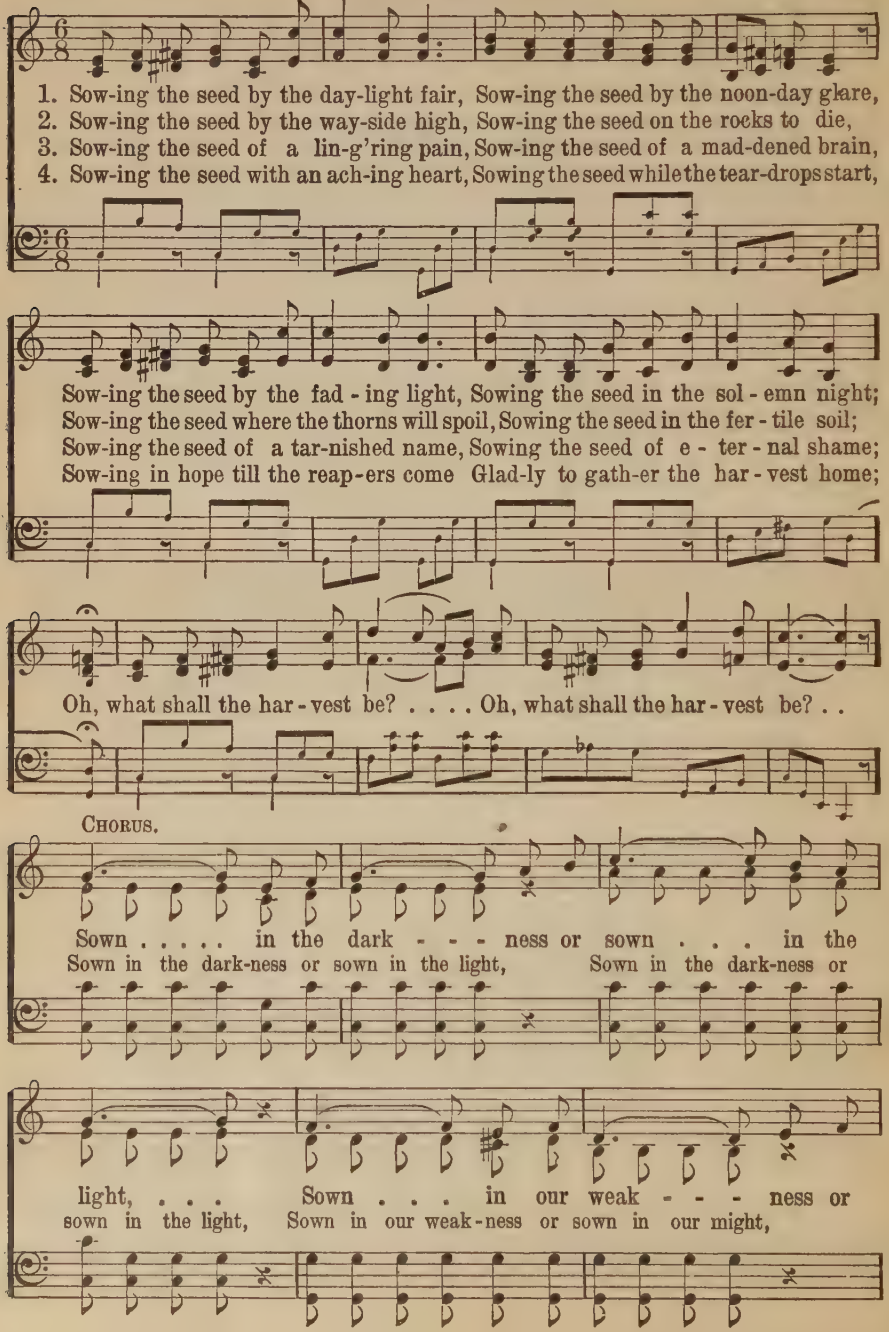
254 More Love to Thee.

Elizabeth Prentiss. USED BY PERMISSION. W. H. Doane.

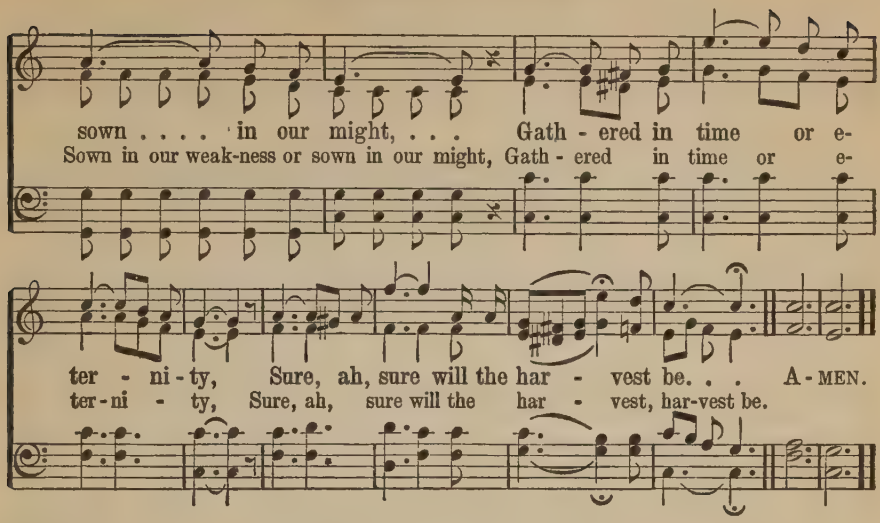

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the
prayer I make On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my prayer shall be;
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be;
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee! A-MEN.

255 What Shall the Harvest Be?

Emily S. Oakley. COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

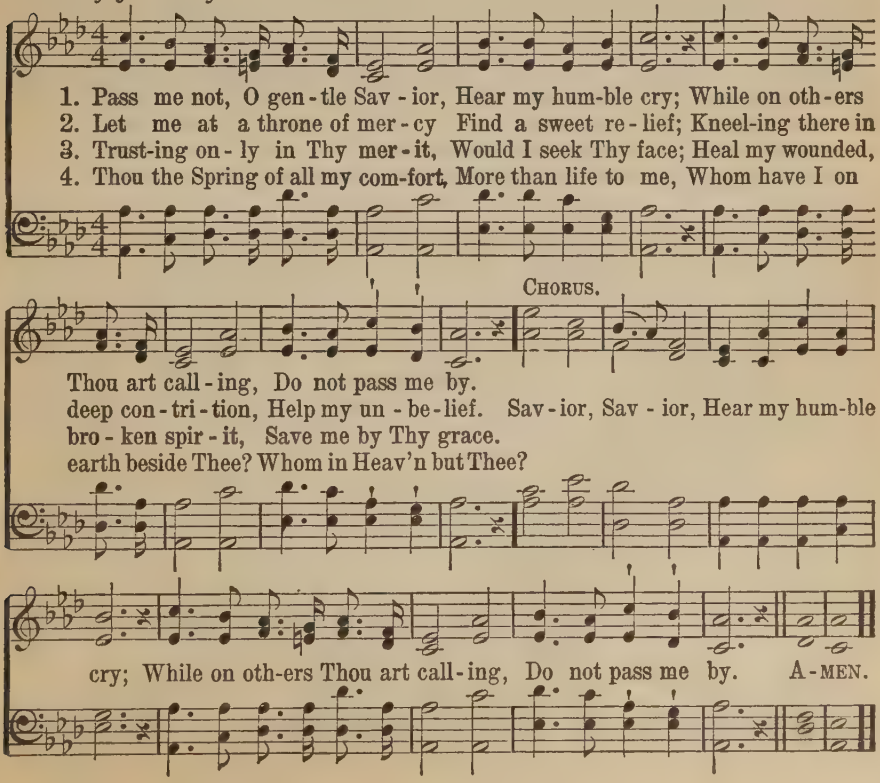

1. Sow-ing the seed by the day-light fair, Sow-ing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sow-ing the seed by the way-side high, Sow-ing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sow-ing the seed of a lin-g'ring pain, Sow-ing the seed of a mad-dened brain,
4. Sow-ing the seed with an ach-ing heart, Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start,
Sow-ing the seed by the fad - ing light, Sowing the seed in the sol - emn night;
Sow-ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fer - tile soil;
Sow-ing the seed of a tar-nished name, Sowing the seed of e - ter - nal shame;
Sow-ing in hope till the reap-ers come Glad-ly to gath-er the har - vest home;
Oh, what shall the har - vest be? . . . . Oh, what shall the har - vest be? . .
CHORUS.
Sown . . . . in the dark - - - ness or sown . . . in the
Sown in the dark-ness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or
light, . . . Sown . . . in our weak - - - ness or
sown in the light, Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might,

What Shall the Harvest Be?

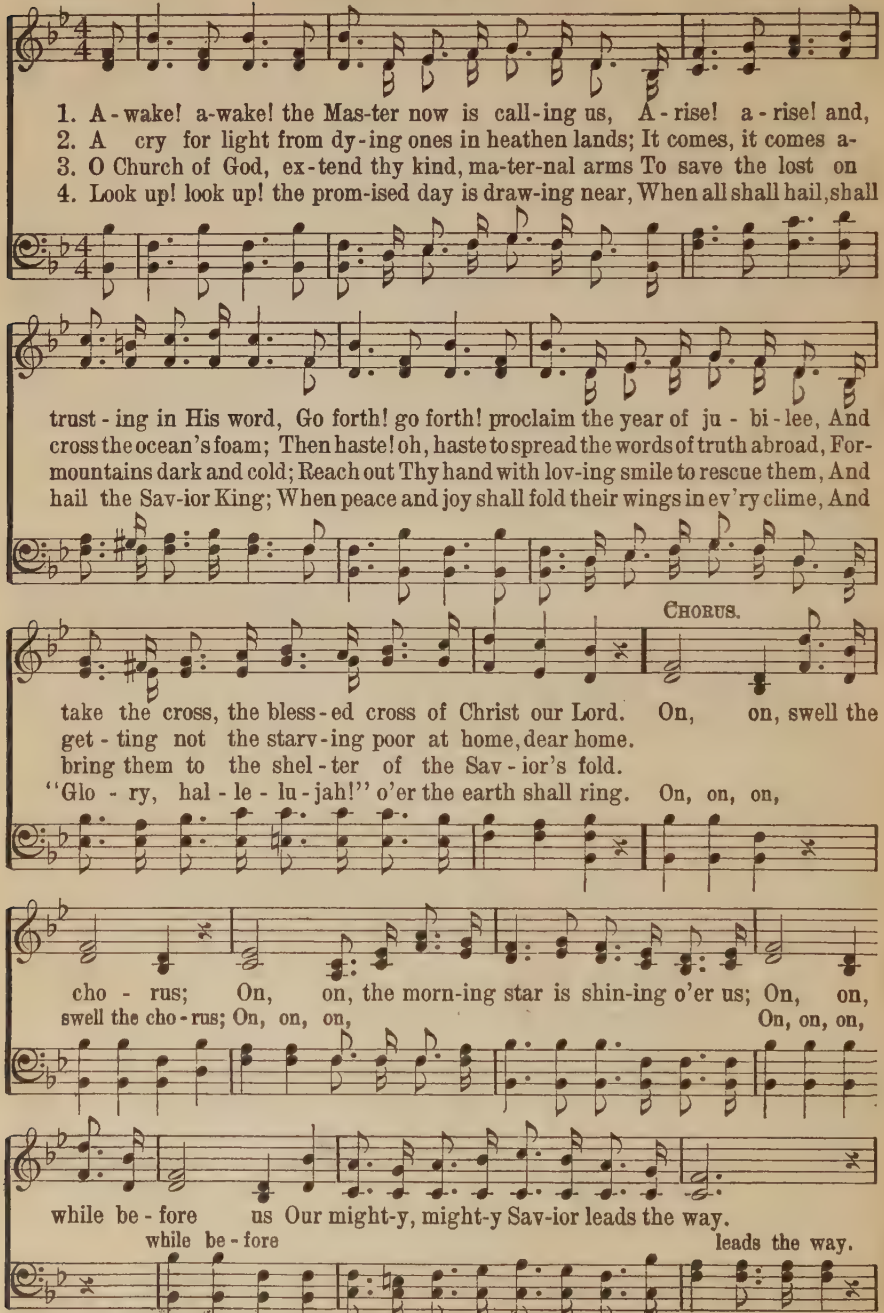

sown . . . . in our might, . . . Gath - ered in time or e-
Sown in our weak-ness or sown in our might, Gath - ered in time or e-
ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be. . . A - MEN.
ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, har-vest be.

256 Pass Me Not.

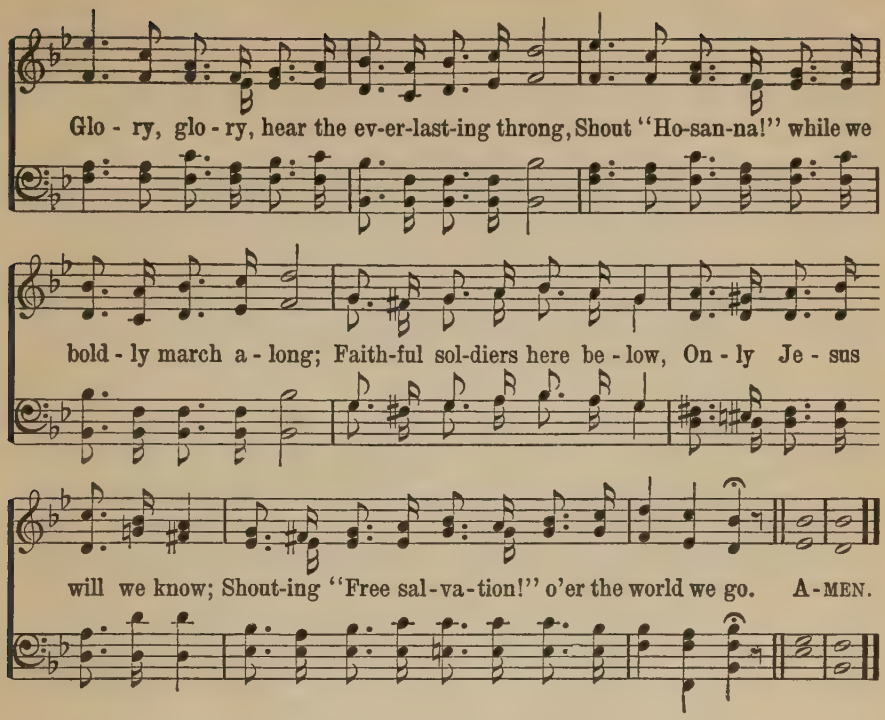
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF FANNIE T. DOANE. W. H. Doane.


1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth - ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on
CHORUS.
Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum-ble
bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?
cry; While on oth-ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by. A - MEN.

257 Awake! Awake!

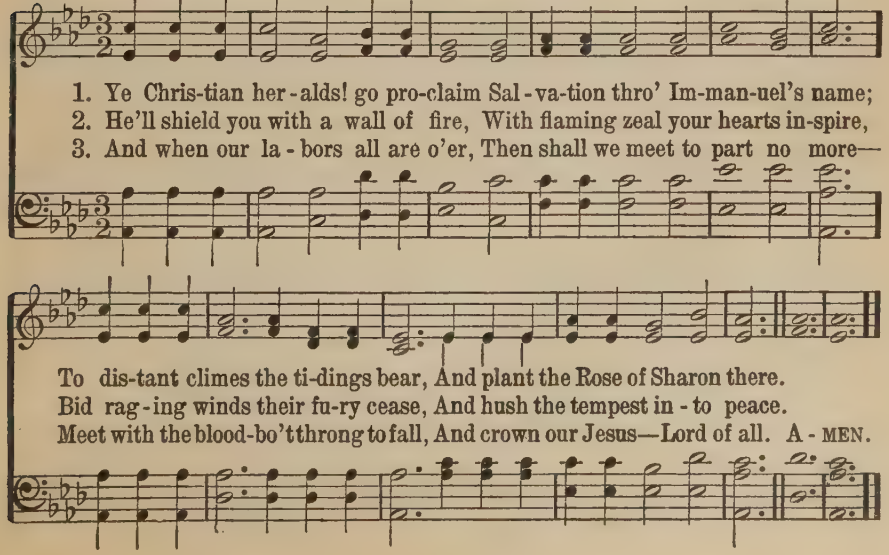
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY. John R. Sweney.

1. A - wake! a-wake! the Mas-ter now is call-ing us, A - rise! a - rise! and,
2. A cry for light from dy-ing ones in heathen lands; It comes, it comes a-
3. O Church of God, ex-tend thy kind, ma-ter-nal arms To save the lost on
4. Look up! look up! the prom-ised day is draw-ing near, When all shall hail, shall
trust - ing in His word, Go forth! go forth! proclaim the year of ju - bi - lee, And
cross the ocean's foam; Then haste! oh, haste to spread the words of truth abroad, For-
mountains dark and cold; Reach out Thy hand with lov-ing smile to rescue them, And
hail the Sav-ior King; When peace and joy shall fold their wings in ev'ry clime, And
CHORUS.
take the cross, the bless-ed cross of Christ our Lord. On, on, swell the
get - ting not the starv-ing poor at home, dear home.
bring them to the shel - ter of the Sav - ior's fold.
"Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!" o'er the earth shall ring. On, on, on,
cho - rus; On, on, the morn-ing star is shin-ing o'er us; On, on,
swell the cho - rus; On, on, on,
On, on, on,
while be - fore us Our might-y, might-y Sav-ior leads the way.
while be - fore
leads the way.

Awake! Awake!

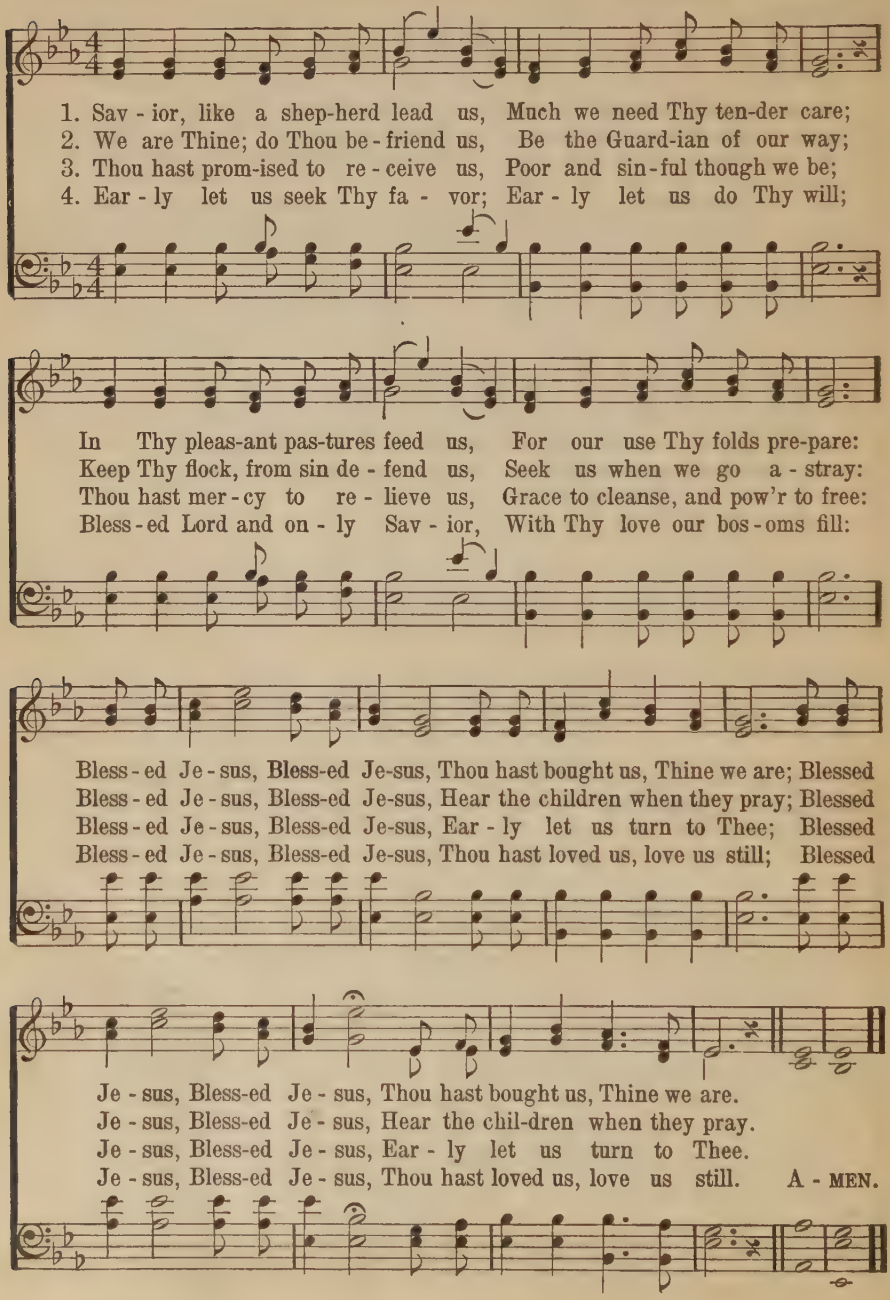

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hear the ev-er-last-ing throng, Shout "Ho-san-na!" while we
bold - ly march a - long; Faith-ful sol-diers here be - low, On - ly Je - sus
will we know; Shout-ing "Free sal-va-tion!" o'er the world we go. A-MEN.

258 Ye Christian Heralds!

B. H. Draper. *Missionary Chant. L. M.* H. C. Zeuner.


1. Ye Chris-tian her-alds! go pro-claim Sal-va-tion thro' Im-man-uel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your hearts in-spire,
3. And when our la-bors all are o'er, Then shall we meet to part no more—
To dis-tant climes the ti-dings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
Bid rag-ing winds their fu-ry cease, And hush the tempest in-to peace.
Meet with the blood-bo't throng to fall, And crown our Jesus—Lord of all. A-MEN.

259 Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us.

Anonymous. *Shepherd.* 8. 7. 8. 7. 4. 7. William B. Bradbury.

1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten-der care;
2. We are Thine; do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guard-ian of our way;
3. Thou hast prom-ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;
4. Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor; Ear - ly let us do Thy will;
In Thy pleas-ant pas-tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre-pare:
Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free:
Bless - ed Lord and on - ly Sav - ior, With Thy love our bos - oms fill:
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Blessed
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Hear the children when they pray; Blessed
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee; Blessed
Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still; Blessed
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear the chil-dren when they pray.
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Ear - ly let us turn to Thee.
Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast loved us, love us still. A - MEN.

260 I'll Be a Sunbeam.

Nellie Talbot.

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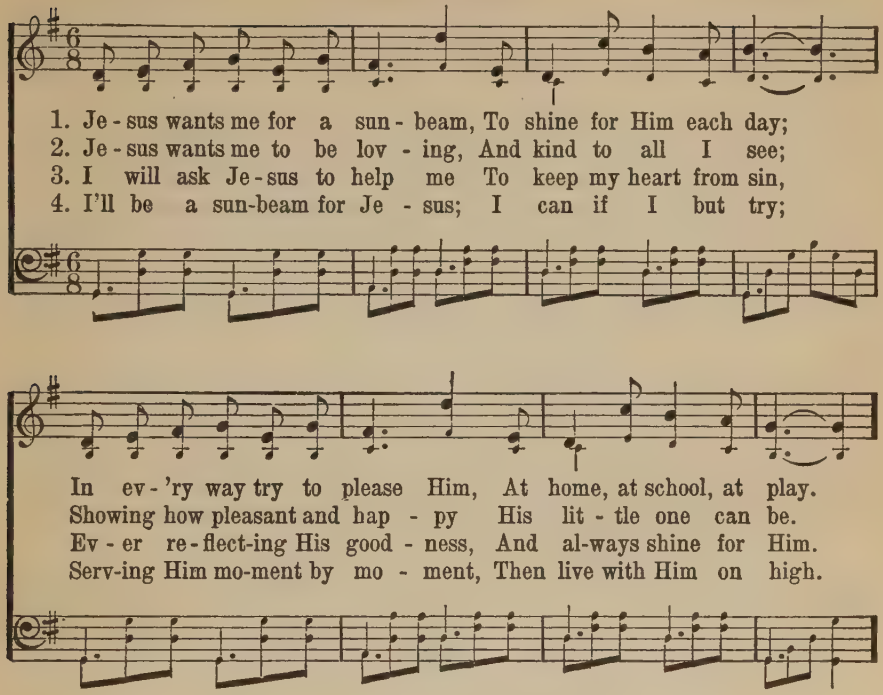
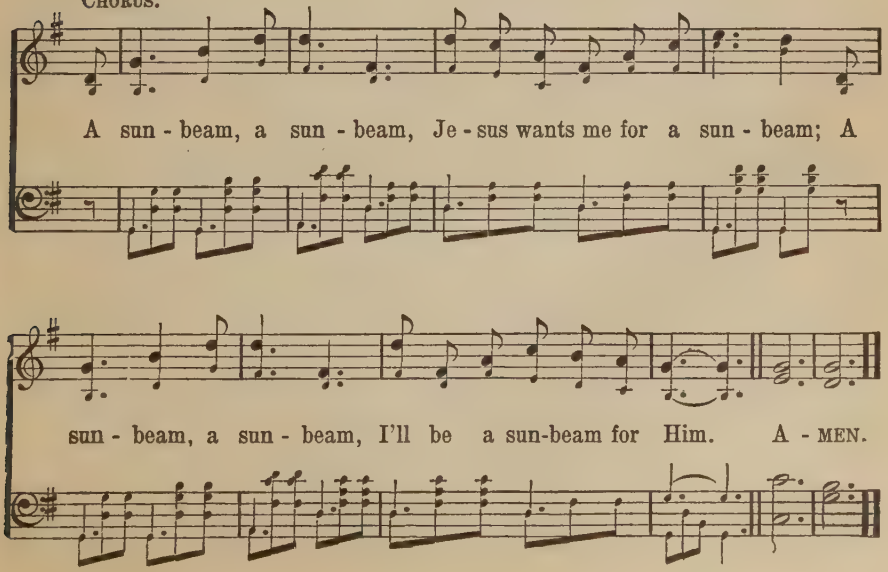
WORDS AND MUSIC.

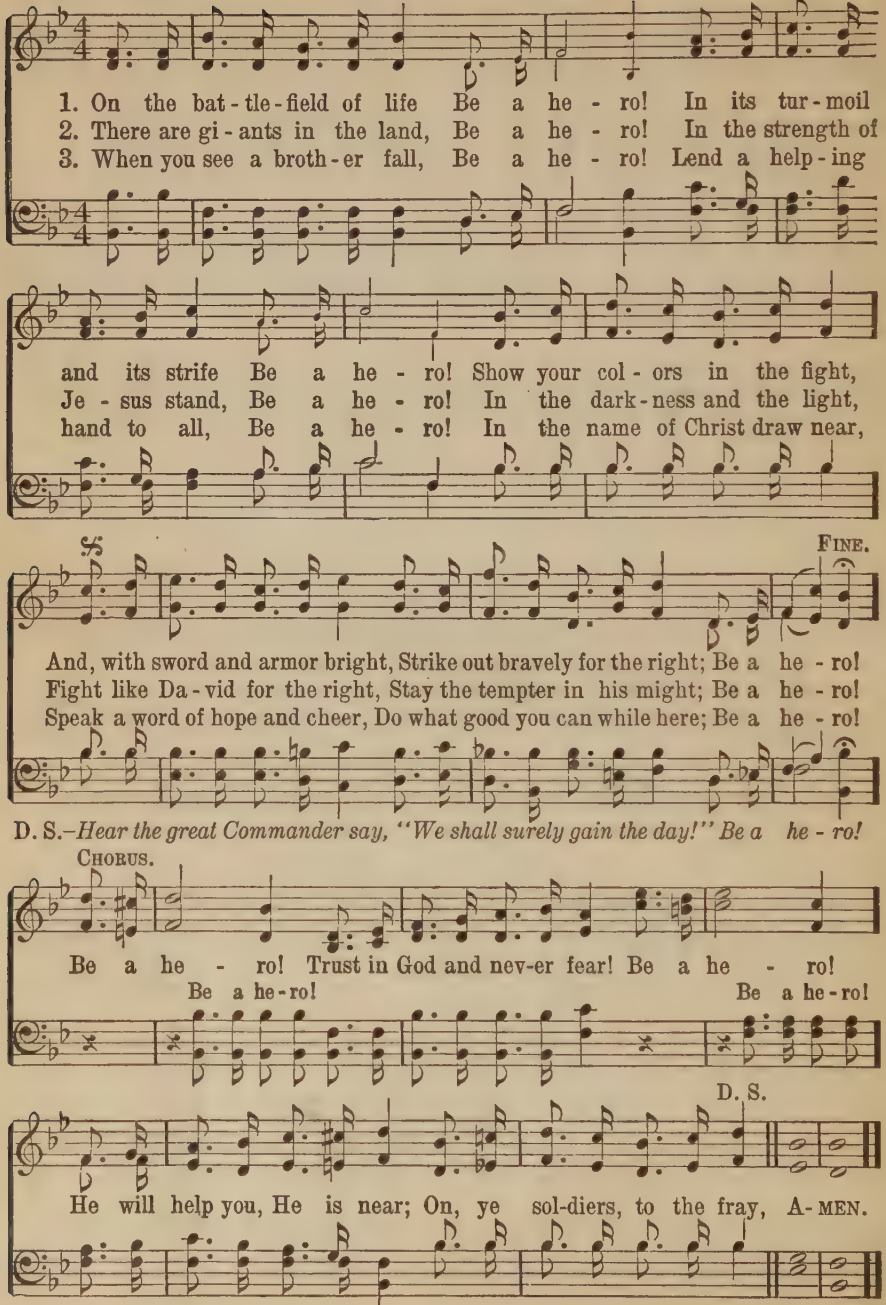
E. O. Excell.


1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin,
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Showing how pleasant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect-ing His good - ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.

CHORUS.

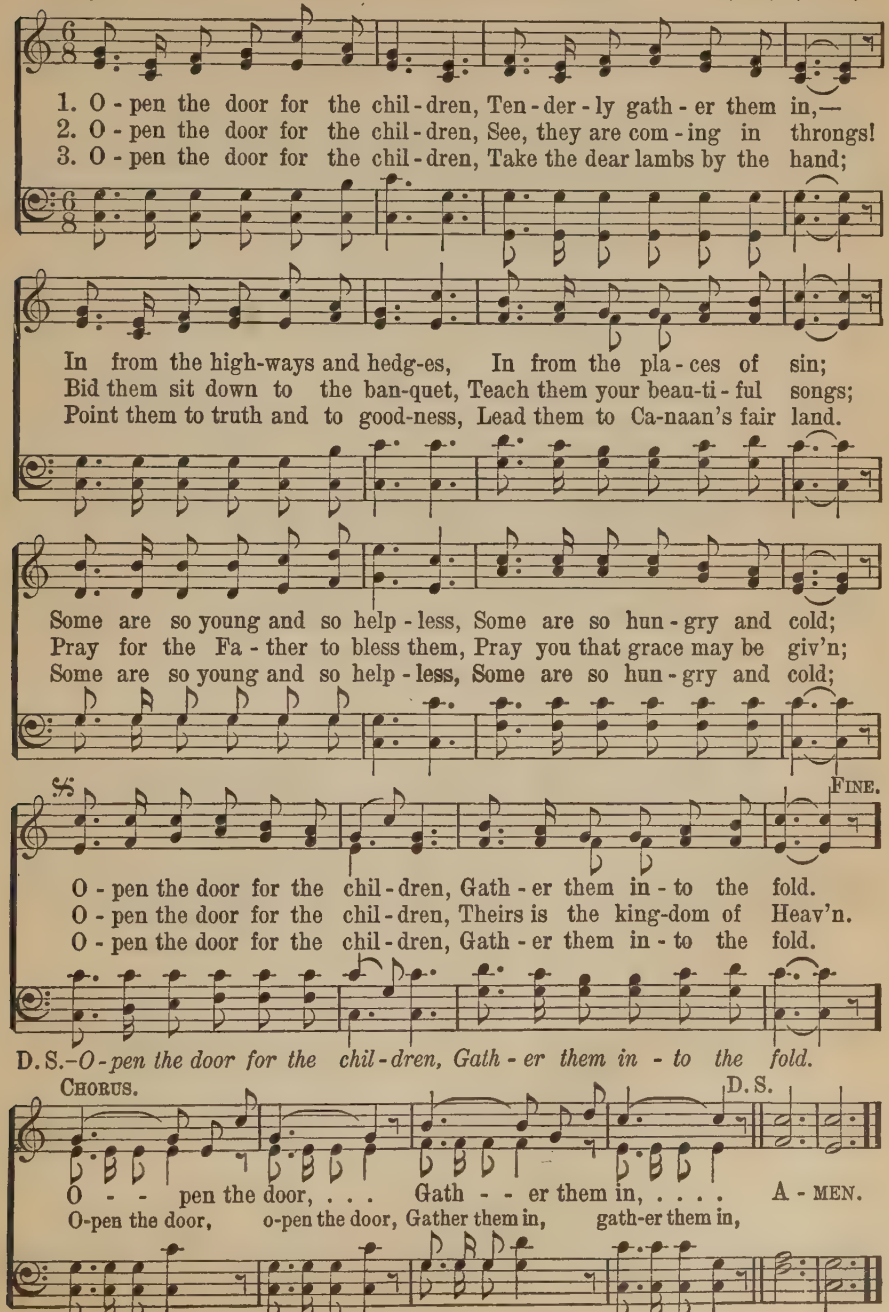


261 Be a Hero.

Adam Craig. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. On the bat-tle-field of life Be a he - ro! In its tur-moil
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he - ro! In the strength of
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he - ro! Lend a help-ing
and its strife Be a he - ro! Show your col-ors in the fight,
Je-sus stand, Be a he - ro! In the dark-ness and the light,
hand to all, Be a he - ro! In the name of Christ draw near,
FINE.
And, with sword and armor bright, Strike out bravely for the right; Be a he - ro!
Fight like Da-vid for the right, Stay the tempter in his might; Be a he - ro!
Speak a word of hope and cheer, Do what good you can while here; Be a he - ro!
D. S.–*Hear the great Commander say, "We shall surely gain the day!" Be a he - ro!*
CHORUS.
Be a he - ro! Trust in God and nev-er fear! Be a he - ro!
Be a he-ro! Be a he-ro!
D. S.
He will help you, He is near; On, ye sol-diers, to the fray, A-MEN.

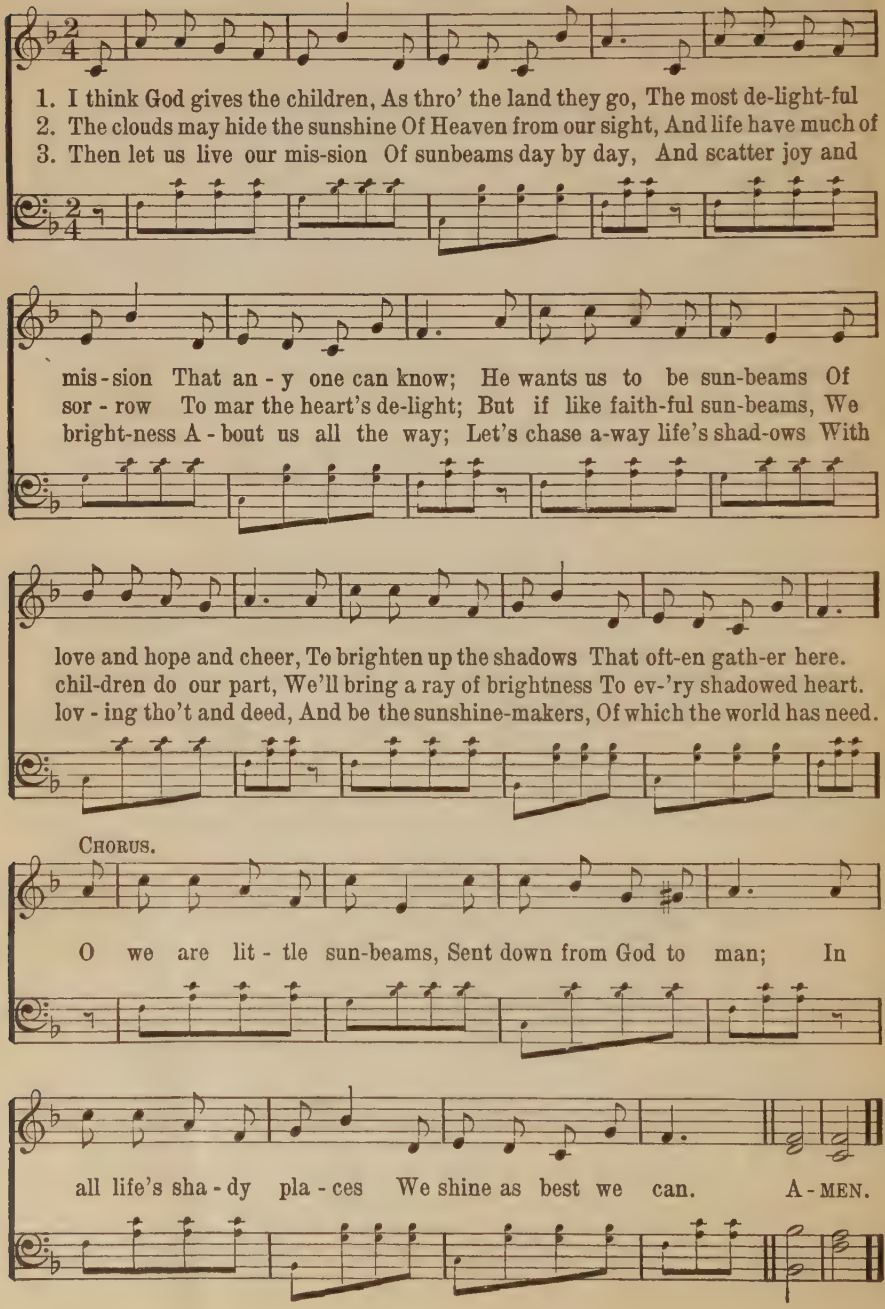
262 Open the Door for the Children.

Mary E. Kidder. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.


1. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Ten - der - ly gath - er them in,—
2. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, See, they are com - ing in throngs!
3. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;
In from the high-ways and hedg-es, In from the pla - ces of sin;
Bid them sit down to the ban-quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs;
Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land.
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
Pray for the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
FINE.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Theirs is the king-dom of Heav'n.
O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
D.S.-O-pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath-er them in - to the fold.
CHORUS.
D.S.
O - - pen the door, . . . Gath - - er them in, ... A - MEN.
O-pen the door, o-pen the door, Gather them in, gath-er them in,

263 Little Sunbeams.

Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I think God gives the children, As thro' the land they go, The most de-light-ful
2. The clouds may hide the sunshine Of Heaven from our sight, And life have much of
3. Then let us live our mis-sion Of sunbeams day by day, And scatter joy and
mis-sion That an-y one can know; He wants us to be sun-beams Of
sor-row To mar the heart's de-light; But if like faith-ful sun-beams, We
bright-ness A-bout us all the way; Let's chase a-way life's shad-ows With
love and hope and cheer, To brighten up the shadows That oft-en gath-er here.
chil-dren do our part, We'll bring a ray of brightness To ev-'ry shadowed heart.
lov-ing tho't and deed, And be the sunshine-makers, Of which the world has need.
CHORUS.
O we are lit-tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to man; In
all life's sha-dy pla-ces We shine as best we can. A-MEN.

264 Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

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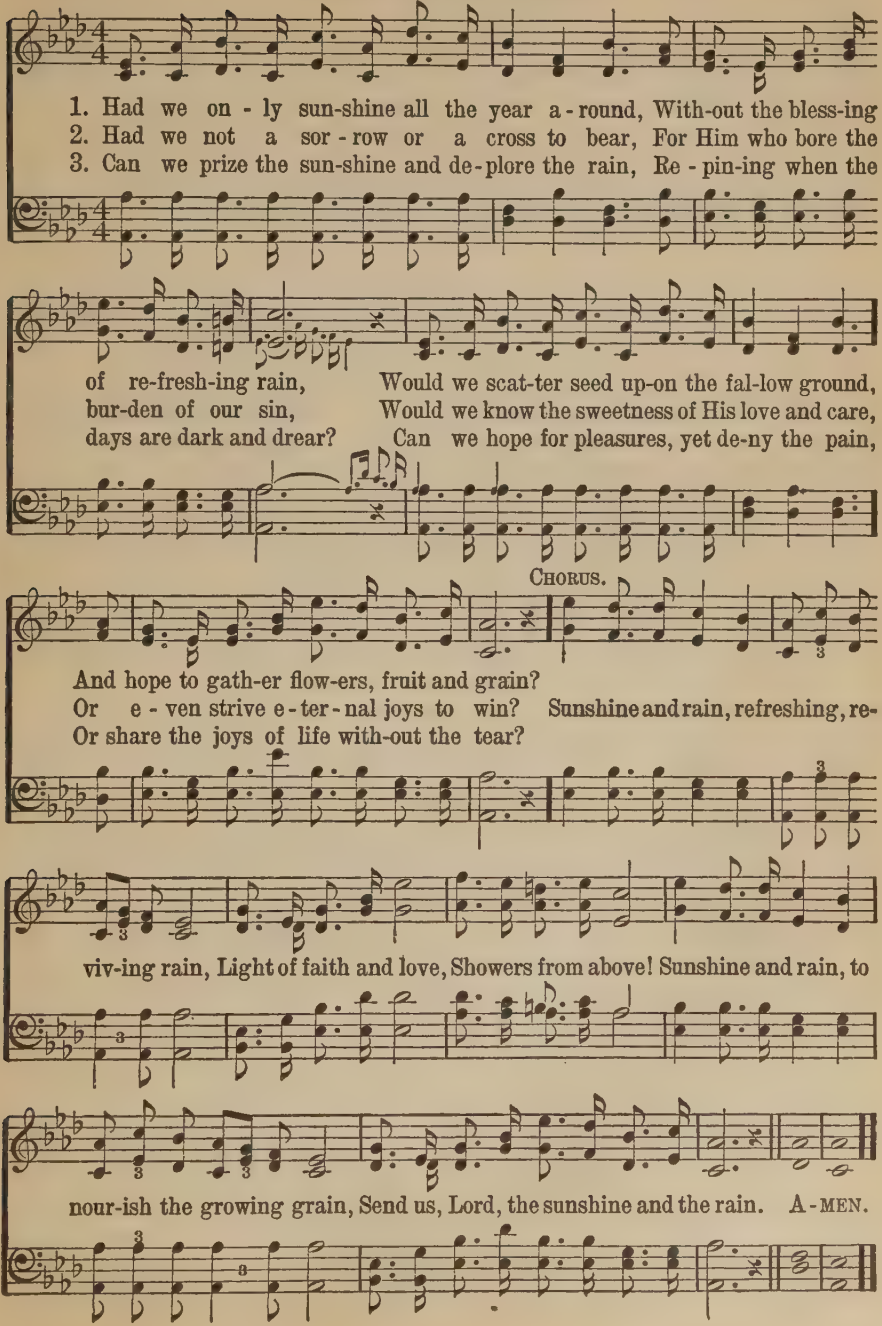
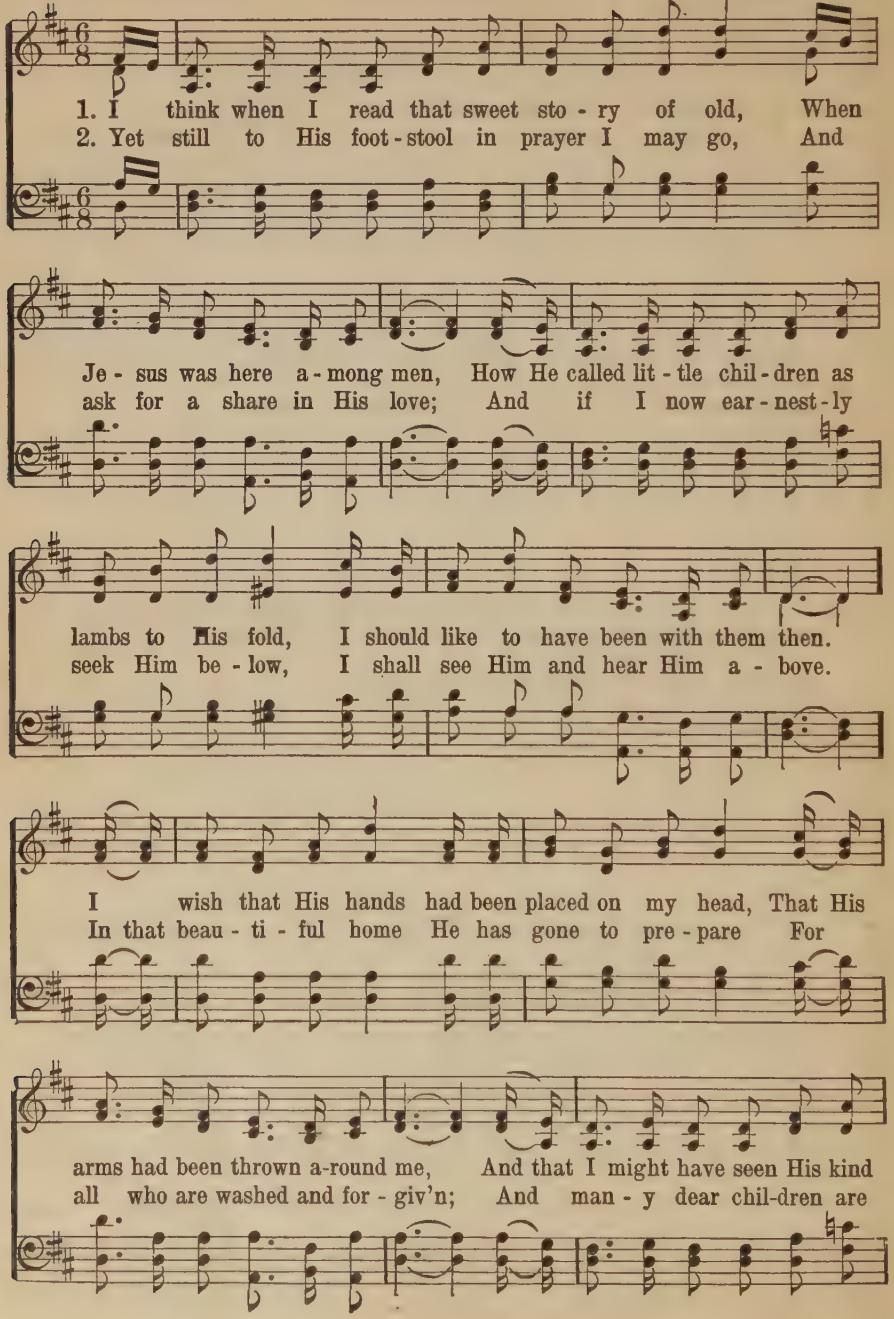
Chas. H. Gabriel.

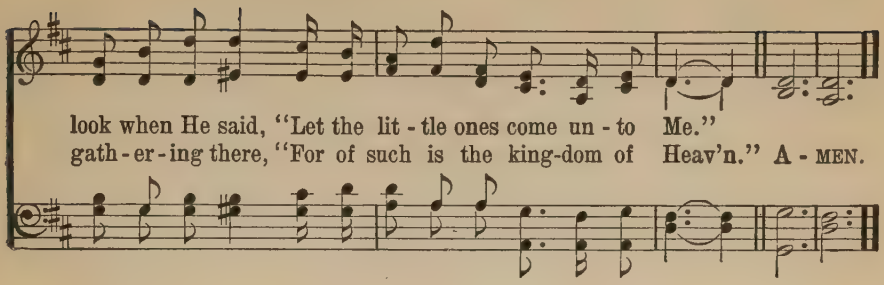

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a - round, With-out the bless-ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de - plore the rain, Re - pin-ing when the
of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up-on the fal-low ground,
bur-den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain,
CHORUS.
And hope to gath-er flow-ers, fruit and grain?
Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win? Sunshine and rain, refreshing, re-
Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?
viv-ing rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and rain, to
nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain. A - MEN.

265 That Sweet Story of Old.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. *Davenant. 11s. 8s. D.* Old Melody.


1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When
Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as
lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His
arms had been thrown a-round me, And that I might have seen His kind
2. Yet still to His foot - stool in prayer I may go, And
ask for a share in His love; And if I now ear - nest - ly
seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a - bove.
In that beau - ti - ful home He has gone to pre - pare For
all who are washed and for - giv'n; And man - y dear chil-dren are

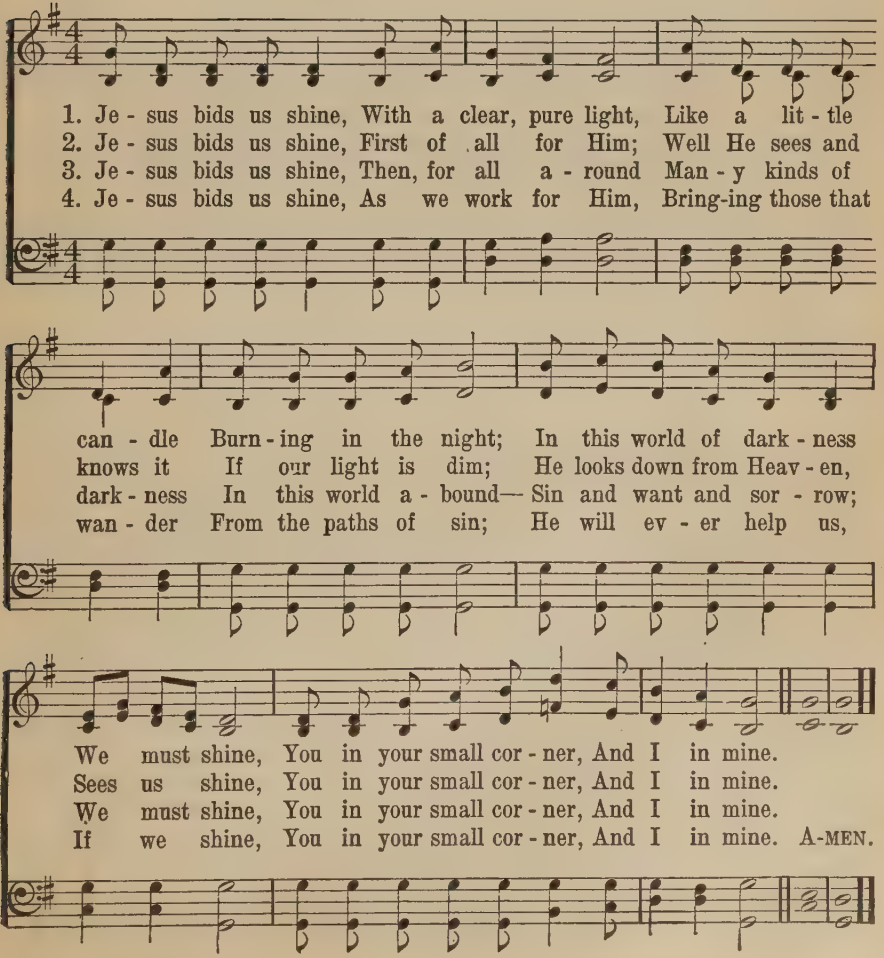
That Sweet Story of Old.



266 Jesus Bids Us Shine.

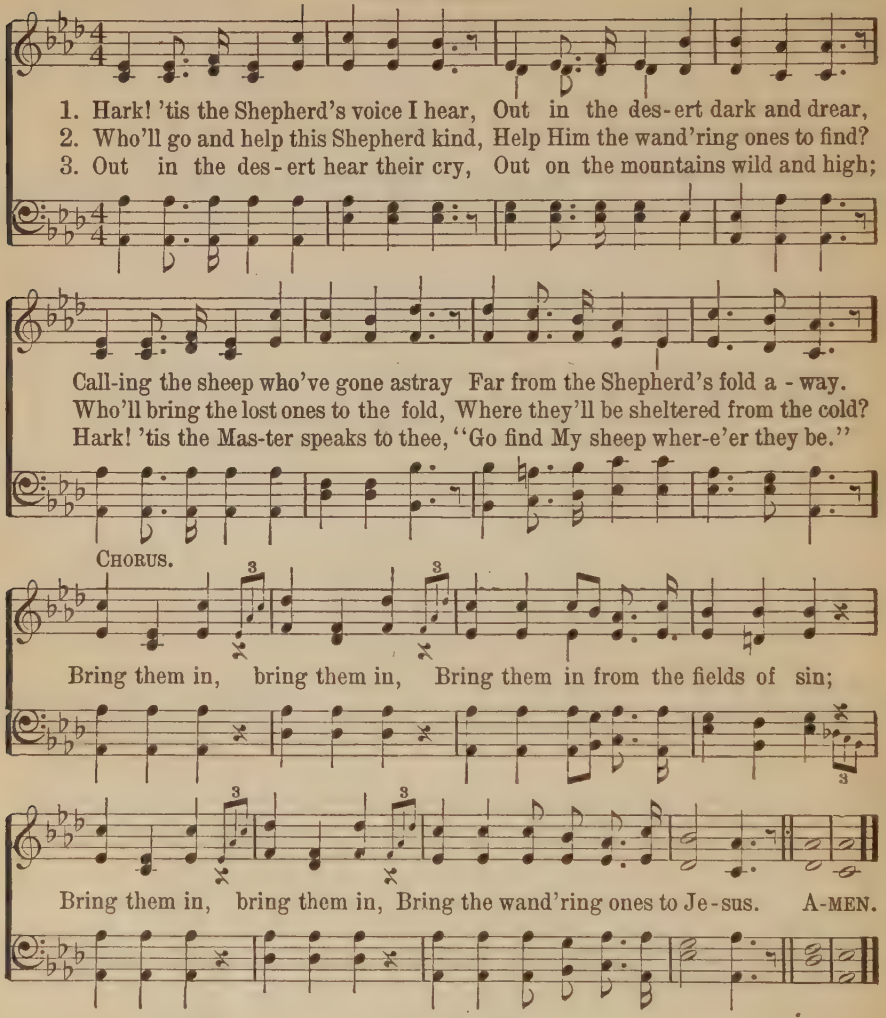
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.


1. Je - sus bids us shine, With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then, for all a - round Man - y kinds of
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring-ing those that
can - dle Burn - ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from Heav - en,
dark - ness In this world a - bound— Sin and want and sor - row;
wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine. A-MEN.

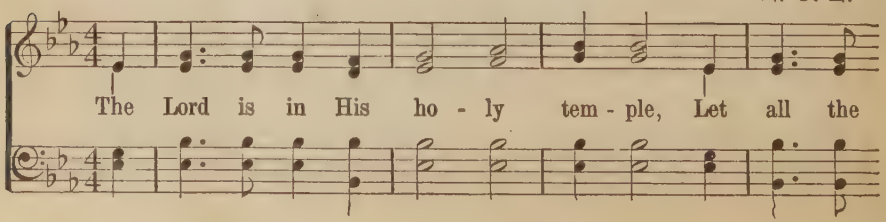
267 Bring Them In.

Alexcenah Thomas. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MRS. W. A. OGDEN. USED BY PERMISSION. W. A. Ogden.

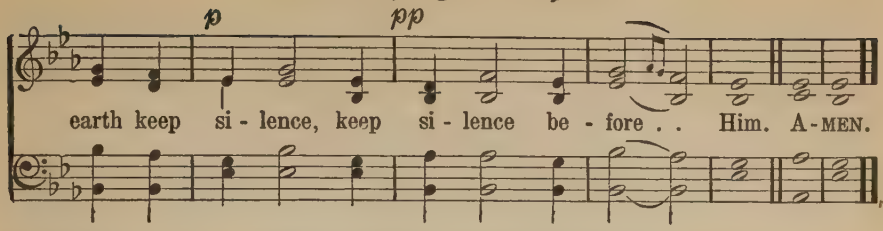

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help Him the wand'ring ones to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountains wild and high;
Call-ing the sheep who've gone astray Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go find My sheep wher-e'er they be."
CHORUS.
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to Je-sus. A-MEN.

268 His Holy Temple.

E. O. E.



His Holy Temple.

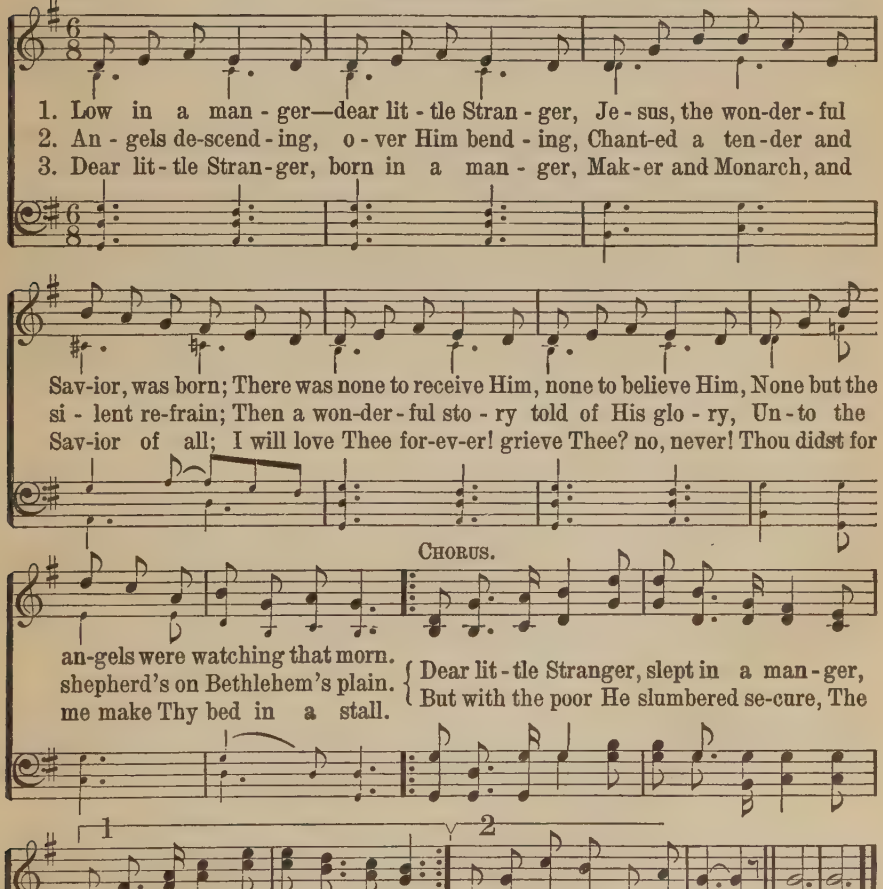


269 Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G.

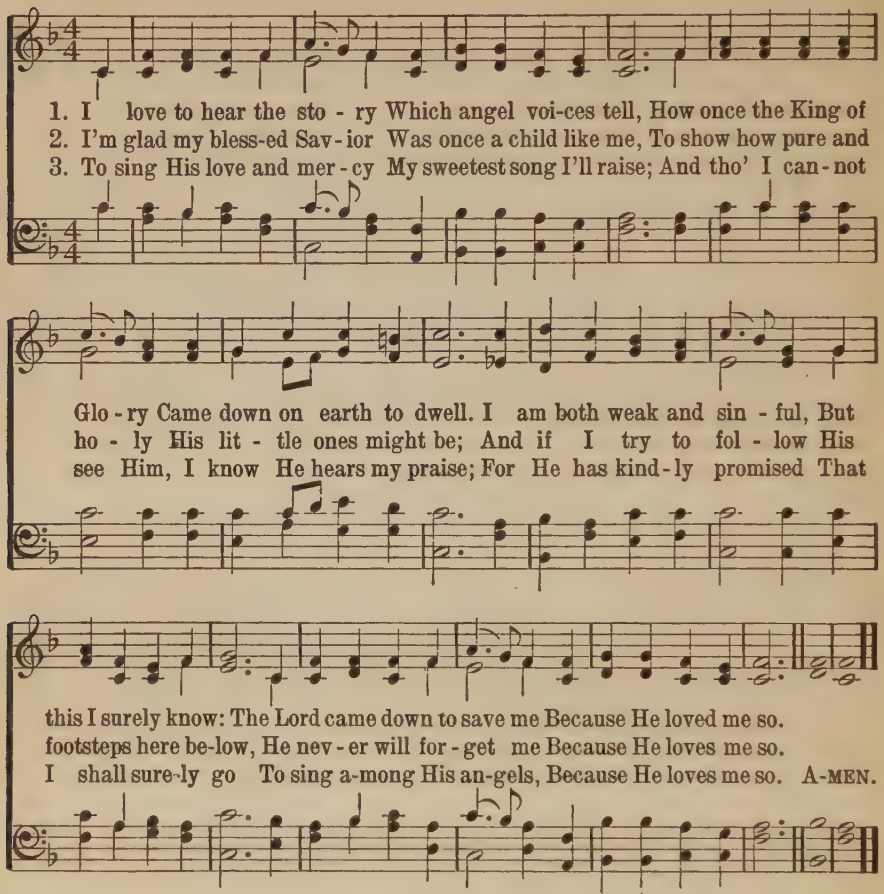
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus, the won-der - ful
2. An - gels de-scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant-ed a ten - der and
3. Dear lit - tle Stran-ger, born in a man - ger, Mak - er and Monarch, and
Sav-ior, was born; There was none to receive Him, none to believe Him, None but the
si - lent re-frain; Then a won-der - ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the
Sav-ior of all; I will love Thee for-ev-er! grieve Thee? no, never! Thou didst for
CHORUS.
an-gels were watching that morn.
shepherd's on Bethlehem's plain.
me make Thy bed in a stall.
Dear lit - tle Stranger, slept in a man - ger,
But with the poor He slumbered se-cure, The
1
2
No down-y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit-tle Babe in His bed. A - MEN.

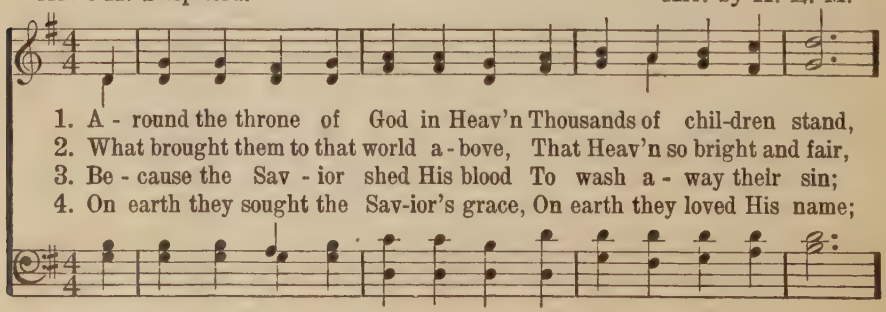
270 I Love to Hear the Story.

Emily H. Miller. Dr. Geo. F. Root.

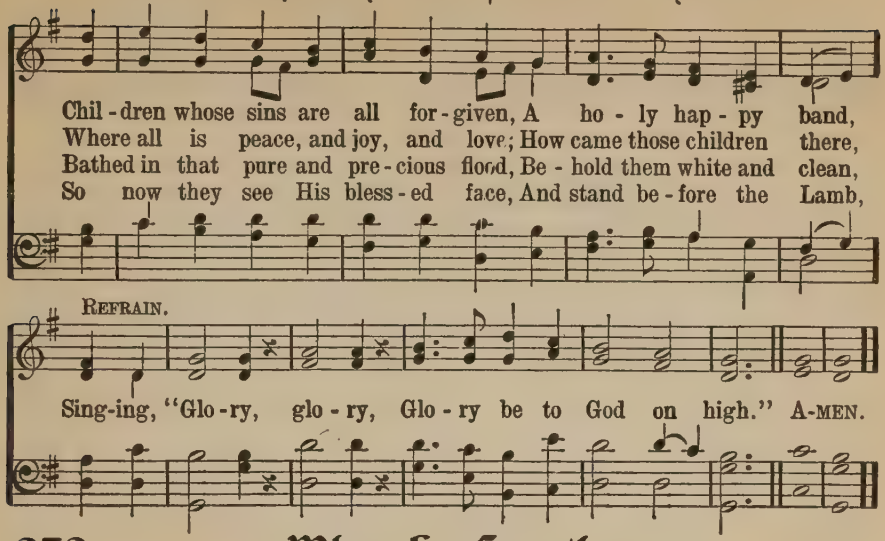

1. I love to hear the sto - ry Which angel voi-ces tell, How once the King of
2. I'm glad my bless-ed Sav - ior Was once a child like me, To show how pure and
3. To sing His love and mer - cy My sweetest song I'll raise; And tho' I can - not
Glo - ry Came down on earth to dwell. I am both weak and sin - ful, But
ho - ly His lit - tle ones might be; And if I try to fol - low His
see Him, I know He hears my praise; For He has kind - ly promised That
this I surely know: The Lord came down to save me Because He loved me so.
footsteps here be-low, He nev - er will for - get me Because He loves me so.
I shall sure-ly go To sing a-mong His an-gels, Because He loves me so. A-MEN.

271 Around the Throne of God in Heaven.

Anne H. Shepherd. Arr. by H. E. M.

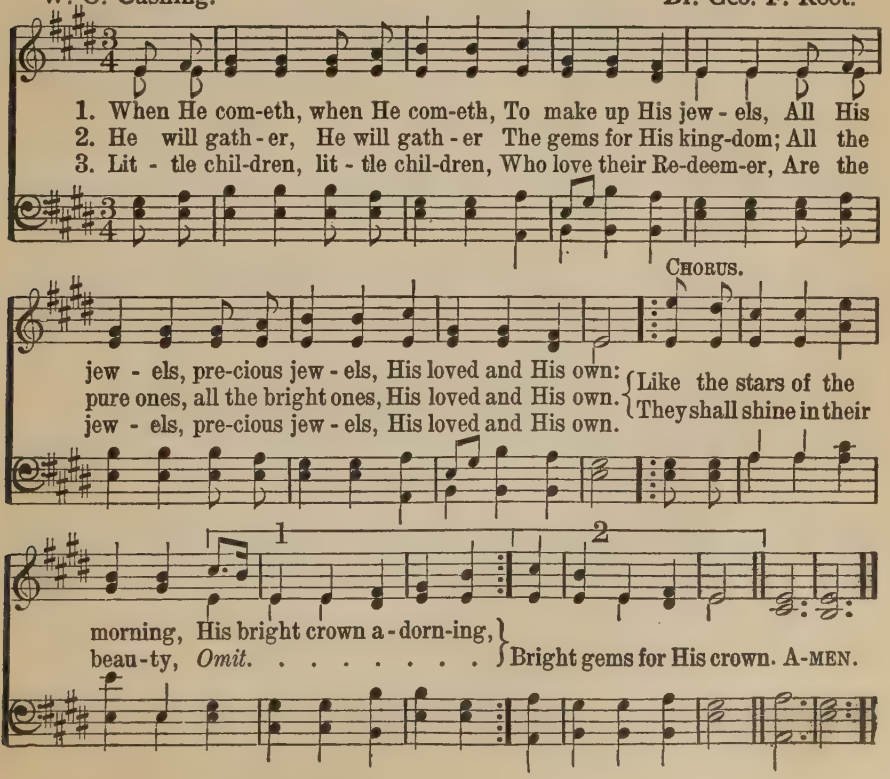

1. A - round the throne of God in Heav'n Thousands of chil-dren stand,
2. What brought them to that world a - bove, That Heav'n so bright and fair,
3. Be - cause the Sav - ior shed His blood To wash a - way their sin;
4. On earth they sought the Sav-ior's grace, On earth they loved His name;

Around the Throne of God in Heaven.


Chil - dren whose sins are all for - given, A ho - ly hap - py band,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love; How came those children there,
Bathed in that pure and pre - cious flood, Be - hold them white and clean,
So now they see His bless - ed face, And stand be - fore the Lamb,
REFRAIN.
Sing-ing, "Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God on high." A-MEN.

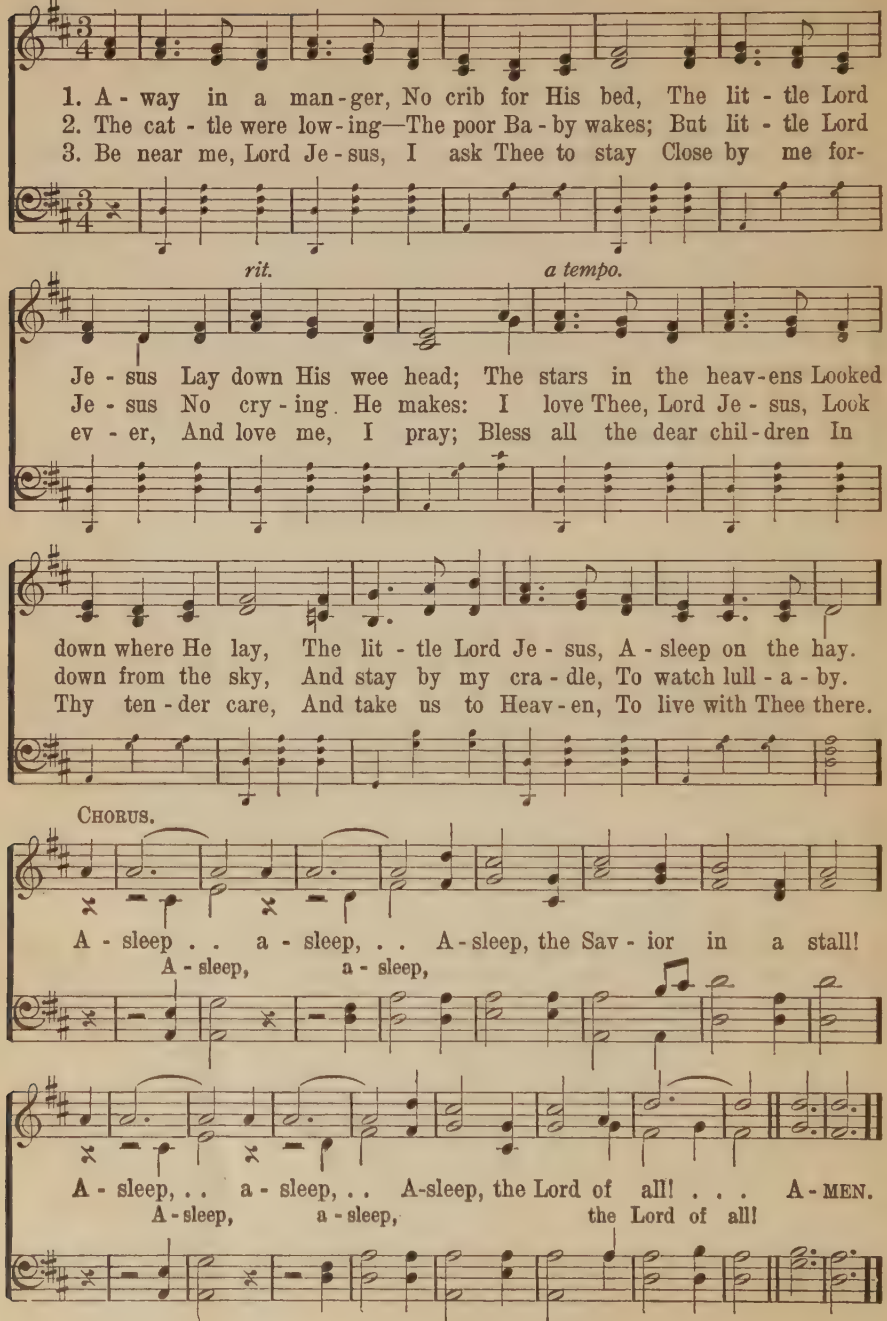
272 When He Cometh.

W. O. Cushing. Dr. Geo. F. Root.


1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth, To make up His jew - els, All His
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king-dom; All the
3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle chil-dren, Who love their Re-deem-er, Are the
CHORUS.
jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own:
pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
jew - els, pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
Like the stars of the
They shall shine in their
morning, His bright crown a - dorn-ing,
beau-ty, Omit. . . . . .
Bright gems for His crown. A-MEN.

273 Luther's Cradle Hymn.

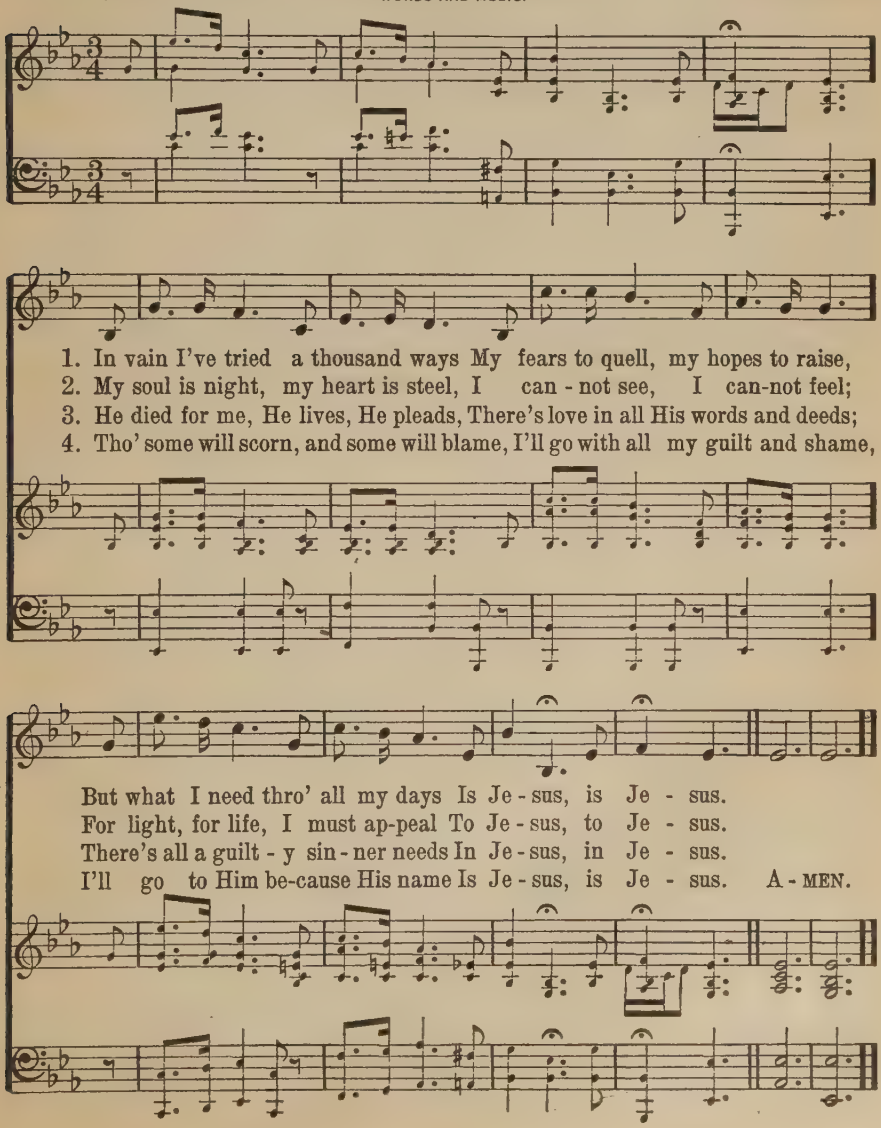
Martin Luther. COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle were low - ing—The poor Ba - by wakes; But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-
rit.
a tempo.
Je - sus Lay down His wee head; The stars in the heav - ens Looked
Je - sus No cry - ing. He makes: I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren In
down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus, A - sleep on the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle, To watch lull - a - by.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to Heav - en, To live with Thee there.
CHORUS.
A - sleep . . a - sleep, . . A - sleep, the Sav - ior in a stall!
A - sleep, a - sleep,
A - sleep, . . a - sleep, . . A-sleep, the Lord of all! . . . A - MEN.
A - sleep, a - sleep, the Lord of all!

Special Selections

274 Because His Name Is Jesus.

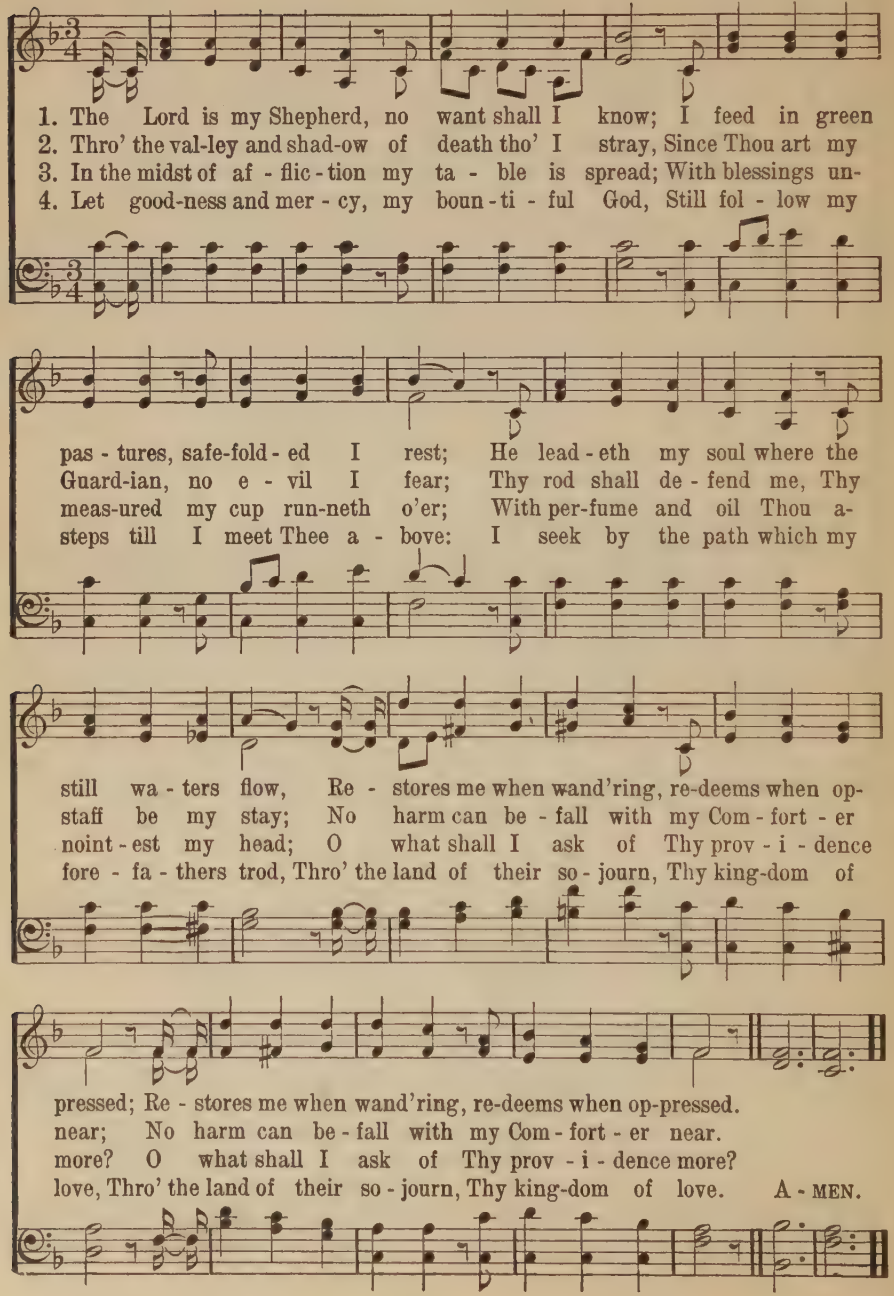
Arr. by E. O. Excell. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. In vain I've tried a thousand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can - not see, I can-not feel;
3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some will scorn, and some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,
But what I need thro' all my days Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.
For light, for life, I must ap-peal To Je - sus, to Je - sus.
There's all a guilt - y sin - ner needs In Je - sus, in Je - sus.
I'll go to Him be-cause His name Is Je - sus, is Je - sus. A - MEN.

275 The Lord is My Shepherd.

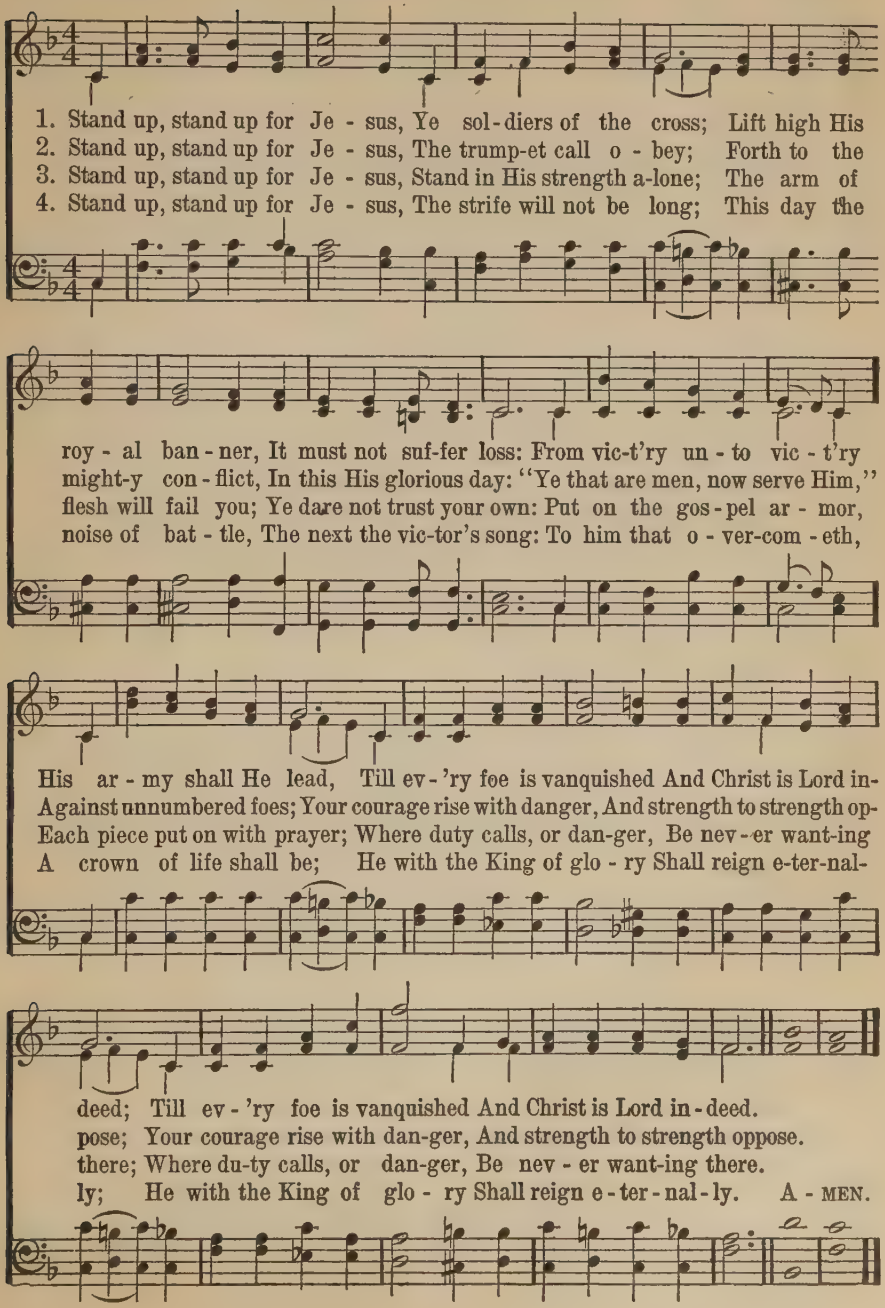
Tyler. 11s. Arr. from Koschat

23rd Psalm. by E. O. E.

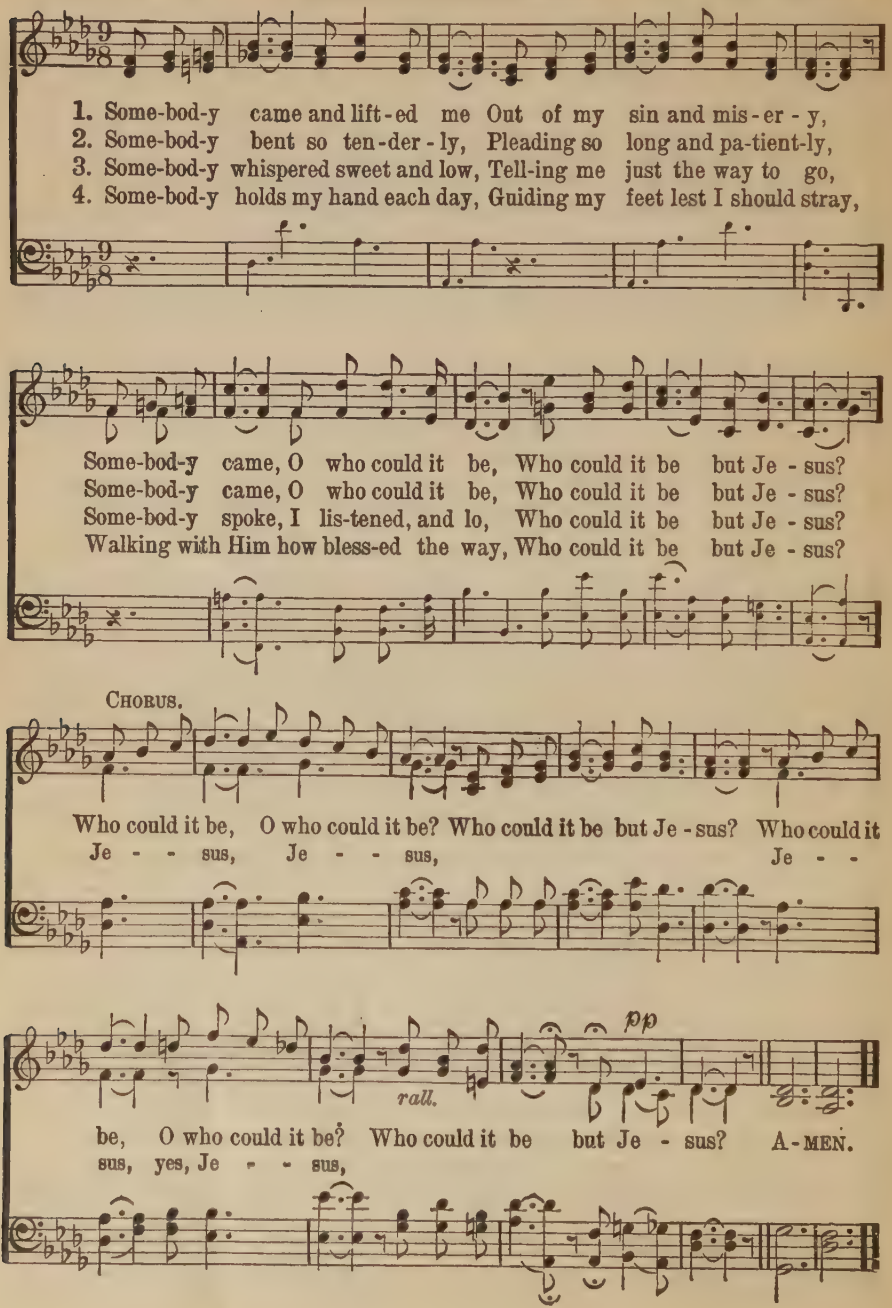

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know; I feed in green
2. Thro' the val-ley and shad-ow of death tho' I stray, Since Thou art my
3. In the midst of af - flic - tion my ta - ble is spread; With blessings un-
4. Let good-ness and mer - cy, my boun - ti - ful God, Still fol - low my
pas - tures, safe-fold - ed I rest; He lead - eth my soul where the
Guard-ian, no e - vil I fear; Thy rod shall de - fend me, Thy
meas-ured my cup run-neth o'er; With per-fume and oil Thou a-
steps till I meet Thee a - bove: I seek by the path which my
still wa - ters flow, Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-
staff be my stay; No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er
noint - est my head; O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence
fore - fa - thers trod, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king-dom of
pressed; Re - stores me when wand'ring, re-deems when op-pressed.
near; No harm can be - fall with my Com - fort - er near.
more? O what shall I ask of Thy prov - i - dence more?
love, Thro' the land of their so - journ, Thy king-dom of love. A - MEN.

276 Stand Up for Jesus.

G. Duffield. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

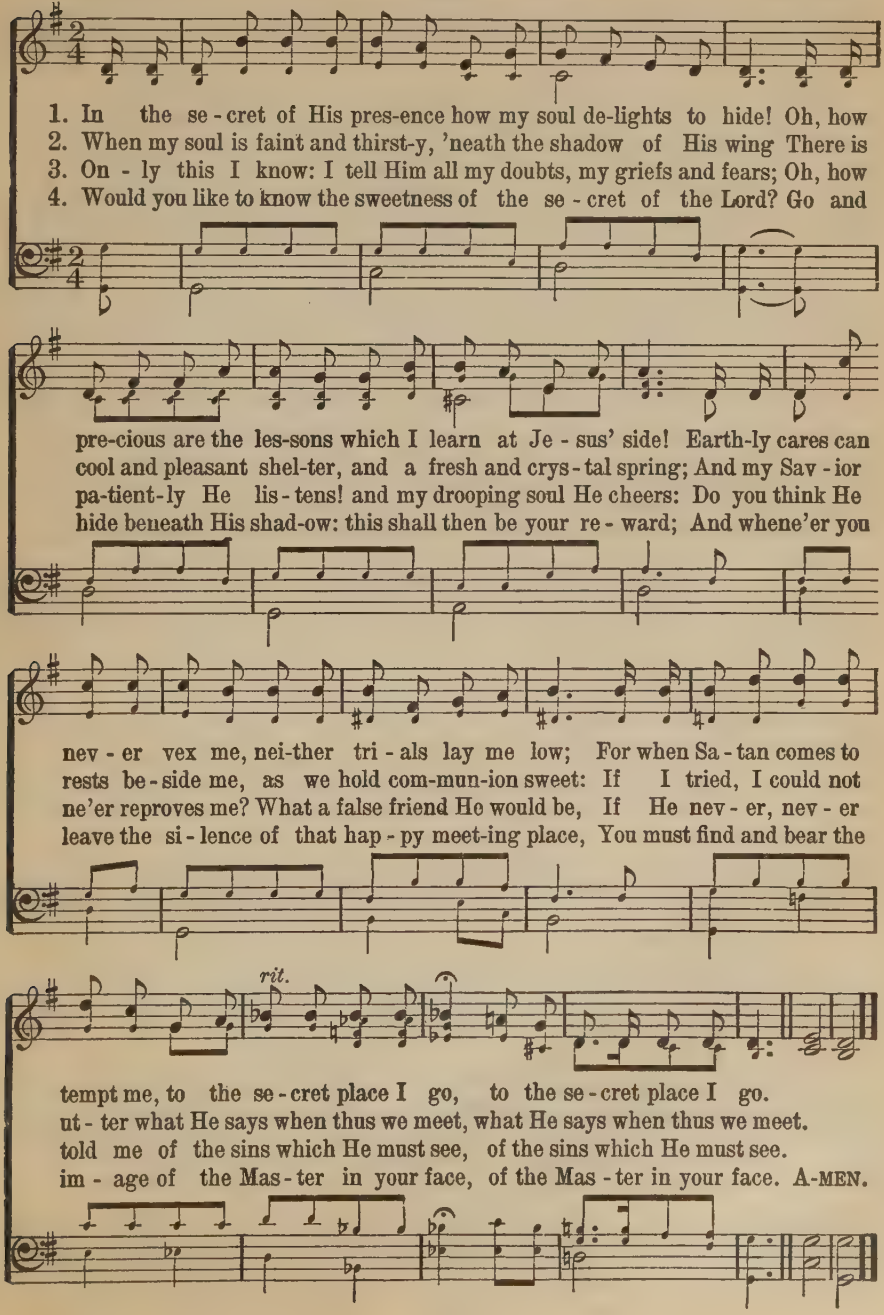

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump-et call o - bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a-lone; The arm of
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the
roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf-fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry
might-y con - flict, In this His glorious day: "Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor,
noise of bat - tle, The next the vic-tor's song: To him that o - ver-com - eth,
His ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in-
Against unnumbered foes; Your courage rise with danger, And strength to strength op-
Each piece put on with prayer; Where duty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev - er want-ing
A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-ter-nal-
deed; Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
pose; Your courage rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.
there; Where du-ty calls, or dan-ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
ly; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly. A - MEN.

277 Who Could It Be?

Fred P. Morris. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Robert Harkness.

1. Some-bod-y came and lift-ed me Out of my sin and mis-er-y,
2. Some-bod-y bent so ten-der-ly, Pleading so long and pa-tient-ly,
3. Some-bod-y whispered sweet and low, Tell-ing me just the way to go,
4. Some-bod-y holds my hand each day, Guiding my feet lest I should stray,
Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je-sus?
Some-bod-y came, O who could it be, Who could it be but Je-sus?
Some-bod-y spoke, I lis-tened, and lo, Who could it be but Je-sus?
Walking with Him how bless-ed the way, Who could it be but Je-sus?
CHORUS.
Who could it be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je-sus? Who could it
Je - - sus, Je - - sus, Je - -
pp
rall.
be, O who could it be? Who could it be but Je-sus? A-MEN.
sus, yes, Je - - sus,

278 In the Secret of His Presence.

Ellen Lakshmi Goreh. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence how my soul de-lights to hide! Oh, how pre-cious are the les-sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth-ly cares can nev - er vex me, nei-ther tri - als lay me low; For when Sa - tan comes to tempt me, to the se - cret place I go, to the se - cret place I go.
2. When my soul is faint and thirst-y, 'neath the shadow of His wing There is cool and pleasant shel-ter, and a fresh and crys - tal spring; And my Sav - ior rests be - side me, as we hold com-mun-ion sweet: If I tried, I could not ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears; Oh, how pa-tient-ly He lis - tens! and my drooping soul He cheers: Do you think He ne'er reproves me? What a false friend He would be, If He nev - er, nev - er told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
4. Would you like to know the sweetness of the se - cret of the Lord? Go and hide beneath His shad-ow: this shall then be your re - ward; And whene'er you leave the si - lence of that hap - py meet-ing place, You must find and bear the im - age of the Mas - ter in your face, of the Mas - ter in your face. A-MEN.
rit.

279 He Loves Even Me.

S. L.

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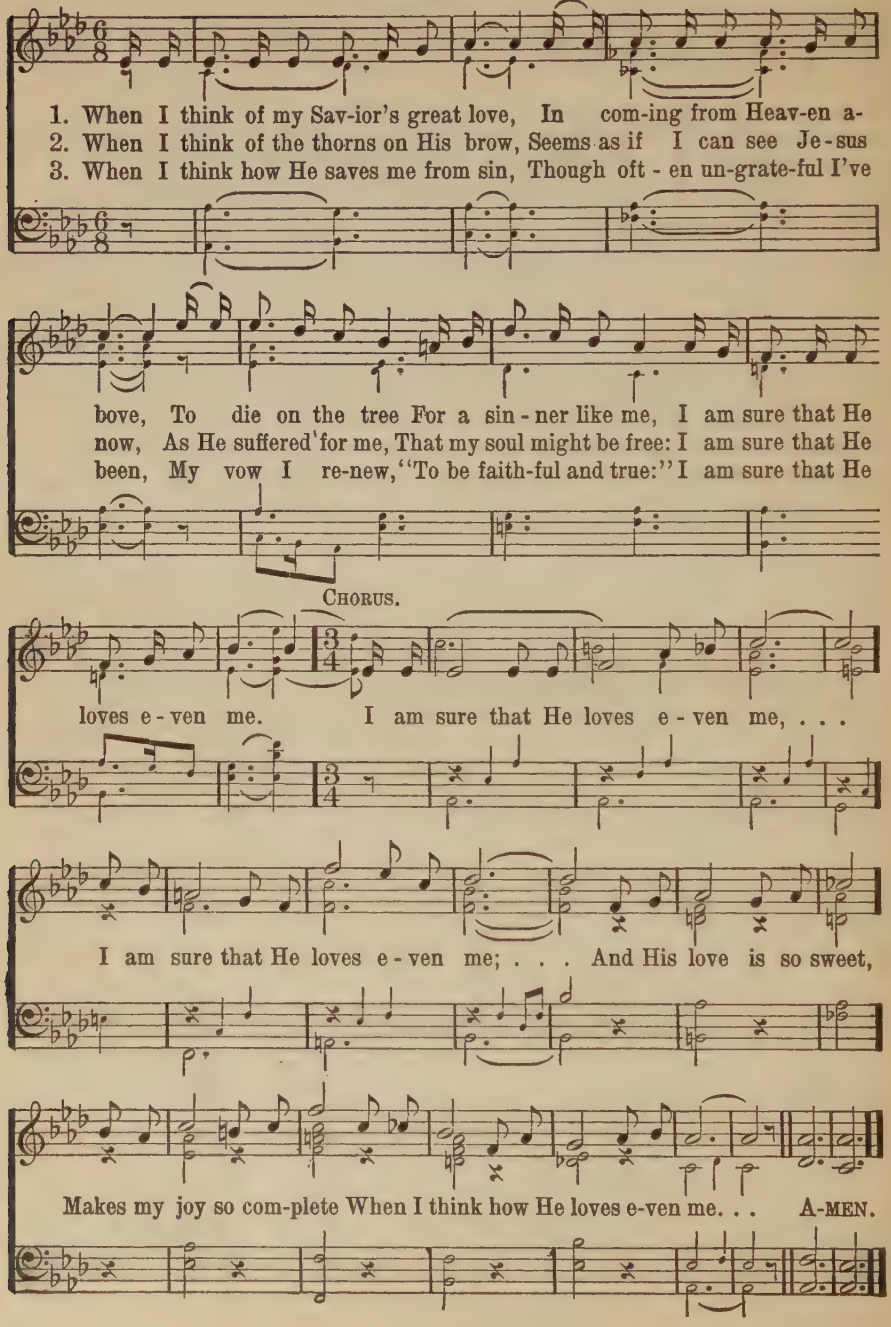
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Scott Lawrence.

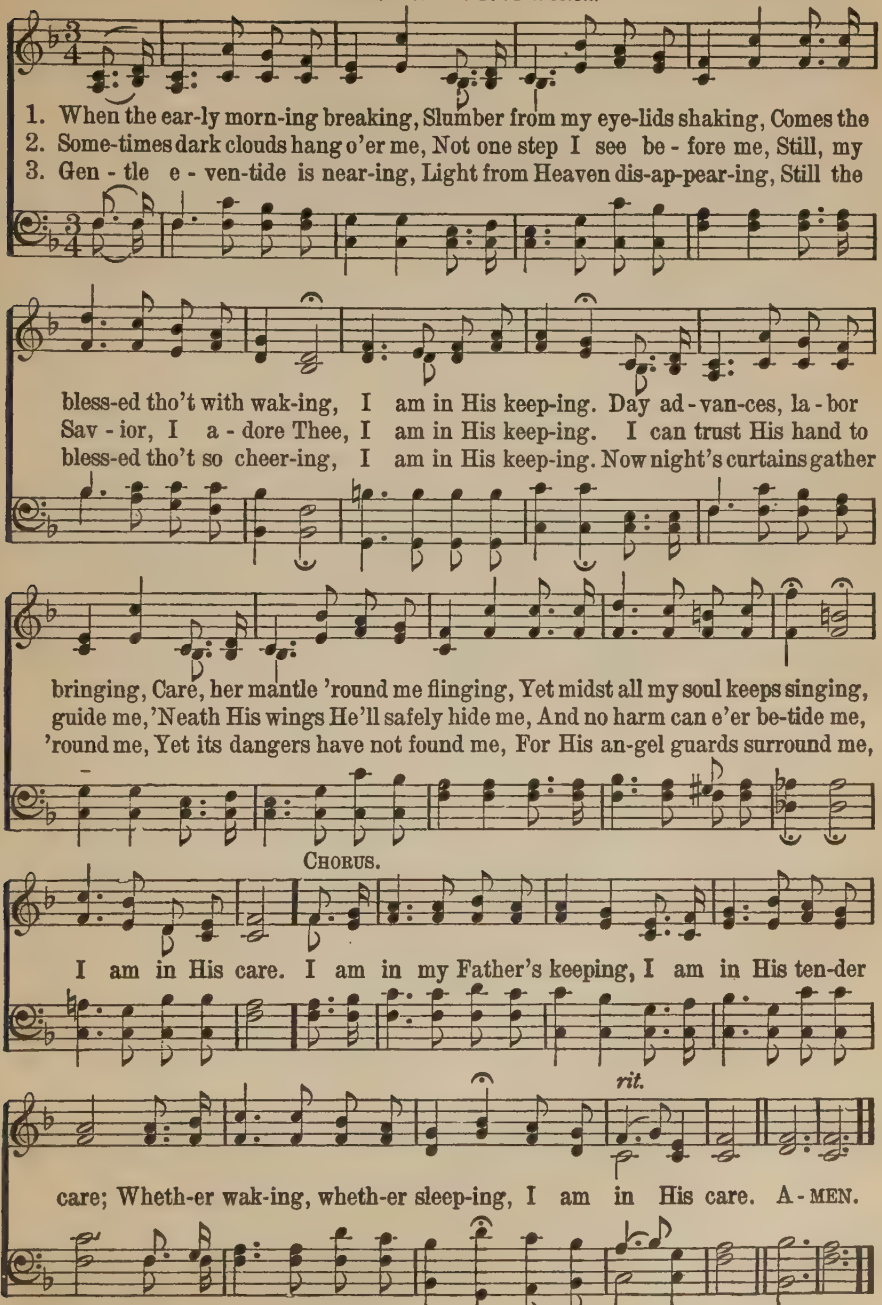

1. When I think of my Sav-ior's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft-en un-grate-ful I've
bove, To die on the tree For a sin-ner like me, I am sure that He
now, As He suffered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He
been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true:" I am sure that He
CHORUS.
loves e-ven me. I am sure that He loves e-ven me, . . .
I am sure that He loves e-ven me; . . . And His love is so sweet,
Makes my joy so com-plete When I think how He loves e-ven me. . . A-MEN.

280 In His Keeping.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J. USED BY PERMISSION.

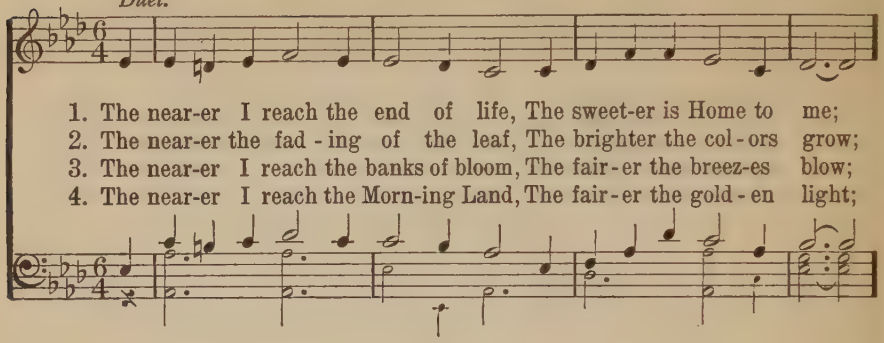
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

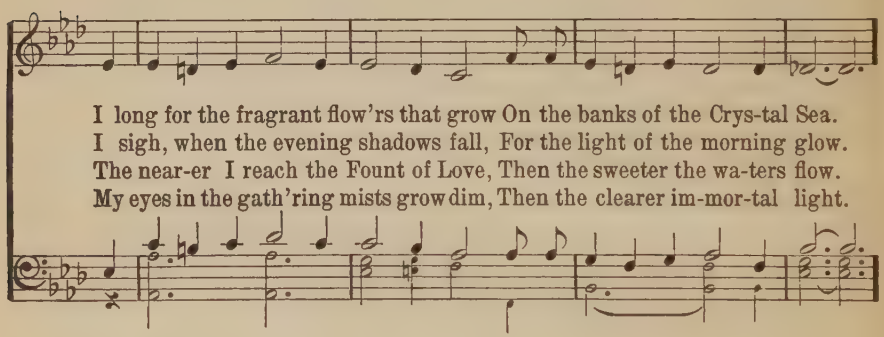

1. When the ear-ly morn-ing breaking, Slumber from my eye-lids shaking, Comes the
2. Some-times dark clouds hang o'er me, Not one step I see be - fore me, Still, my
3. Gen - tle e - ven-tide is near-ing, Light from Heaven dis-ap-pear-ing, Still the
bless-ed tho't with wak-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Day ad - van-ces, la - bor
Sav - ior, I a - dore Thee, I am in His keep-ing. I can trust His hand to
bless-ed tho't so cheer-ing, I am in His keep-ing. Now night's curtains gather
bringing, Care, her mantle 'round me flinging, Yet midst all my soul keeps singing,
guide me, 'Neath His wings He'll safely hide me, And no harm can e'er be-tide me,
'round me, Yet its dangers have not found me, For His an-gel guards surround me,
Chorus.
I am in His care. I am in my Father's keeping, I am in His ten-der
rit.
care; Wheth-er wak-ing, wheth-er sleep-ing, I am in His care. A - men.

281 The Nearer, The Sweeter.

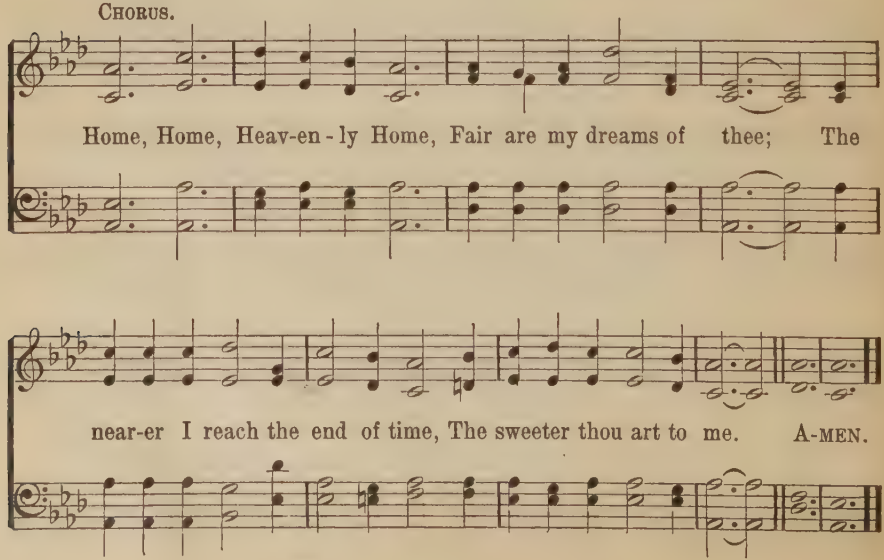
Jesse P. Tompkins. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. B. D. Ackley.

Duet.


1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweet-er is Home to me;
2. The near-er the fad-ing of the leaf, The brighter the col-ors grow;
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair-er the breez-es blow;
4. The near-er I reach the Morn-ing Land, The fair-er the gold-en light;


I long for the fragrant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the Crys-tal Sea.
I sigh, when the evening shadows fall, For the light of the morning glow.
The near-er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweeter the wa-ters flow.
My eyes in the gath'ring mists grow dim, Then the clearer im-mor-tal light.

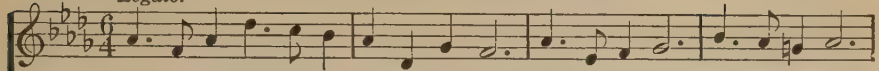
CHORUS.

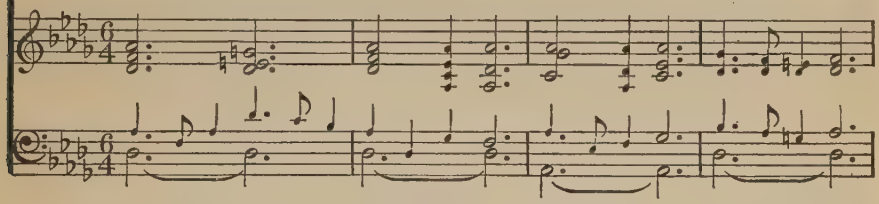


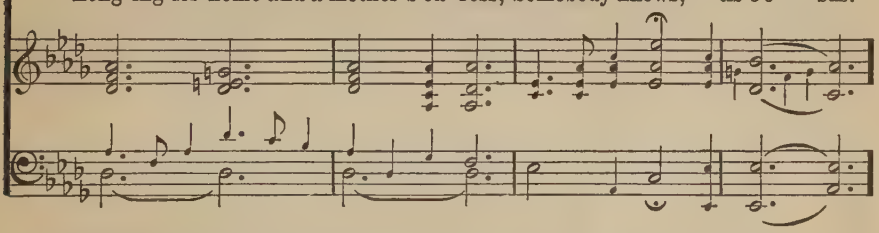
282 Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1908 AND 1909, BY F. G. FISCHER.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. B. D. Ackley.

Legato.

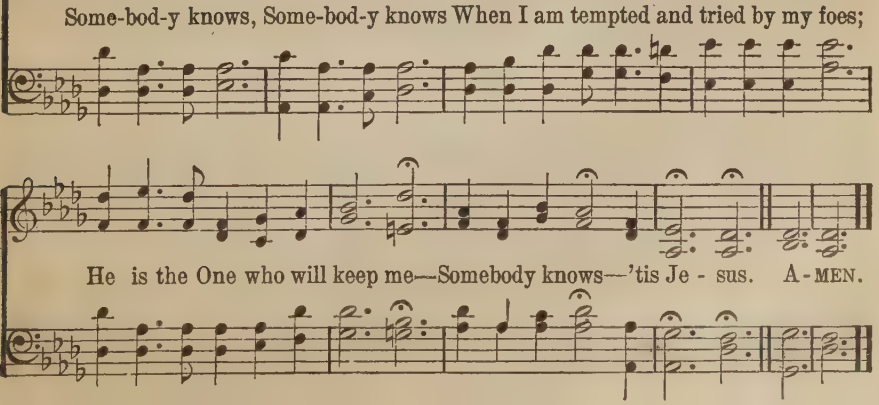


1. Failing in strength when oppressed by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

Wait-ing for some-one to ban-ish my woes, Somebody knows,—'tis Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebody knows,—'tis Je - sus.
Long-ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebody knows,—'tis Je - sus.



REFRAIN.

Some-bod-y knows, Some-bod-y knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;



He is the One who will keep me—Somebody knows—'tis Je - sus. A-MEN.

283 Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S.

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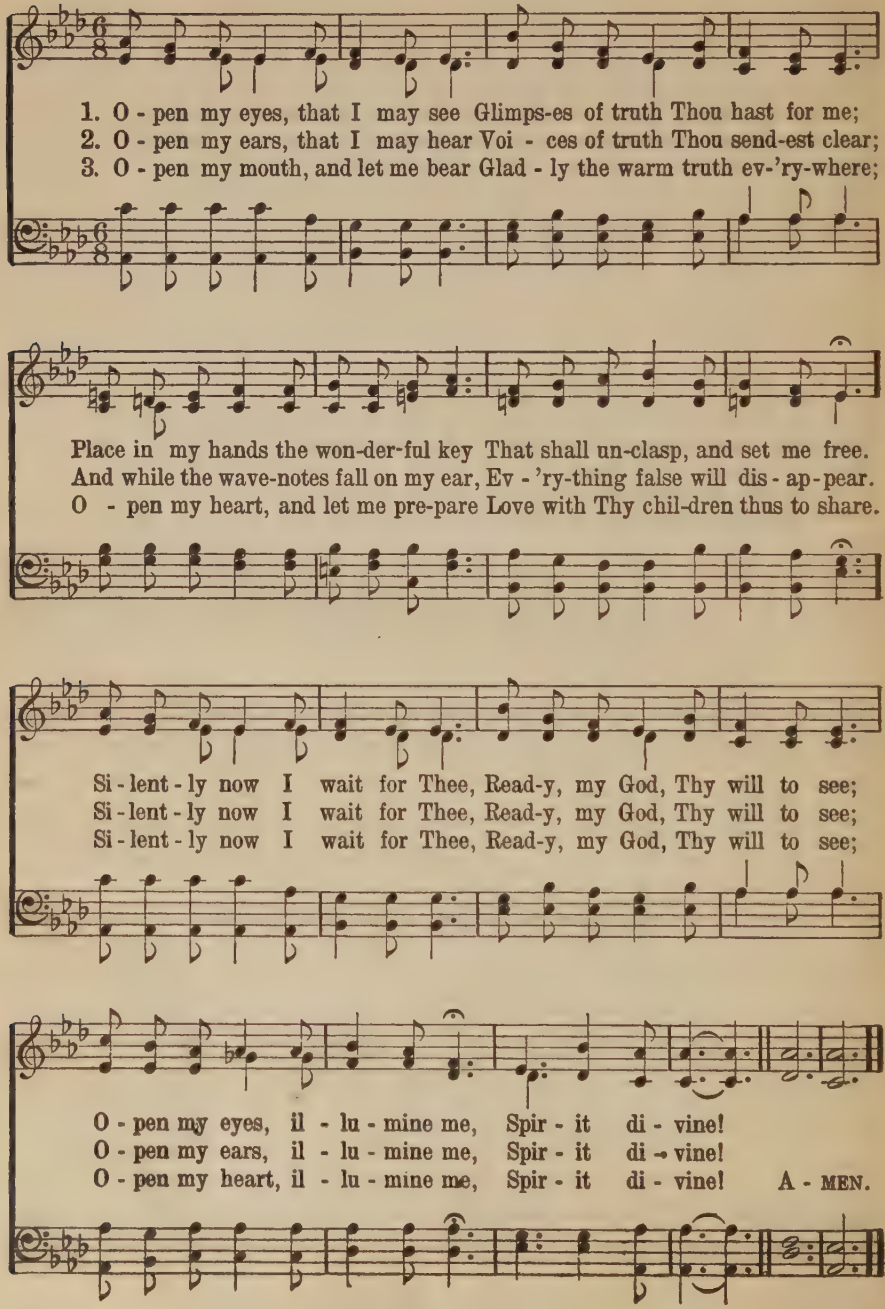
Chas. H. Scott.

1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimps-es of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voi - ces of truth Thou send-est clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Glad - ly the warm truth ev-'ry-where;
Place in my hands the won-der-ful key That shall un-clasp, and set me free.
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry-thing false will dis - ap-pear.
O - pen my heart, and let me pre-pare Love with Thy chil-dren thus to share.
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Read-y, my God, Thy will to see;
O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine!
O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it di - vine! A - MEN.

284 Think On Thy Way.

J. P. S.

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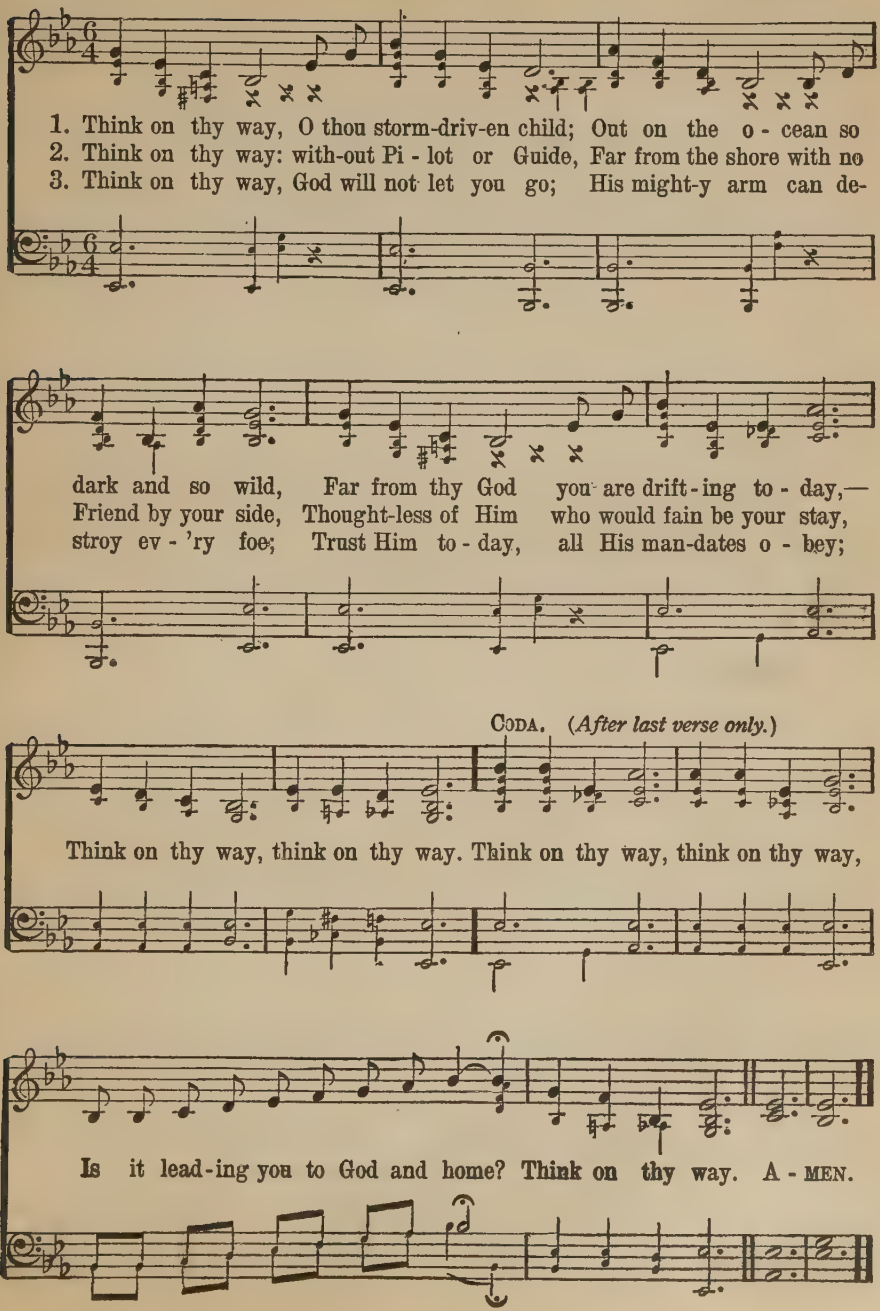
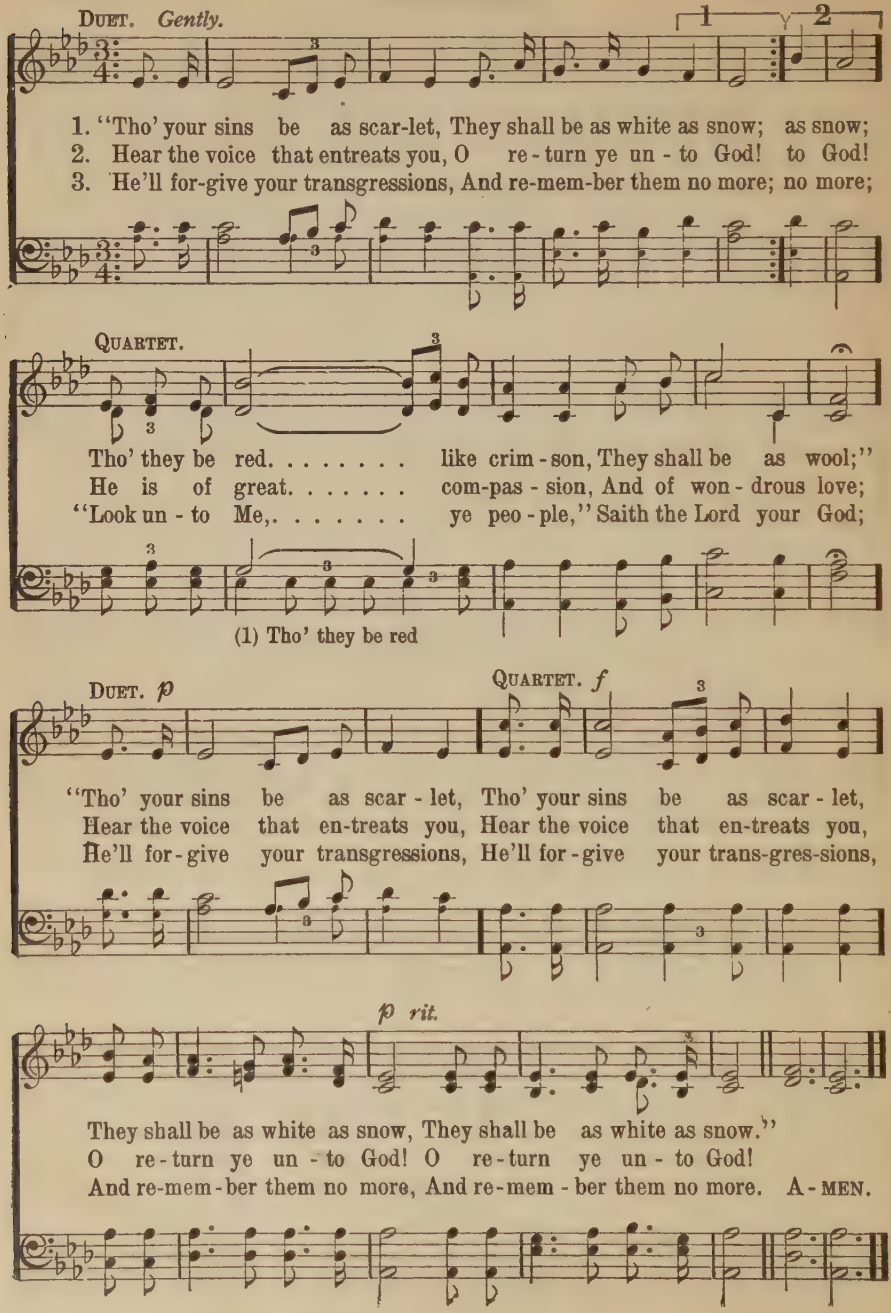
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.


1. Think on thy way, O thou storm-driv-en child; Out on the o - cean so
2. Think on thy way: with-out Pi - lot or Guide, Far from the shore with no
3. Think on thy way, God will not let you go; His might-y arm can de-
dark and so wild, Far from thy God you are drift-ing to - day,—
Friend by your side, Thought-less of Him who would fain be your stay,
stroy ev - 'ry foe; Trust Him to - day, all His man-dates o - bey;
CODA. (After last verse only.)
Think on thy way, think on thy way. Think on thy way, think on thy way,
Is it lead-ing you to God and home? Think on thy way. A - MEN.

285 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. H. DOANE. RENEWAL. F. T. DOANE, OWNER. W. H. Doane.


DUET. Gently.
1 2
1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that entreats you, O re-turn ye un-to God! to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;
QUARTET.
Tho' they be red. . . . . like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
He is of great. . . . . com-pas-sion, And of won-drous love;
"Look un-to Me,. . . . . ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God;
(1) Tho' they be red
DUET. p
QUARTET. f
"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
Hear the voice that en-treats you, Hear the voice that en-treats you,
He'll for-give your transgressions, He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions,
p rit.
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
O re-turn ye un-to God! O re-turn ye un-to God!
And re-mem-ber them no more, And re-mem-ber them no more. A-MEN.

286 He Upholds Me.

E. T. C.

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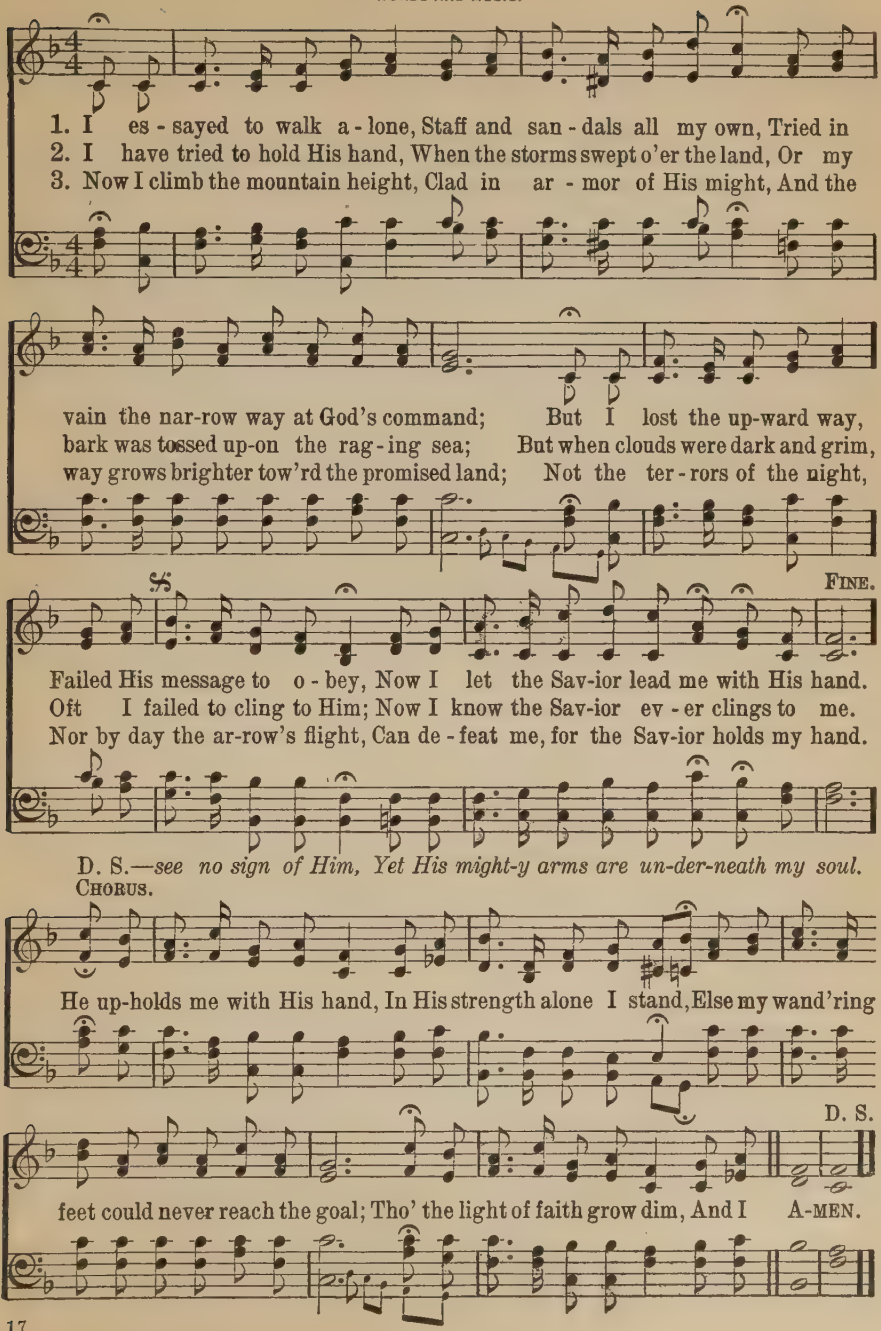
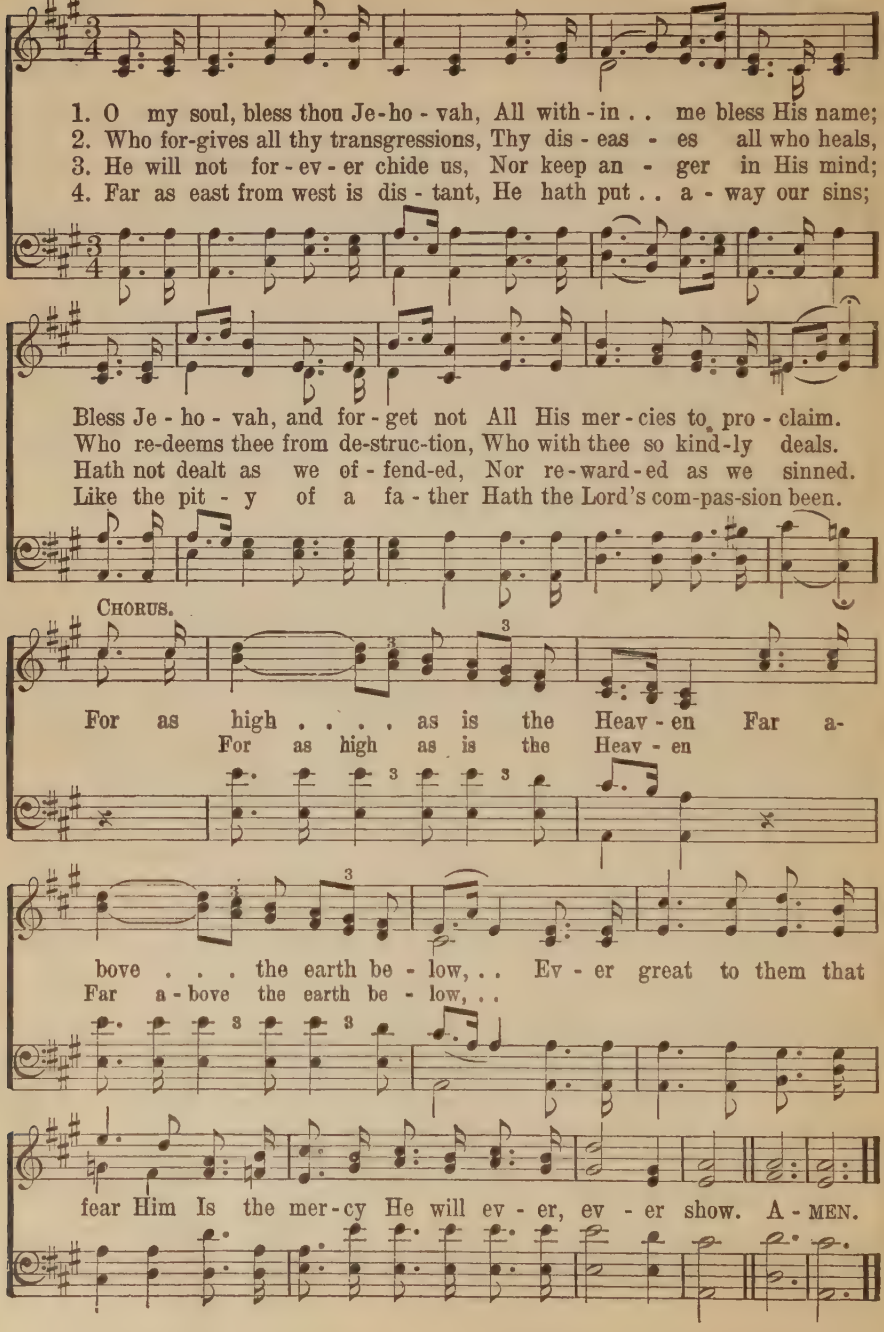
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. T. Cassel.

1. I es - sayed to walk a - lone, Staff and san - dals all my own, Tried in
2. I have tried to hold His hand, When the storms swept o'er the land, Or my
3. Now I climb the mountain height, Clad in ar - mor of His might, And the
vain the nar-row way at God's command; But I lost the up-ward way,
bark was tossed up-on the rag - ing sea; But when clouds were dark and grim,
way grows brighter tow'rd the promised land; Not the ter - rors of the night,
FINE.
Failed His message to o - bey, Now I let the Sav-ior lead me with His hand.
Oft I failed to cling to Him; Now I know the Sav-ior ev - er clings to me.
Nor by day the ar-row's flight, Can de - feat me, for the Sav-ior holds my hand.
D. S.—see no sign of Him, Yet His might-y arms are un-der-neath my soul.
CHORUS.
He up-holds me with His hand, In His strength alone I stand, Else my wand'ring
D. S.
feet could never reach the goal; Tho' the light of faith grow dim, And I A-MEN.

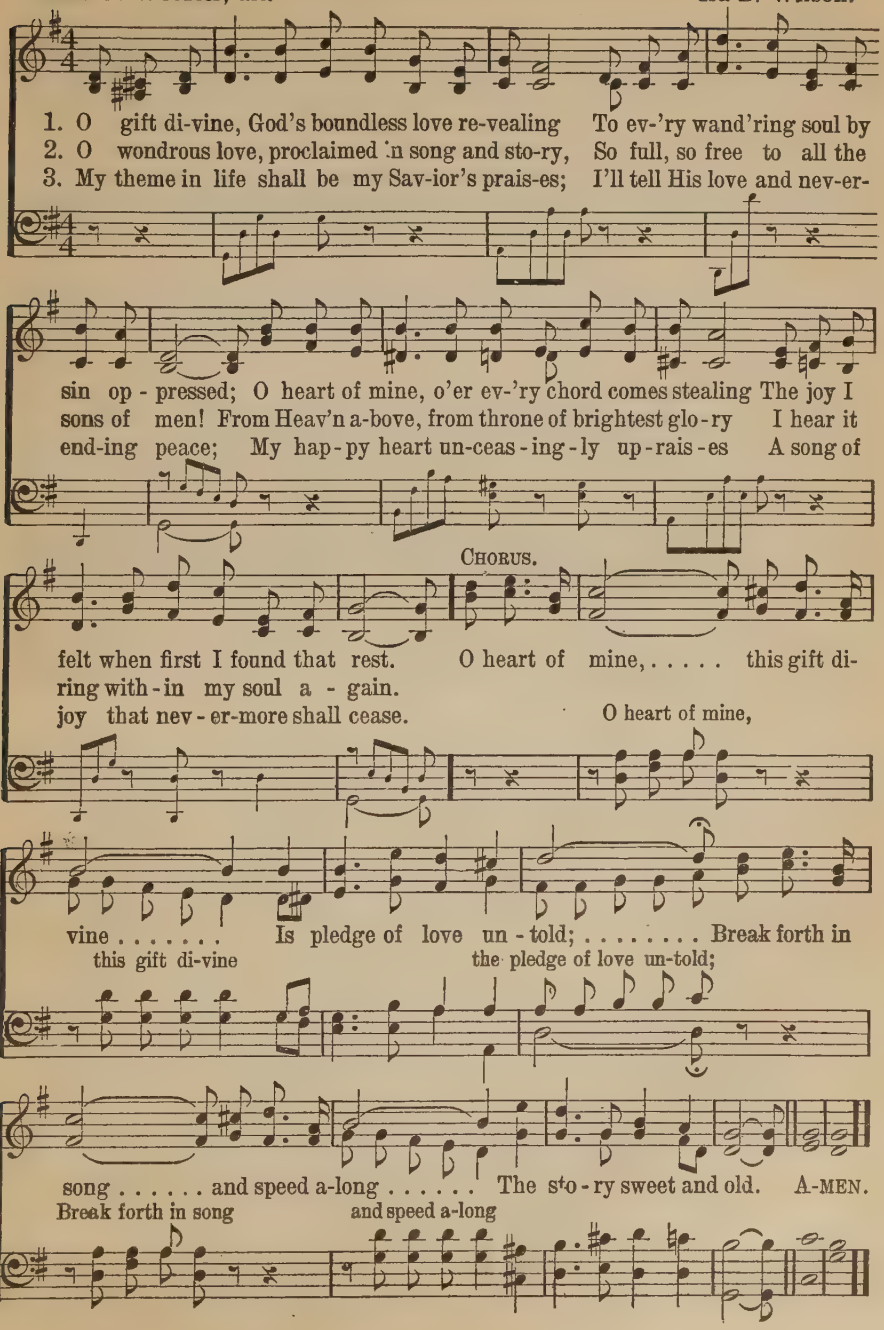
287 O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103. Arr. by E. O. E.


1. O my soul, bless thou Je-ho-vah, All with-in . . me bless His name;
2. Who for-gives all thy transgressions, Thy dis-eas-es all who heals,
3. He will not for-ev-er chide us, Nor keep an-ger in His mind;
4. Far as east from west is dis-tant, He hath put . . a-way our sins;
Bless Je-ho-vah, and for-get not All His mer-cies to pro-claim.
Who re-deems thee from de-struc-tion, Who with thee so kind-ly deals.
Hath not dealt as we of-fend-ed, Nor re-ward-ed as we sinned.
Like the pit-y of a fa-ther Hath the Lord's com-pas-sion been.
CHORUS.
For as high . . . as is the Heav-en Far a-
For as high as is the Heav-en
bove . . . the earth be-low, . . Ev-er great to them that
Far a-bove the earth be-low, . .
fear Him Is the mer-cy He will ev-er, ev-er show. A-MEN.

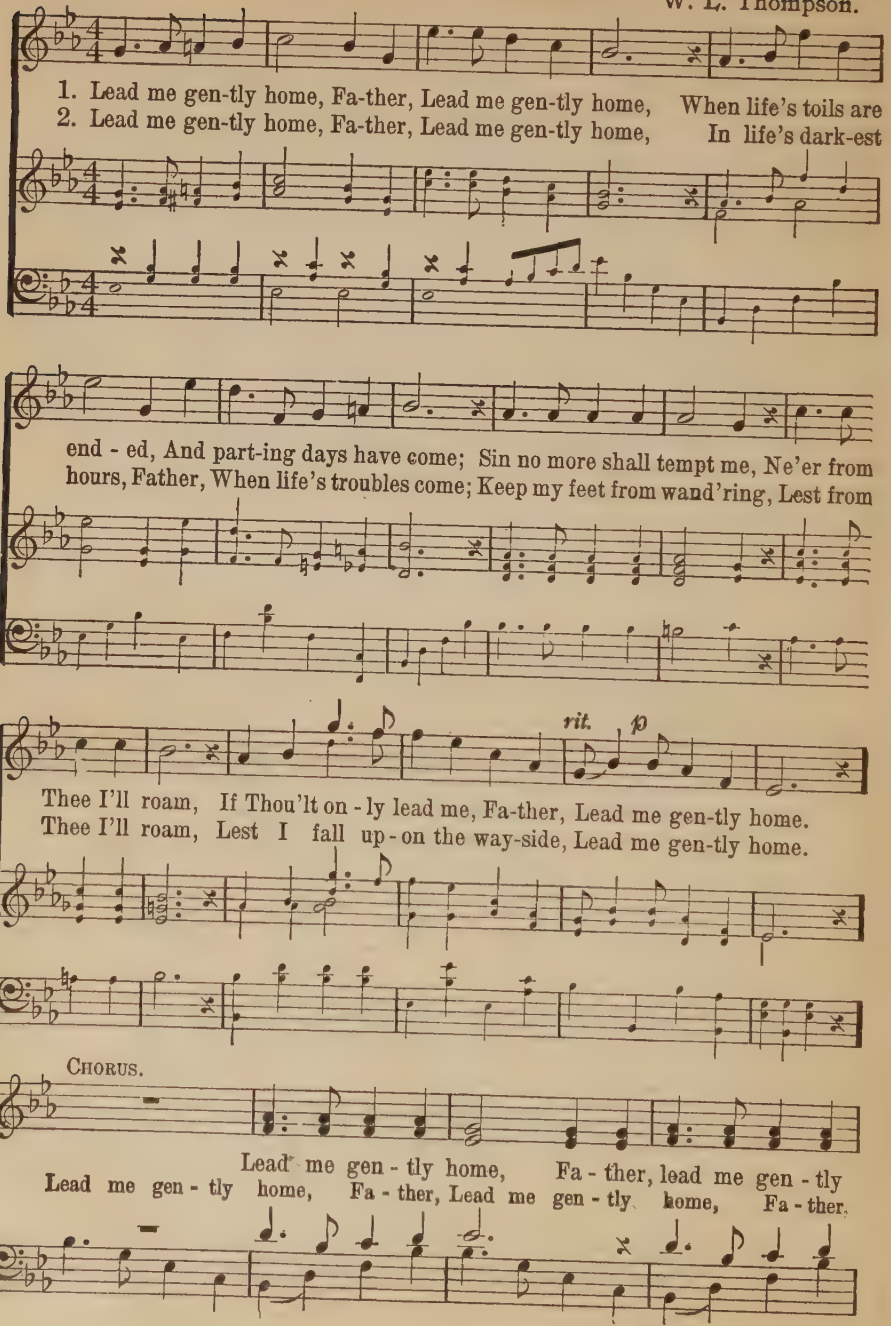
288 O Gift Divine.

Geo. O. Webster, alt. COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY HOPE PUBLISHING CO. Ira B. Wilson.

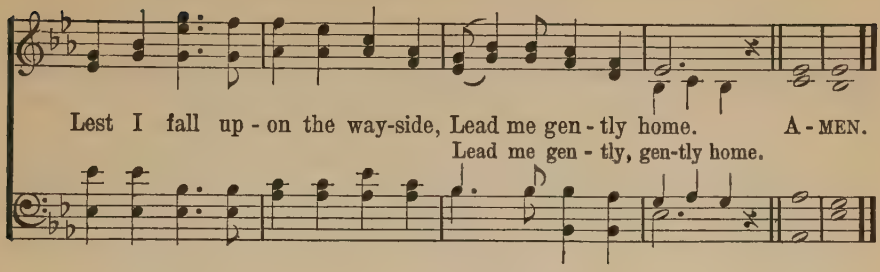

1. O gift di-vine, God's boundless love re-vealing To ev-'ry wand'ring soul by sin op-pressed; O heart of mine, o'er ev-'ry chord comes stealing The joy I felt when first I found that rest.
2. O wondrous love, proclaimed in song and sto-ry, So full, so free to all the sons of men! From Heav'n a-bove, from throne of brightest glo-ry I hear it ring with-in my soul a-gain.
3. My theme in life shall be my Sav-ior's prais-es; I'll tell His love and nev-er-end-ing peace; My hap-py heart un-ceas-ing-ly up-rais-es A song of joy that nev-er-more shall cease.
CHORUS.
O heart of mine, ... this gift di-vine . . . . . Is pledge of love un-told; . . . . . Break forth in song . . . . . and speed a-long . . . . . The sto-ry sweet and old. A-MEN.
O heart of mine, this gift di-vine
the pledge of love un-told;
Break forth in song
and speed a-long

289 Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF HOPE PUBLISHING CO. W. L. Thompson.

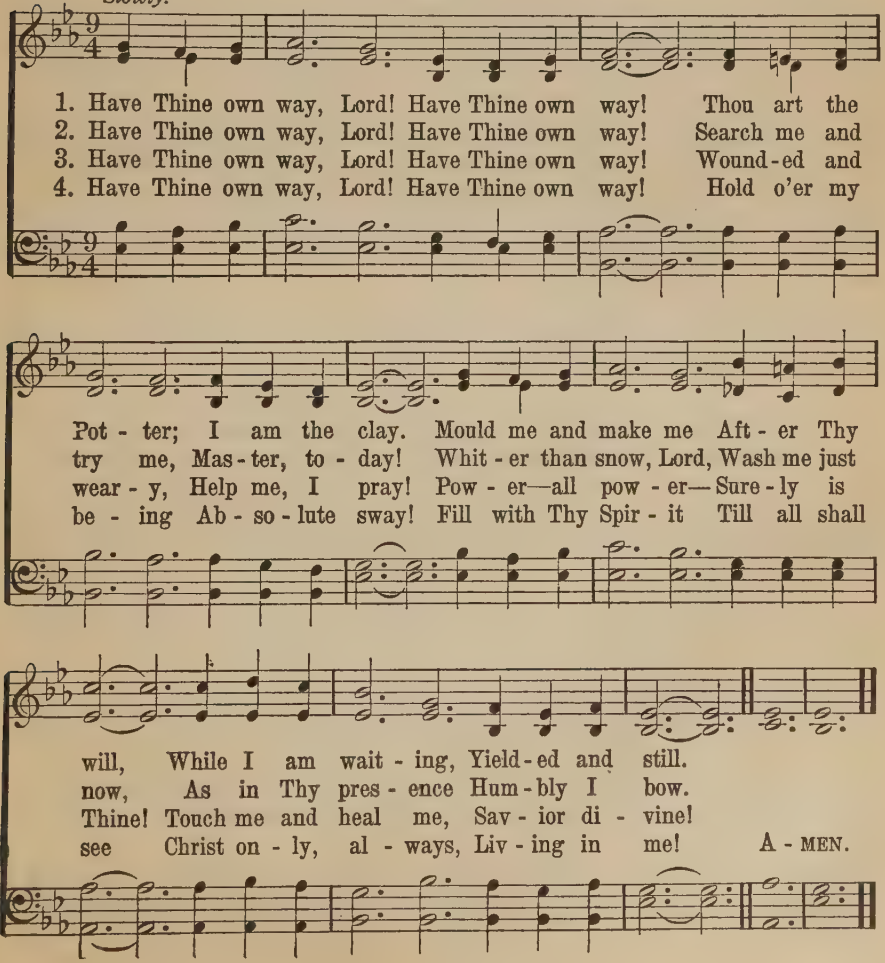

1. Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gen-tly home, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home, In life's dark-est
end - ed, And part-ing days have come; Sin no more shall tempt me, Ne'er from
hours, Father, When life's troubles come; Keep my feet from wand'ring, Lest from
rit.
p
Thee I'll roam, If Thou'lt on - ly lead me, Fa-ther, Lead me gen-tly home.
Thee I'll roam, Lest I fall up - on the way-side, Lead me gen-tly home.
CHORUS.
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, lead me gen - tly
Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gen - tly home, Fa - ther.

Lead Me Gently Home, Father.



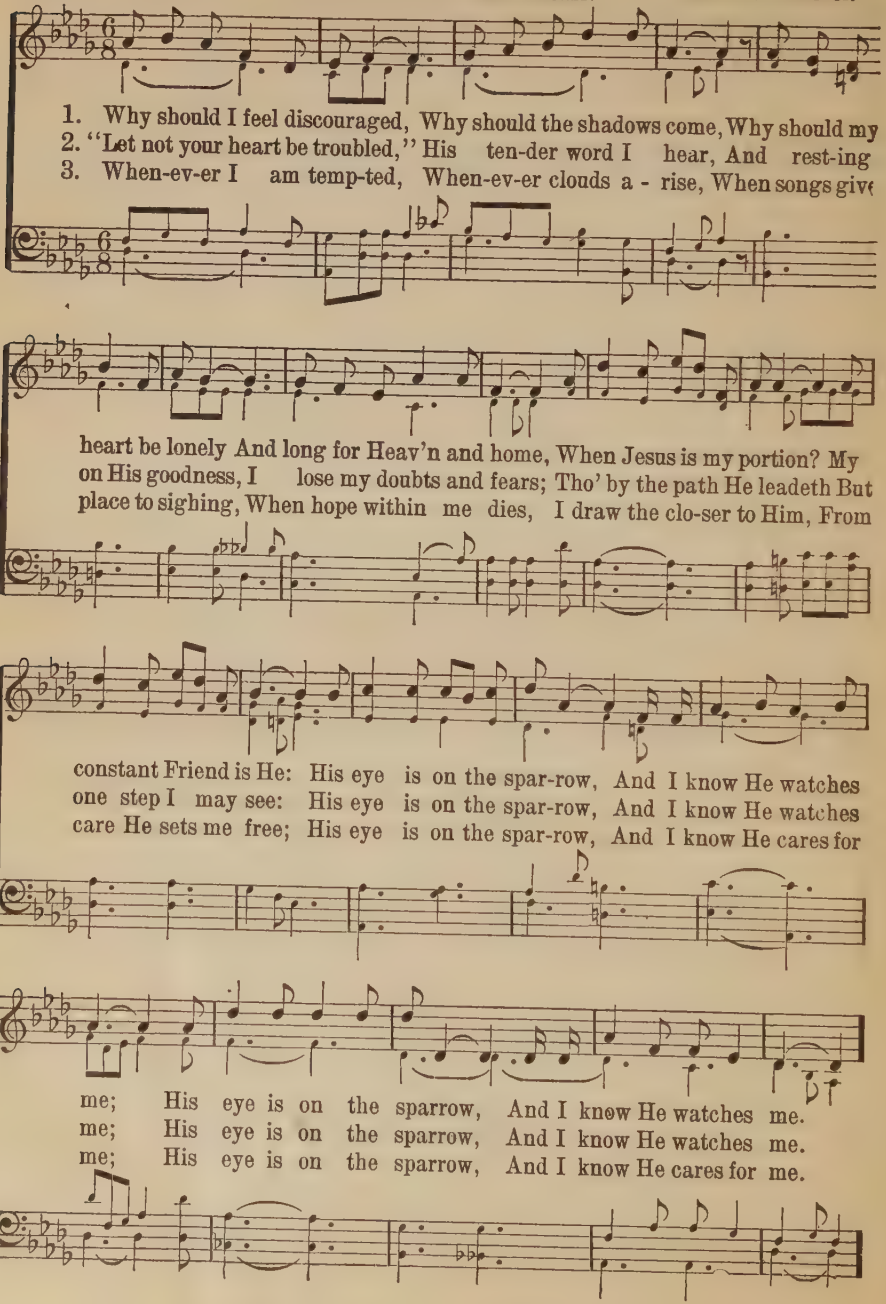
290 Have Thine Own Way, Lord.

A. A. P. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

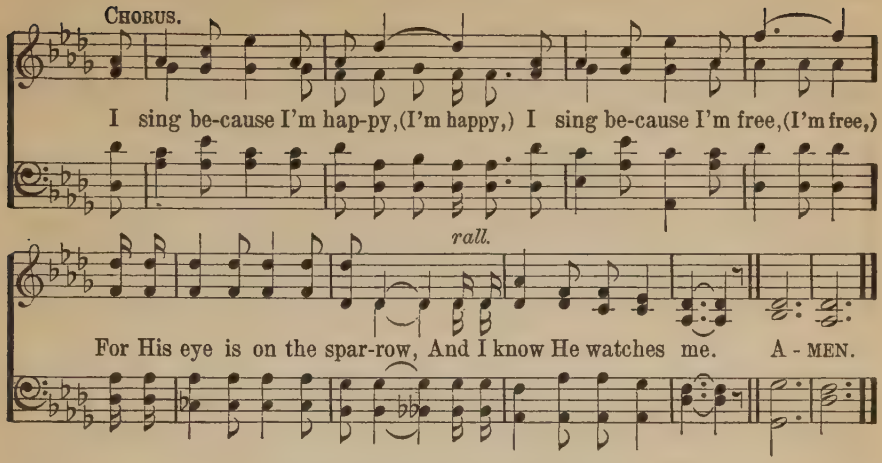
Slowly.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my
Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me Aft - er Thy
try me, Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
wear - y, Help me, I pray! Pow - er—all pow - er—Sure - ly is
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall
will, While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still.
now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - ior di - vine!
see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me! A - MEN.

291 His Eye Is On the Sparrow.

Mrs. C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHARLES M. ALEXANDER. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED. Chas. H. Gabriel.

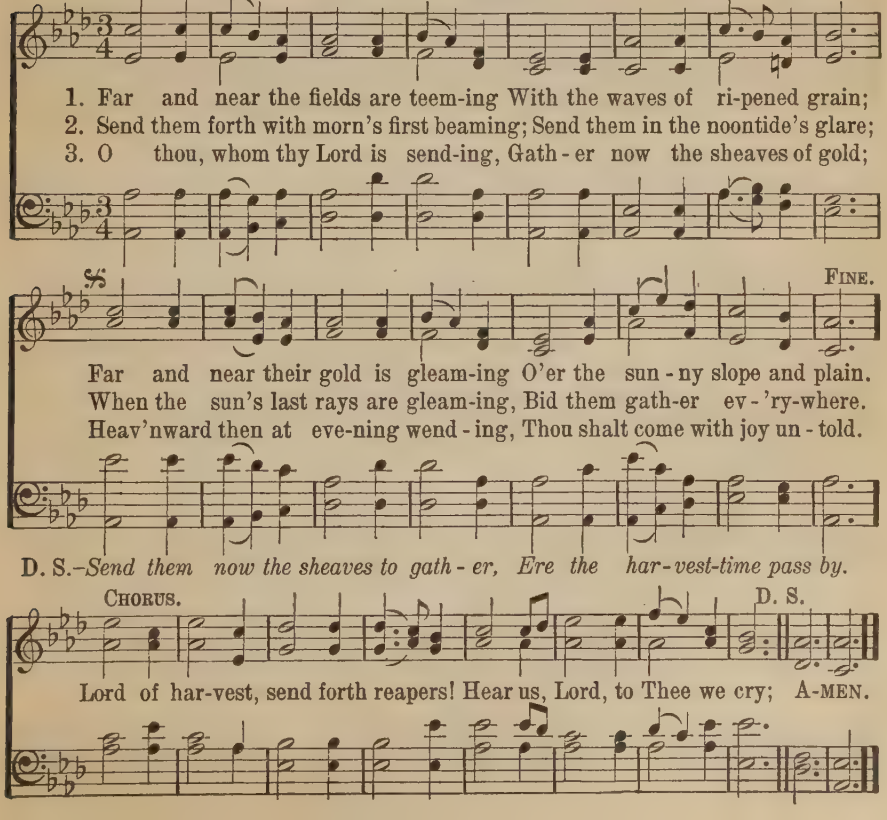

1. Why should I feel discouraged, Why should the shadows come, Why should my
2. "Let not your heart be troubled," His ten-der word I hear, And rest-ing
3. When-ev-er I am temp-ted, When-ev-er clouds a - rise, When songs give
heart be lonely And long for Heav'n and home, When Jesus is my portion? My
on His goodness, I lose my doubts and fears; Tho' by the path He leadeth But
place to sighing, When hope within me dies, I draw the clo-ser to Him, From
constant Friend is He: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches
one step I may see: His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches
care He sets me free; His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He cares for
me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He watches me.
me; His eye is on the sparrow, And I know He cares for me.

His Eye Is On the Sparrow.


Chorus.
I sing be-cause I'm hap-py,(I'm happy,) I sing be-cause I'm free,(I'm free,)
rall.
For His eye is on the spar-row, And I know He watches me. A - men.

292 The Call for Reapers.

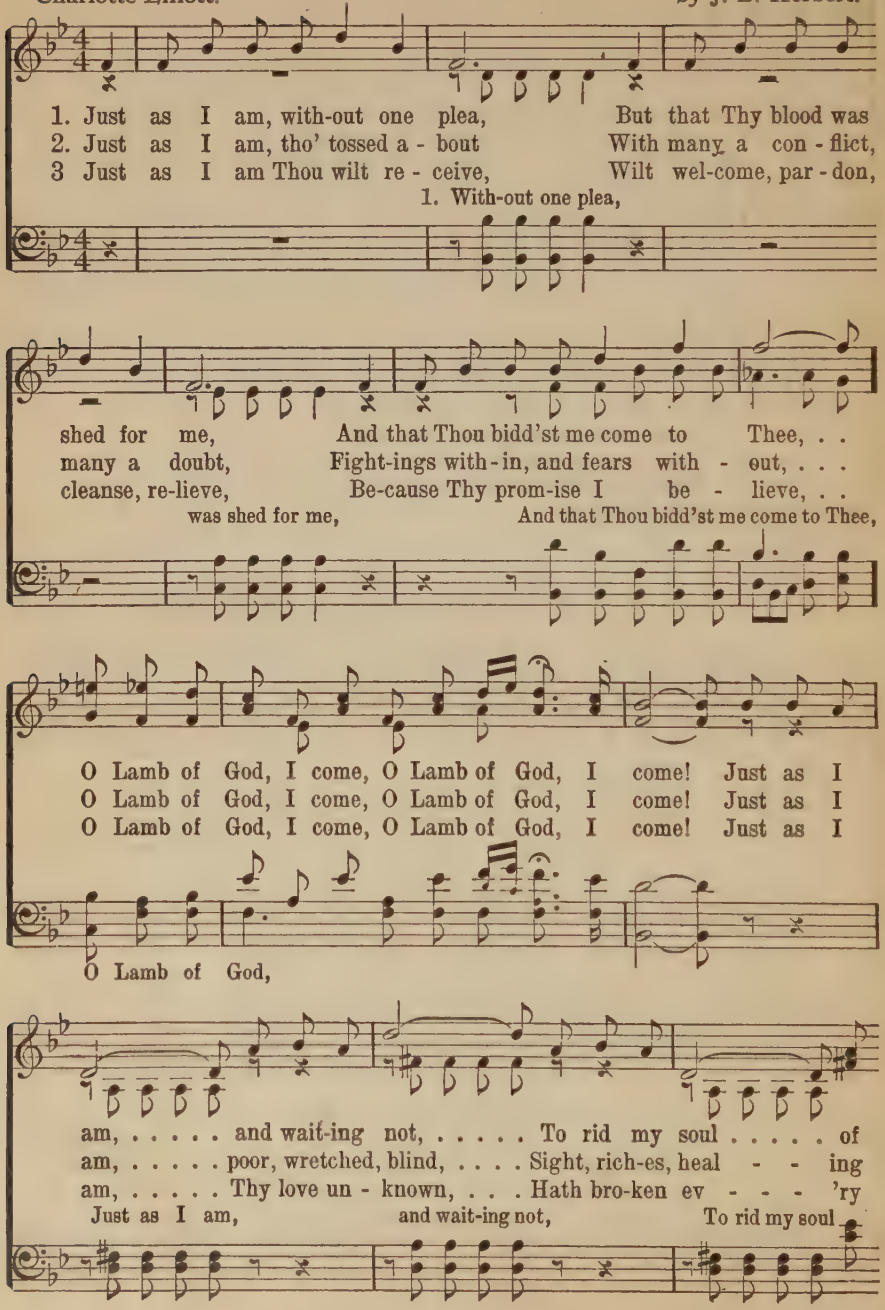
J. O. Thompson. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHILLIPS & HUNT. USED BY PERMISSION. J. B. O. Clemm.


1. Far and near the fields are teem-ing With the waves of ri-pened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold;
Fine.
Far and near their gold is gleam-ing O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath-er ev - 'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at eve-ning wend - ing, Thou shalt come with joy un - told.
D. S.–Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har-vest-time pass by.
Chorus.
D. S.
Lord of har-vest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry; A-men.

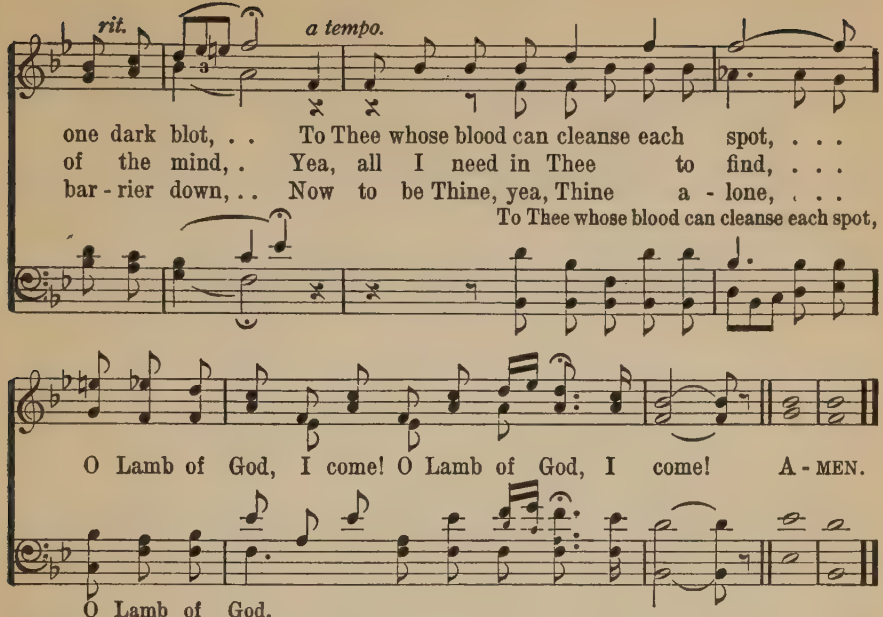
293 Just As I Am.

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Charlotte Elliott.

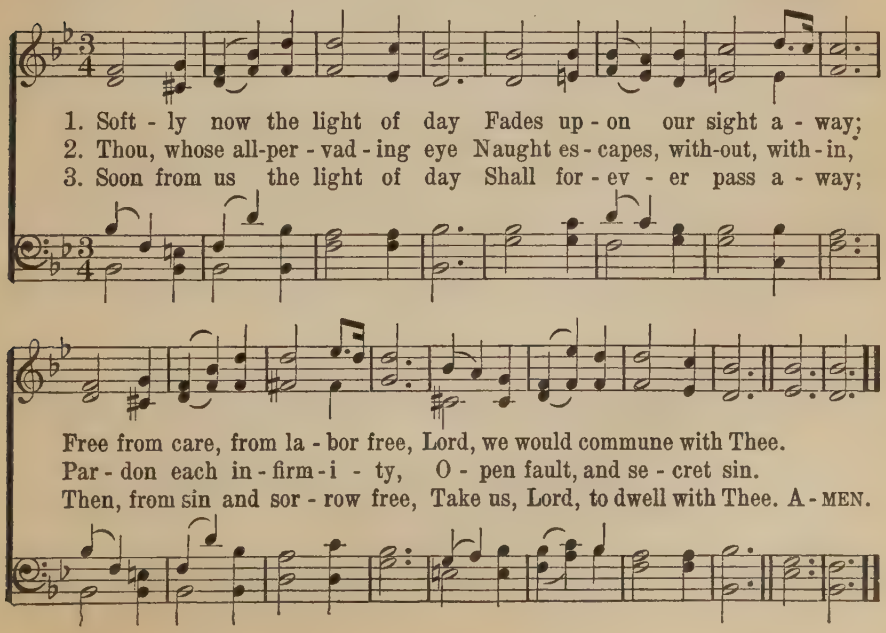
Arr. from Verdi
by J. B. Herbert.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was
2. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con - flict,
3 Just as I am Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel-come, par - don,
1. With-out one plea,
shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, . .
many a doubt, Fight-ings with - in, and fears with - out, . . .
cleanse, re-lieve, Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be - lieve, . .
was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, O Lamb of God, I come! Just as I
O Lamb of God, I come, O Lamb of God, I come! Just as I
O Lamb of God, I come, O Lamb of God, I come! Just as I
O Lamb of God,
am, ... and wait-ing not, ... To rid my soul . . . . . of
am, ... poor, wretched, blind, ... Sight, rich-es, heal - - - ing
am, ... Thy love un - known, . . . Hath bro-ken ev - - - 'ry
Just as I am, and wait-ing not, To rid my soul

Just As I Am.


rit.
a tempo.
one dark blot, . . To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, . . .
of the mind, . Yea, all I need in Thee to find, . . .
bar - rier down, . . Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, . . .
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! O Lamb of God, I come! A - MEN.
O Lamb of God,

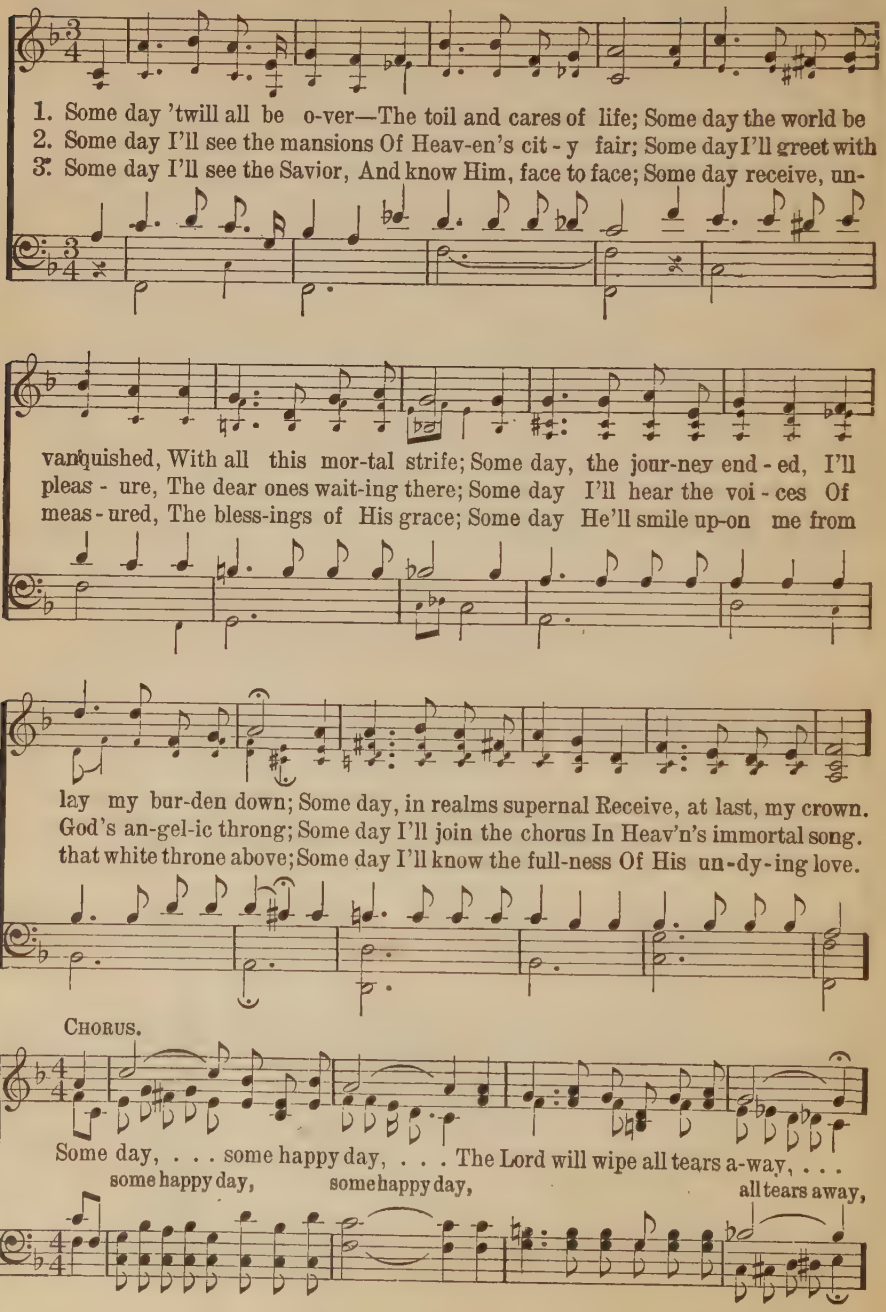
294 Softly Now the Light of Day!

George W. Doane. *Mercy. 7s.* Louis M. Gottschalk.

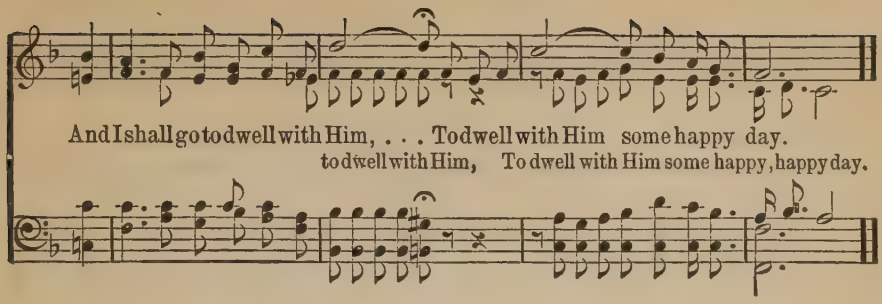

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;
2. Thou, whose all-per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with-out, with - in,
3. Soon from us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way;
Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.
Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault, and se - cret sin.
Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee. A - MEN.

295 Some Day.

Victor M. Staley. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE WINONA PUB. CO. OWNED BY R. A. TORREY. Chas. H. Gabriel.

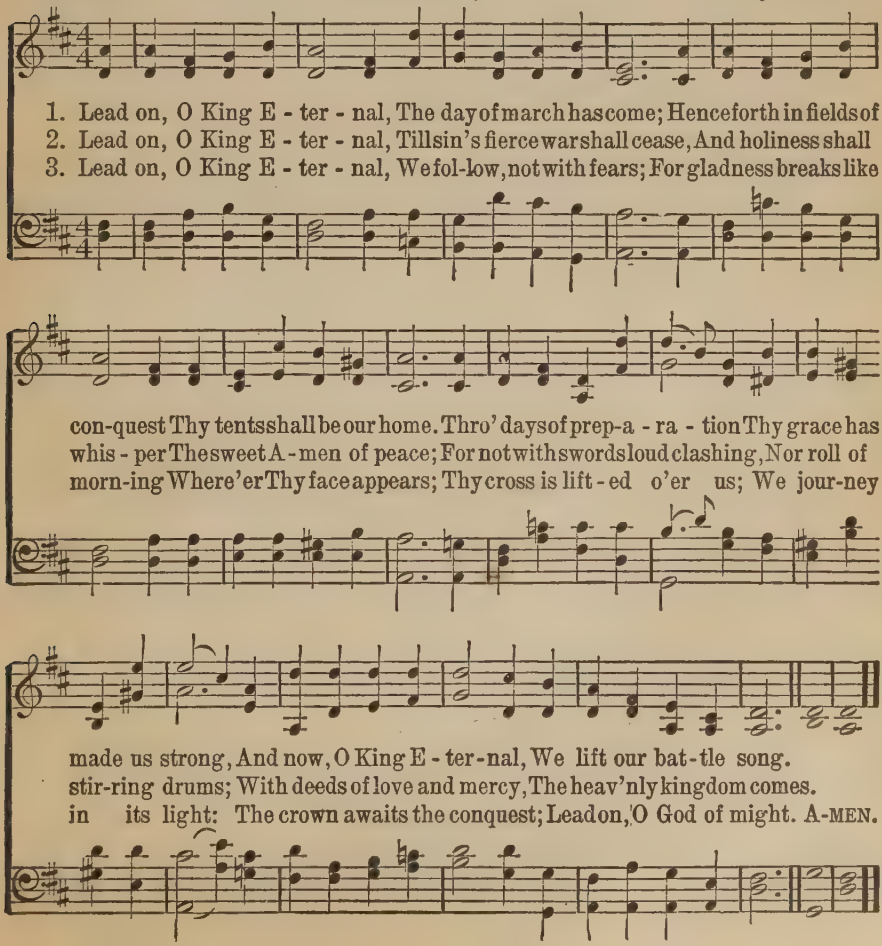

1. Some day 'twill all be o-ver—The toil and cares of life; Some day the world be
2. Some day I'll see the mansions Of Heav-en's cit - y fair; Some day I'll greet with
3. Some day I'll see the Savior, And know Him, face to face; Some day receive, un-
vanquished, With all this mor-tal strife; Some day, the jour-ney end - ed, I'll
pleas - ure, The dear ones wait-ing there; Some day I'll hear the voi - ces Of
meas - ured, The bless-ings of His grace; Some day He'll smile up-on me from
lay my bur-den down; Some day, in realms supernal Receive, at last, my crown.
God's an-gel-ic throng; Some day I'll join the chorus In Heav'n's immortal song.
that white throne above; Some day I'll know the full-ness Of His un-dy-ing love.
Chorus.
Some day, . . . some happy day, . . . The Lord will wipe all tears a-way, . . .
some happy day, some happy day, all tears away,

Some Day.



296 Lead On, O King Eternal.

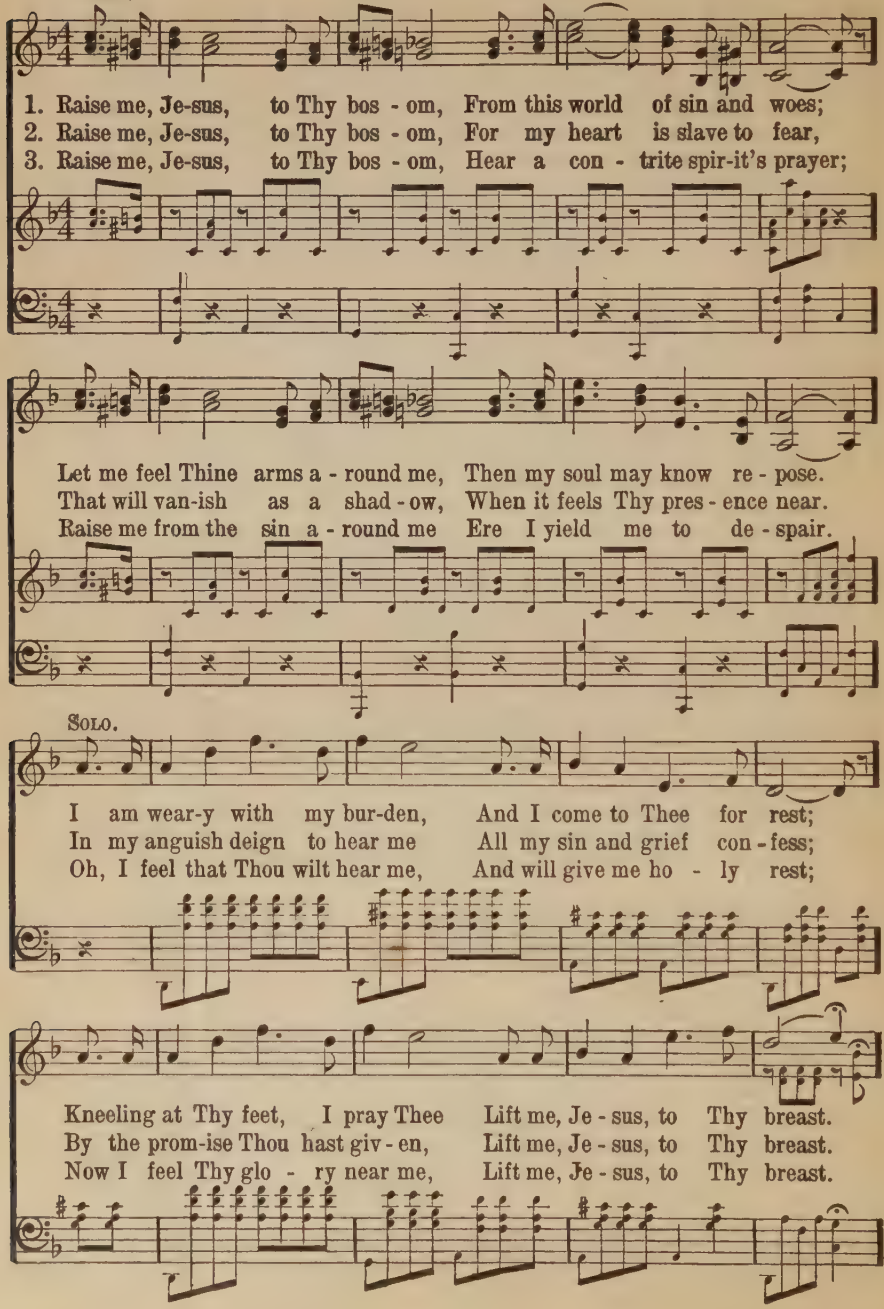
Ernest W. Shurtleff. *Lancashire. 7s. 6s. D.* Henry Smart.


1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come; Henceforth in fields of
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease, And holiness shall
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol-low, not with fears; For gladness breaks like
con-quest Thy tents shall be our home. Thro' days of prep-a - ra - tion Thy grace has
whis - per The sweet A - men of peace; For not with swords loud clashing, Nor roll of
morn-ing Where'er Thy face appears; Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour-ney
made us strong, And now, O King E - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
stir-ring drums; With deeds of love and mercy, The heav'nly kingdom comes.
in its light: The crown awaits the conquest; Lead on, O God of might. A-MEN.

297 Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

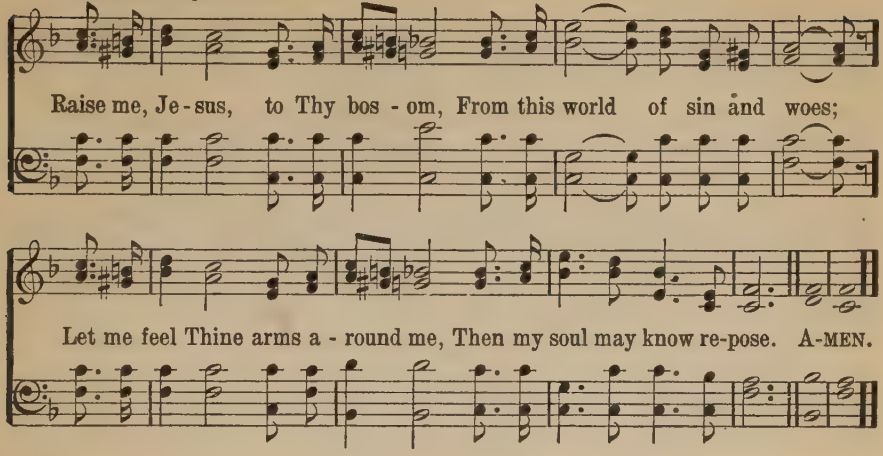
Geo. Birdseye. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. F. SHAW. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. A. Huntley.

DUET.


1. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos - om, From this world of sin and woes;
2. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos - om, For my heart is slave to fear,
3. Raise me, Je-sus, to Thy bos - om, Hear a con - trite spir-it's prayer;
Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re - pose.
That will van-ish as a shad - ow, When it feels Thy pres - ence near.
Raise me from the sin a - round me Ere I yield me to de - spair.
SOLO.
I am wear-y with my bur-den, And I come to Thee for rest;
In my anguish deign to hear me All my sin and grief con - fess;
Oh, I feel that Thou wilt hear me, And will give me ho - ly rest;
Kneeling at Thy feet, I pray Thee Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast.
By the prom-ise Thou hast giv - en, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast.
Now I feel Thy glo - ry near me, Lift me, Je - sus, to Thy breast.

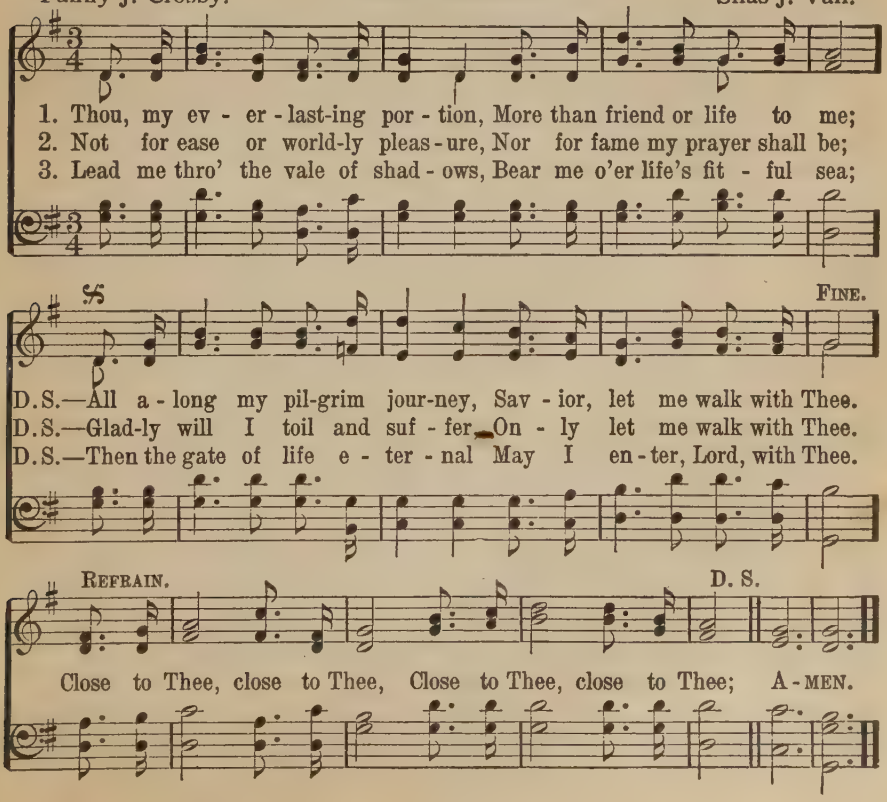
Raise Me, Jesus, to Thy Bosom.

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

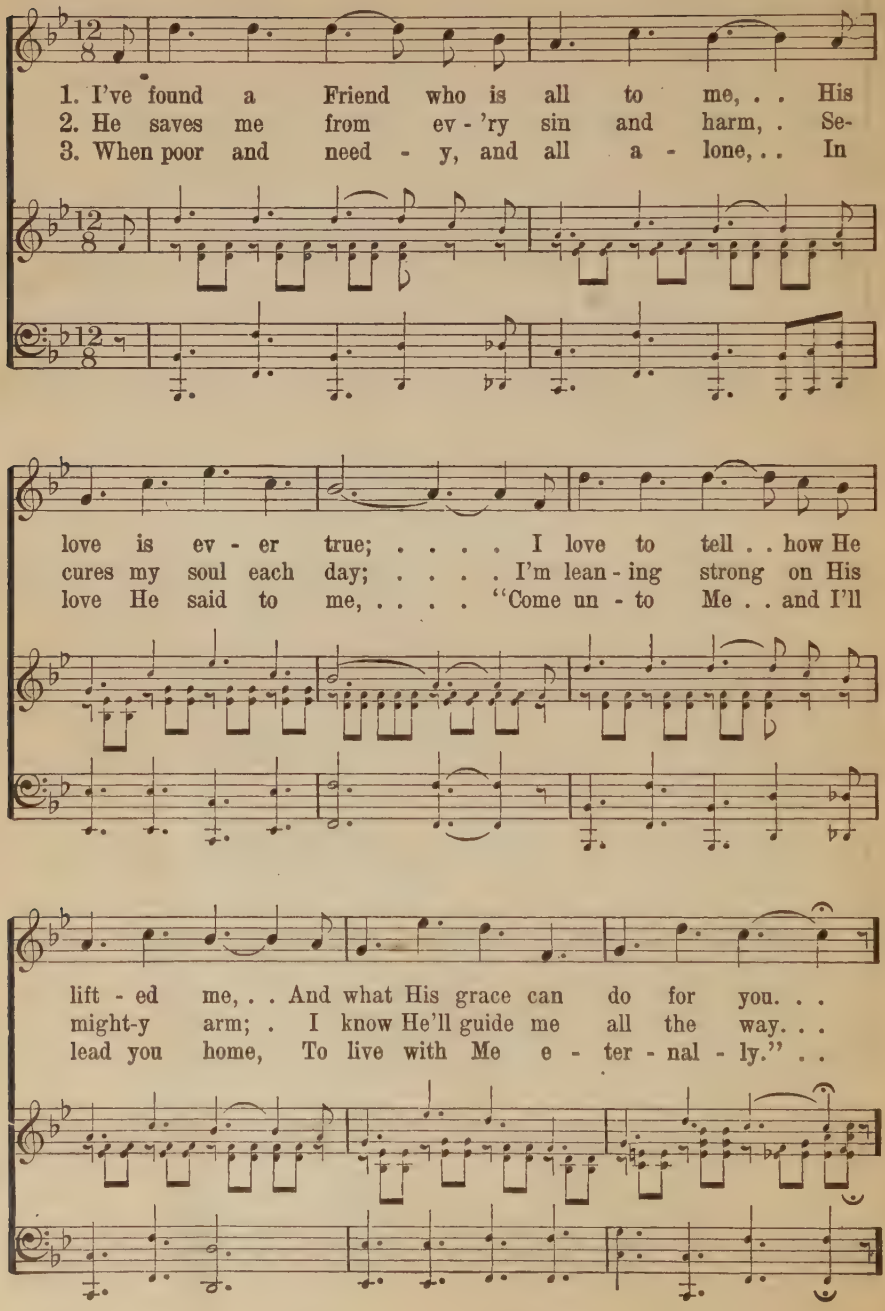

Raise me, Je - sus, to Thy bos - om, From this world of sin and woes;
Let me feel Thine arms a - round me, Then my soul may know re-pose. A-MEN.

298 Close to Thee.

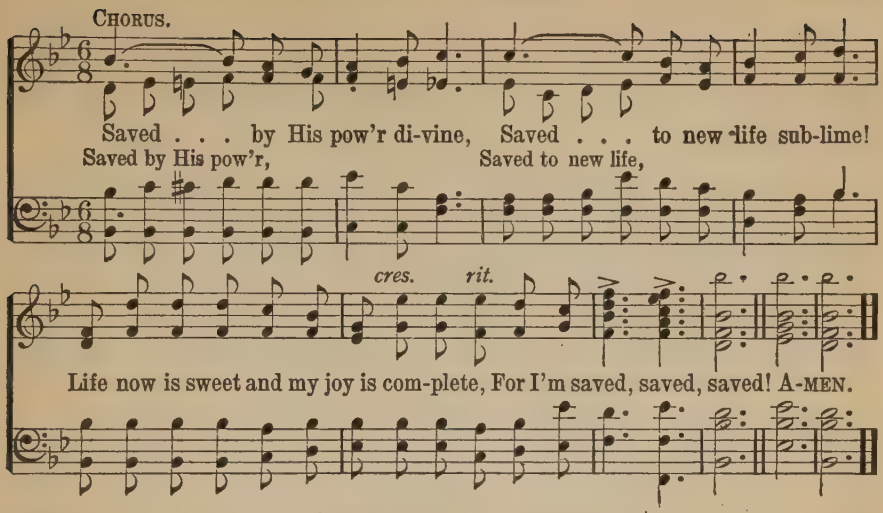
Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PERMISSION. Silas J. Vail.


1. Thou, my ev - er - last-ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me;
2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be;
3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea;
FINE.
D.S.—All a - long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav - ior, let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
D.S.—Then the gate of life e - ter - nal May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.
REFRAIN.
D. S.
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee; A - MEN.

299 Saved! Saved!

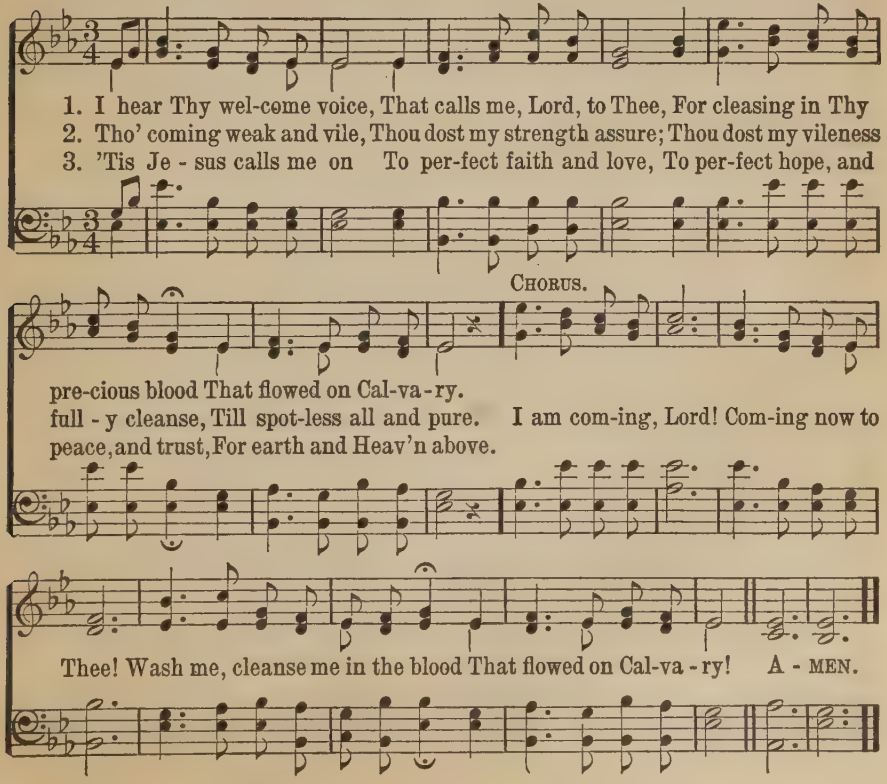
J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me, . . His
2. He saves me from ev - 'ry sin and harm, . Se-
3. When poor and need - y, and all a - lone, . . In
love is ev - er true; . . . . I love to tell . . how He
cures my soul each day; . . . . I'm lean - ing strong on His
love He said to me, ... "Come un - to Me . . and I'll
lift - ed me, . . And what His grace can do for you. . .
might-y arm; . I know He'll guide me all the way. . .
lead you home, To live with Me e - ter - nal - ly." . .

Saved! Saved!


Chorus.
Saved . . . by His pow'r di-vine, Saved . . . to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r, Saved to new life,
cres.
rit.
Life now is sweet and my joy is com-plete, For I'm saved, saved, saved! A-men.

300 I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. USED BY PERMISSION. Rev. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleasing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
Chorus.
pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.
full - y cleanse, Till spot-less all and pure. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing now to
peace, and trust, For earth and Heav'n above.
Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va - ry! A - men.

301 Awakening Chorus.

Charlotte G. Homer.

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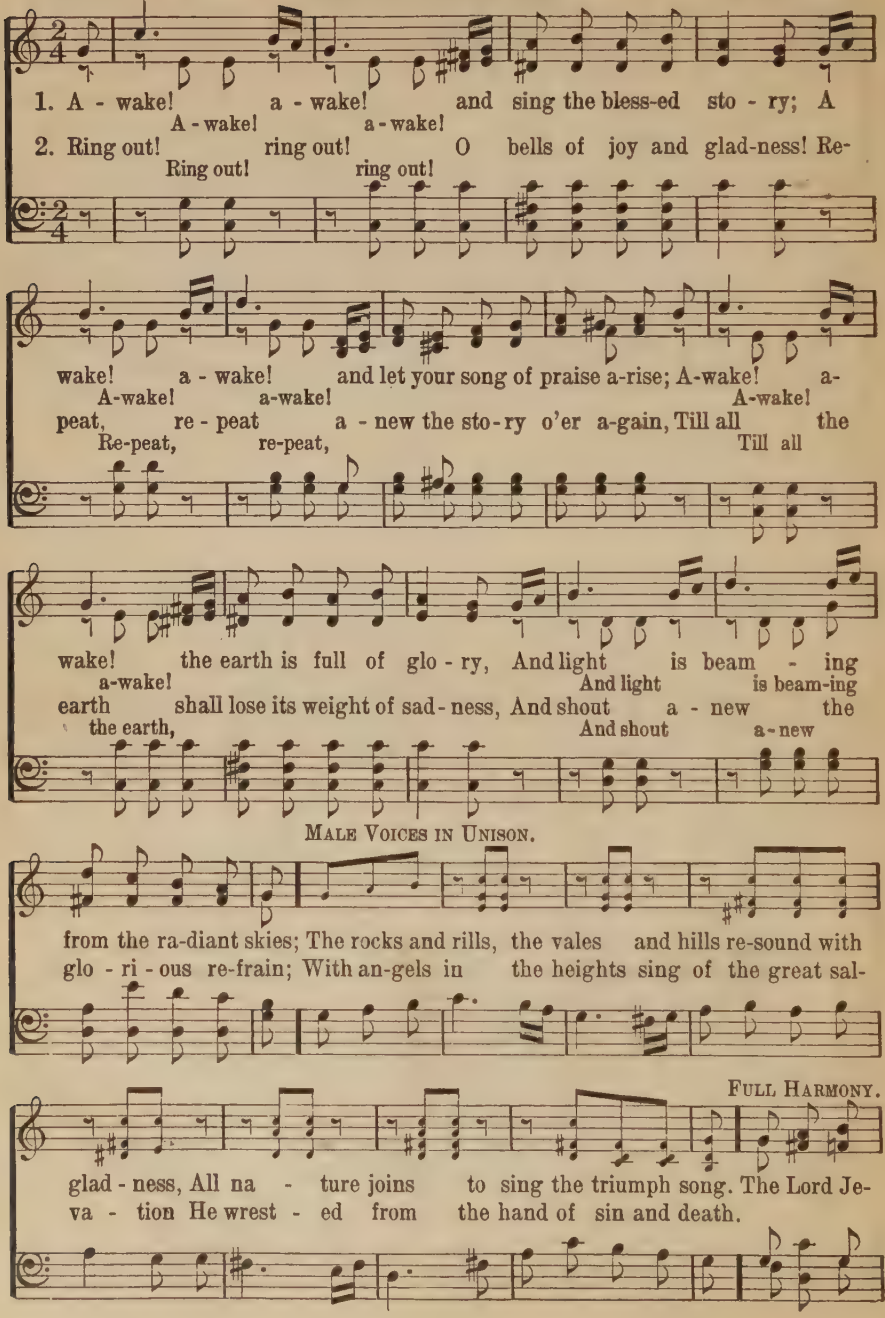
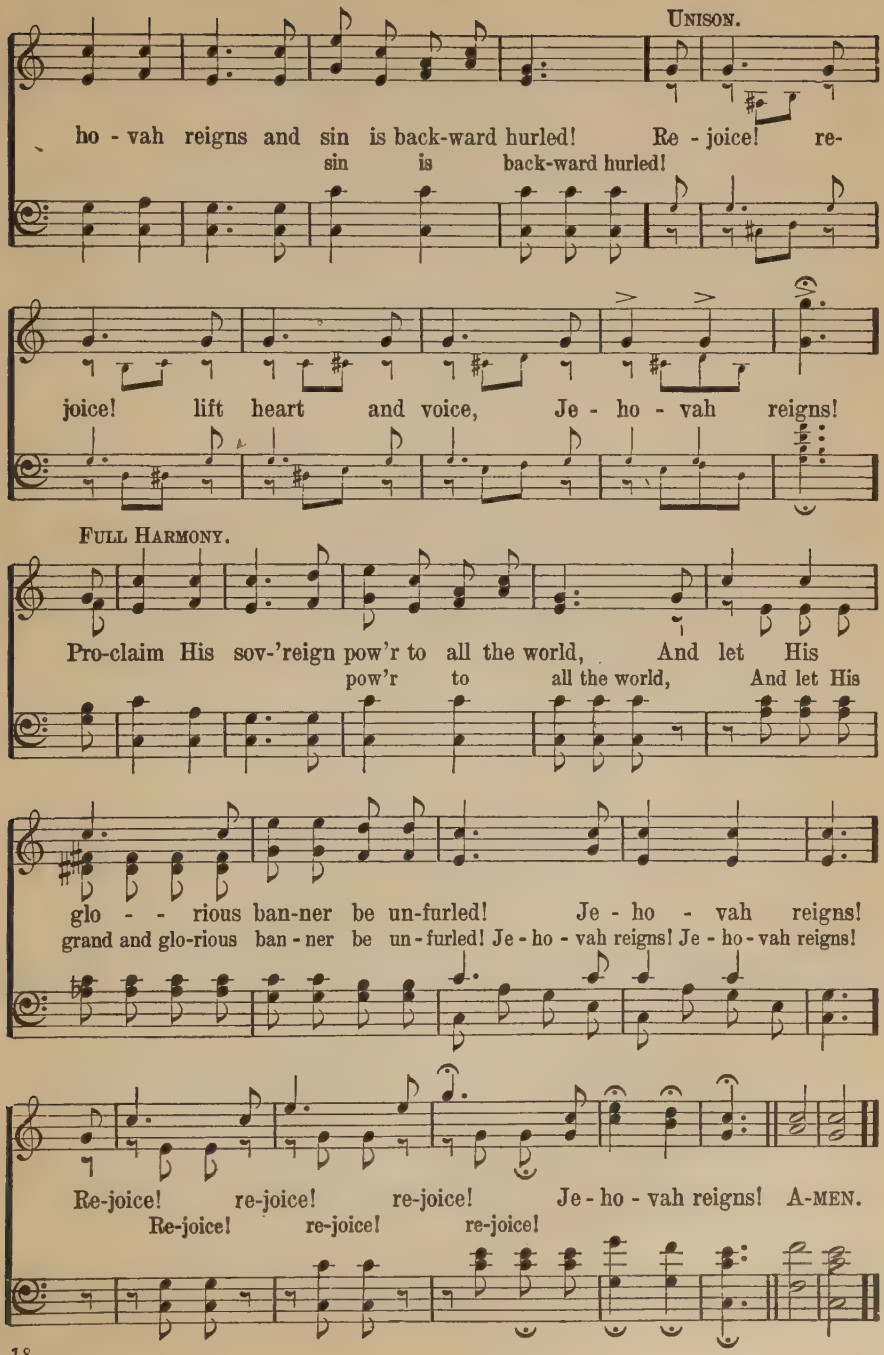
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - wake! a - wake! and sing the bless-ed sto - ry; A
A - wake! a - wake!
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-
Ring out! ring out!
wake! a - wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
A-wake! a-wake! A-wake!
peat, re - peat a - new the sto-ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
Re-peat, re-peat, Till all
wake! the earth is full of glo - ry, And light is beam - ing
a-wake! And light is beam-ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad - ness, And shout a - new the
the earth, And shout a-new
Male Voices in Unison.
from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo - ri - ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-
Full Harmony.
glad - ness, All na - ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va - tion He wrest - ed from the hand of sin and death.

Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.
ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re - joice! re-
sin is back-ward hurled!
joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!
FULL HARMONY.
Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let His
glo - - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban - ner be un - furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns! A-MEN.
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice!

302 To the Harvest-Field.

C. H. G.

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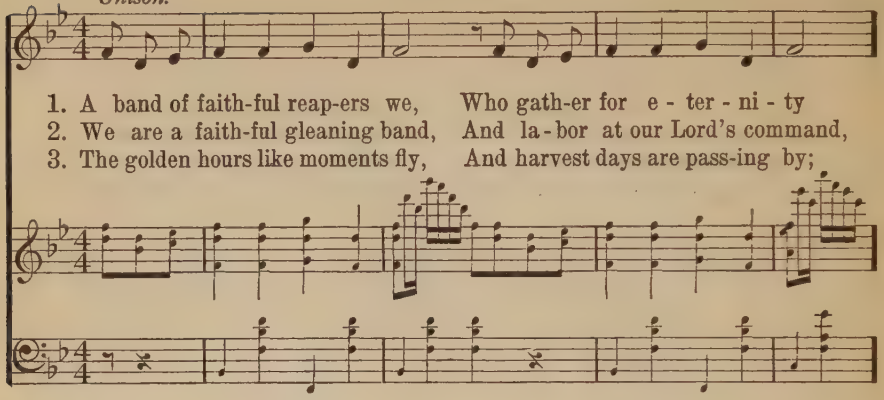
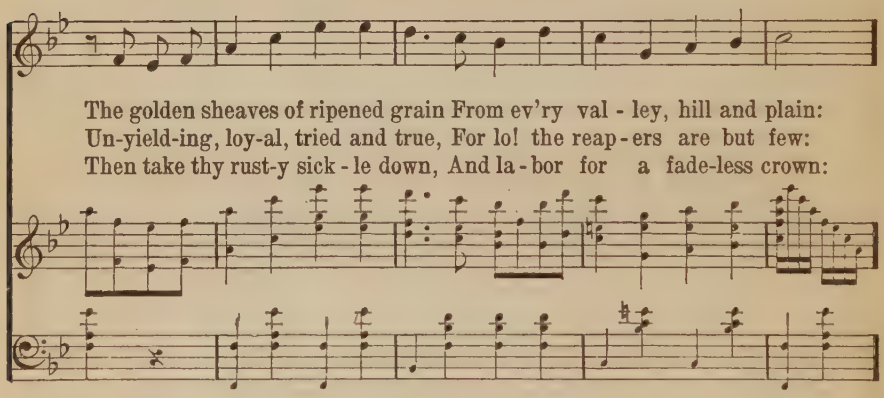
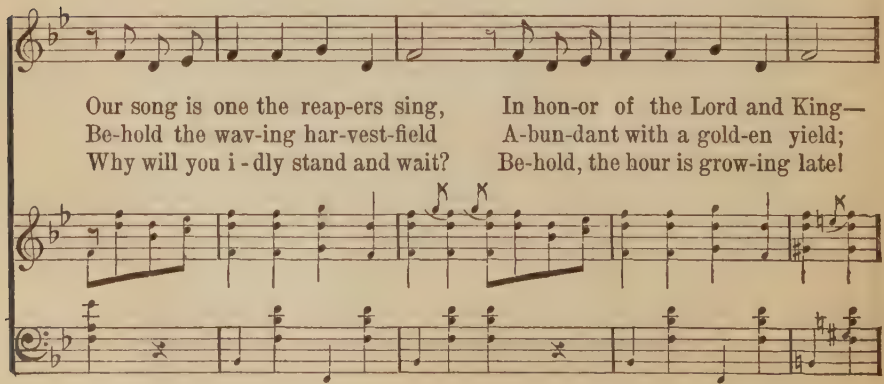
Chas. H. Gabriel.

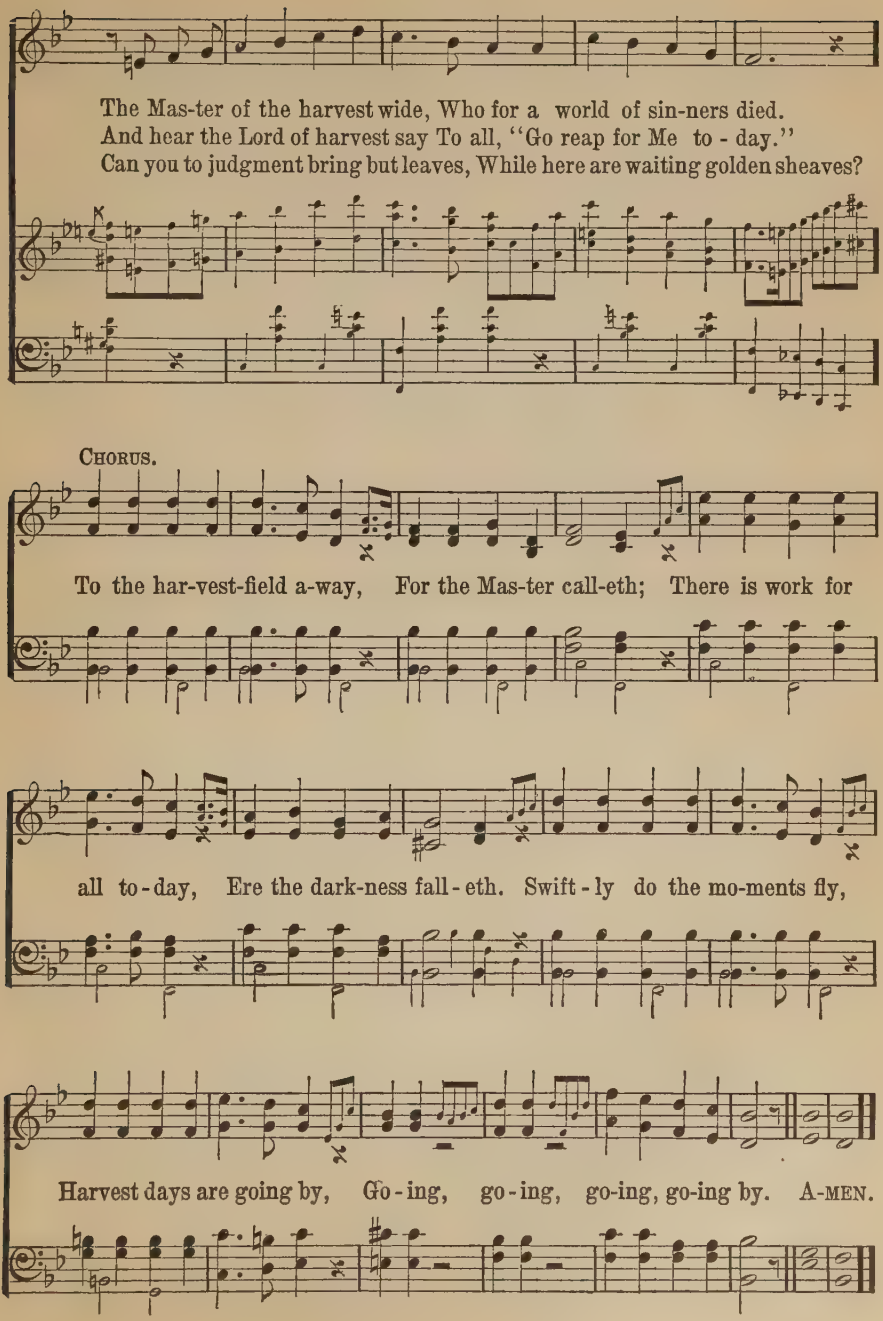
Unison.


1. A band of faith-ful reap-ers we, Who gath-er for e - ter - ni - ty
2. We are a faith-ful gleaning band, And la-bor at our Lord's command,
3. The golden hours like moments fly, And harvest days are pass-ing by;

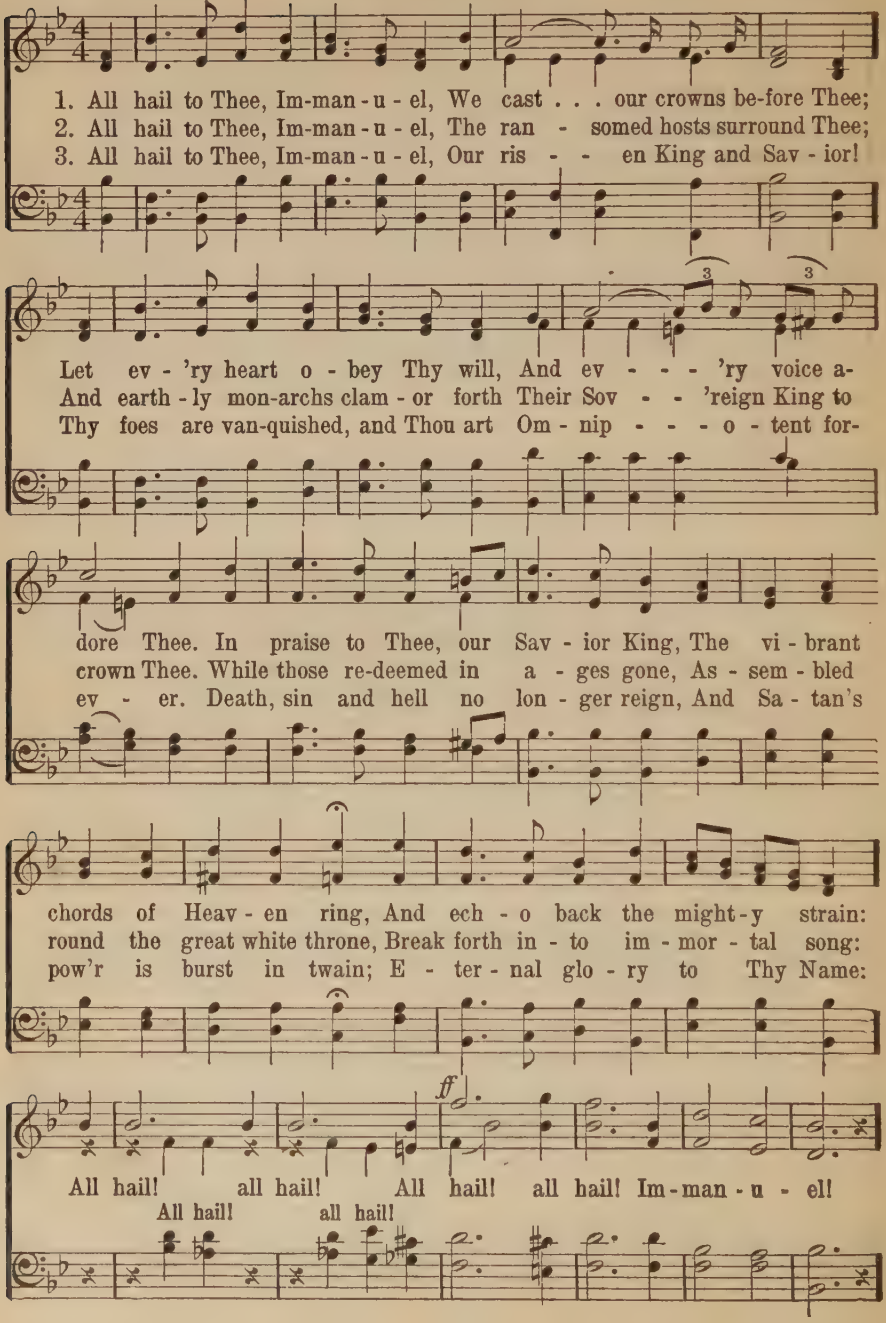

The golden sheaves of ripened grain From ev'ry val - ley, hill and plain:
Un-yield-ing, loy-al, tried and true, For lo! the reap-ers are but few:
Then take thy rust-y sick-le down, And la-bor for a fade-less crown:


Our song is one the reap-ers sing, In hon-or of the Lord and King—
Be-hold the wav-ing har-vest-field A-bun-dant with a gold-en yield;
Why will you i-dly stand and wait? Be-hold, the hour is grow-ing late!

To the Harvest-Field.


The Mas-ter of the harvest wide, Who for a world of sin-ners died.
And hear the Lord of harvest say To all, "Go reap for Me to - day."
Can you to judgment bring but leaves, While here are waiting golden sheaves?
CHORUS.
To the har-vest-field a-way, For the Mas-ter call-eth; There is work for
all to - day, Ere the dark-ness fall - eth. Swift - ly do the mo-ments fly,
Harvest days are going by, Go - ing, go - ing, go-ing, go-ing by. A-MEN.

303 All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, We cast . . . our crowns be-fore Thee;
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, The ran - somed hosts surround Thee;
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man-u-el, Our ris - - en King and Sav-ior!
Let ev-'ry heart o-bey Thy will, And ev - - - 'ry voice a-
And earth-ly mon-archs clam-or forth Their Sov - - 'reign King to
Thy foes are van-quished, and Thou art Om-nip - - - o-tent for-
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav-ior King, The vi-brant
crown Thee. While those re-deemed in a - ges gone, As-sem-bled
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon-ger reign, And Sa-tan's
chords of Heav-en ring, And ech-o back the might-y strain:
round the great white throne, Break forth in-to im-mor-tal song:
pow'r is burst in twain; E - ter-nal glo-ry to Thy Name:
All hail! all hail! All hail! all hail! Im-man-u - el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.

Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . .

Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u - el! Hail to the King we love so well!

Hail! . . . . .

Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!

Hail! Im - man-u - el! Glo-ry and honor and majesty, Wisdom and power be

Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty, Wis - dom be

rit. Hail! . . . . . Im-

un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more! . . . Hail to the King we love so well!

man-u-el! Im-man-u-el! Hail! . . . . . Im-man-u-el! Im-man-u-el!

Hail! Im - man-u - el! Hail to the King we love so well! Hail! Im - man-u - el!

Hail! . . . . . Hail! . . . . .

King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u - el! A-MEN.

Beautiful Flag.

E. O. E. Arr.

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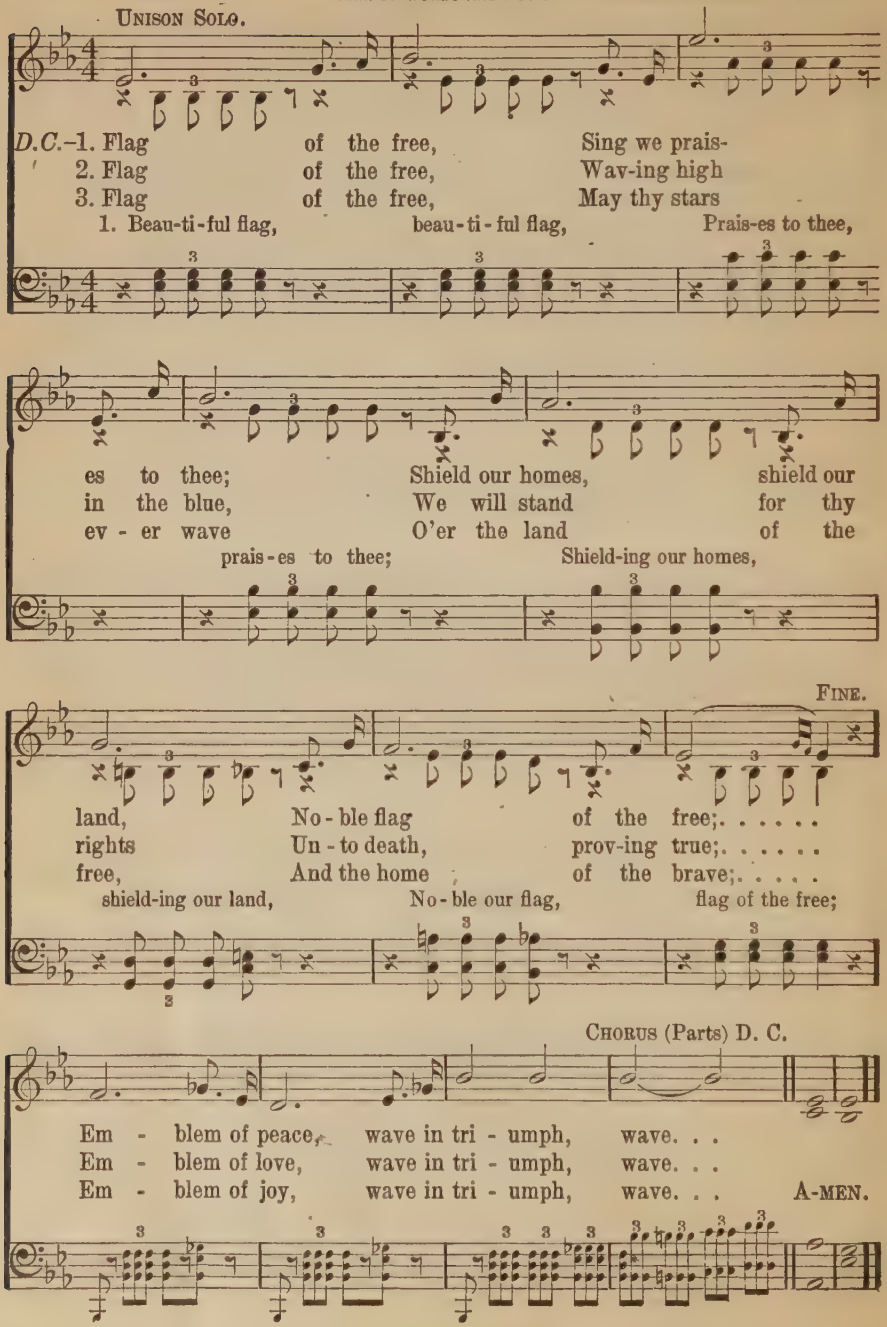
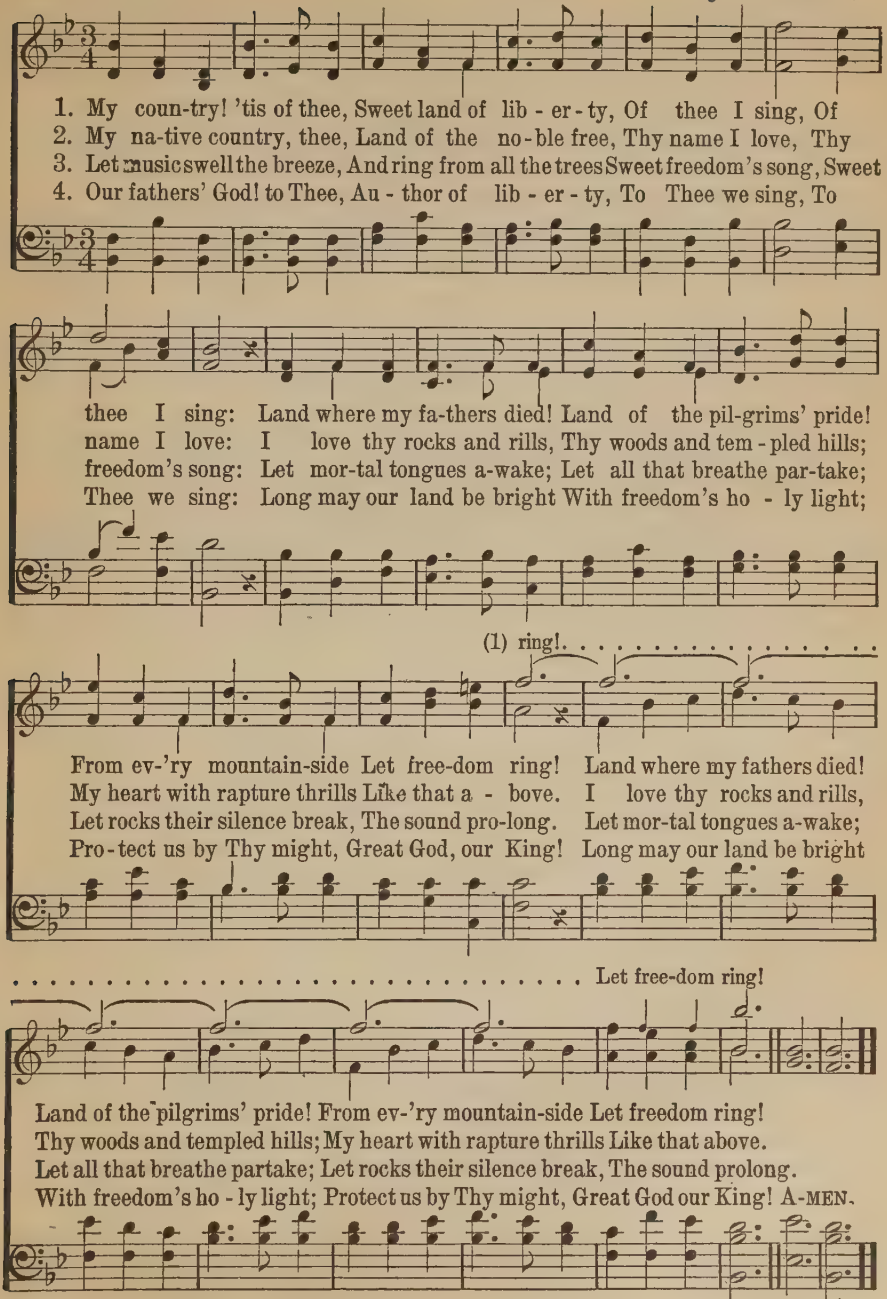
Rossini. Arr. by E. O. E.

UNISON SOLO.

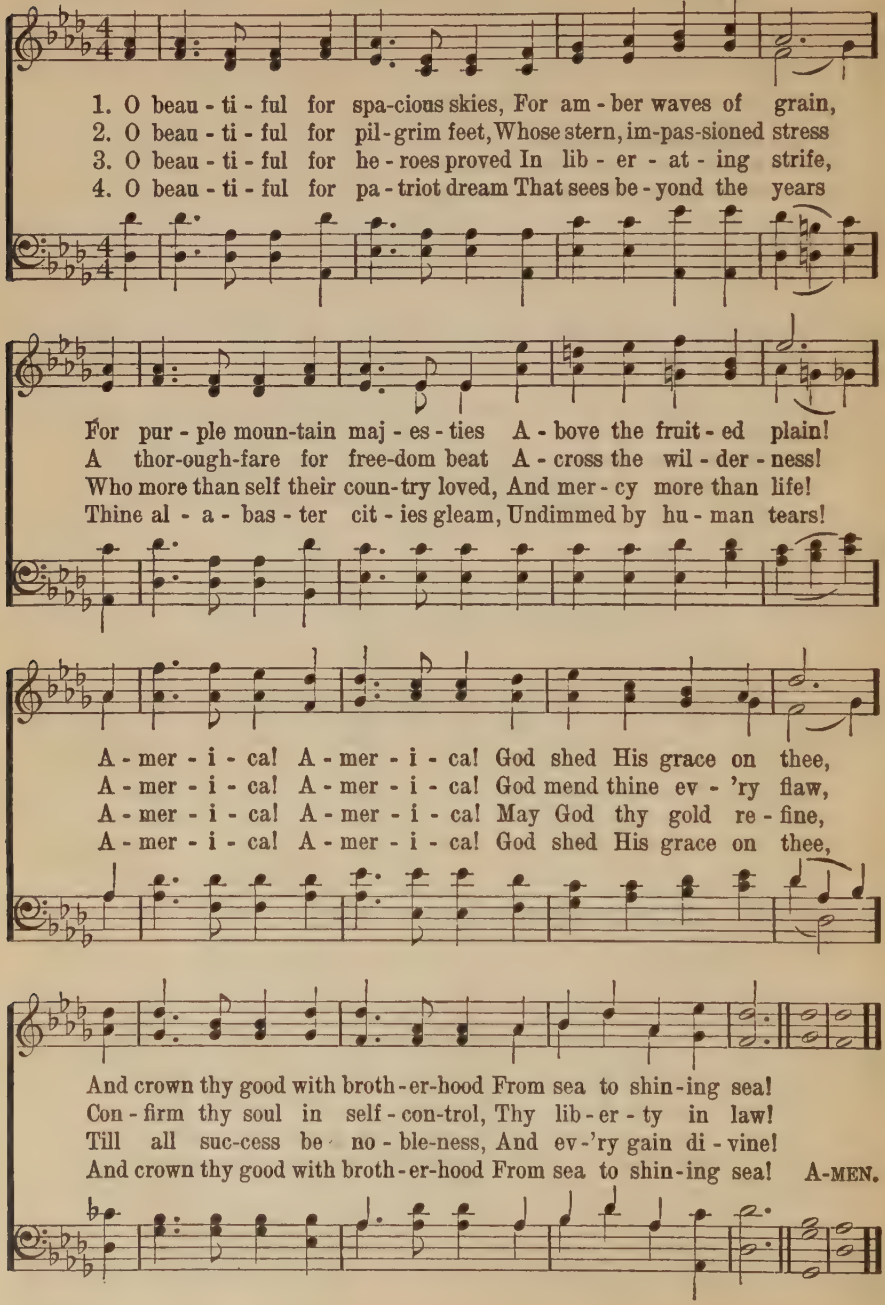

D.C.–1. Flag of the free, Sing we prais-
2. Flag of the free, Wav-ing high
3. Flag of the free, May thy stars
1. Beau-ti-ful flag, beau-ti-ful flag, Prais-es to thee,
es to thee; Shield our homes, shield our
in the blue, We will stand for thy
ev - er wave O'er the land of the
prais-es to thee; Shield-ing our homes,
FINE.
land, No-ble flag of the free;. . . . . .
rights Un-to death, prov-ing true;. . . . . .
free, And the home of the brave;. . . . .
shield-ing our land, No-ble our flag, flag of the free;
CHORUS (Parts) D. C.
Em - blem of peace, wave in tri - umph, wave. . .
Em - blem of love, wave in tri - umph, wave. . .
Em - blem of joy, wave in tri - umph, wave. . . A-MEN.

305 My Country.

S. F. Smith. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. B. Herbert.

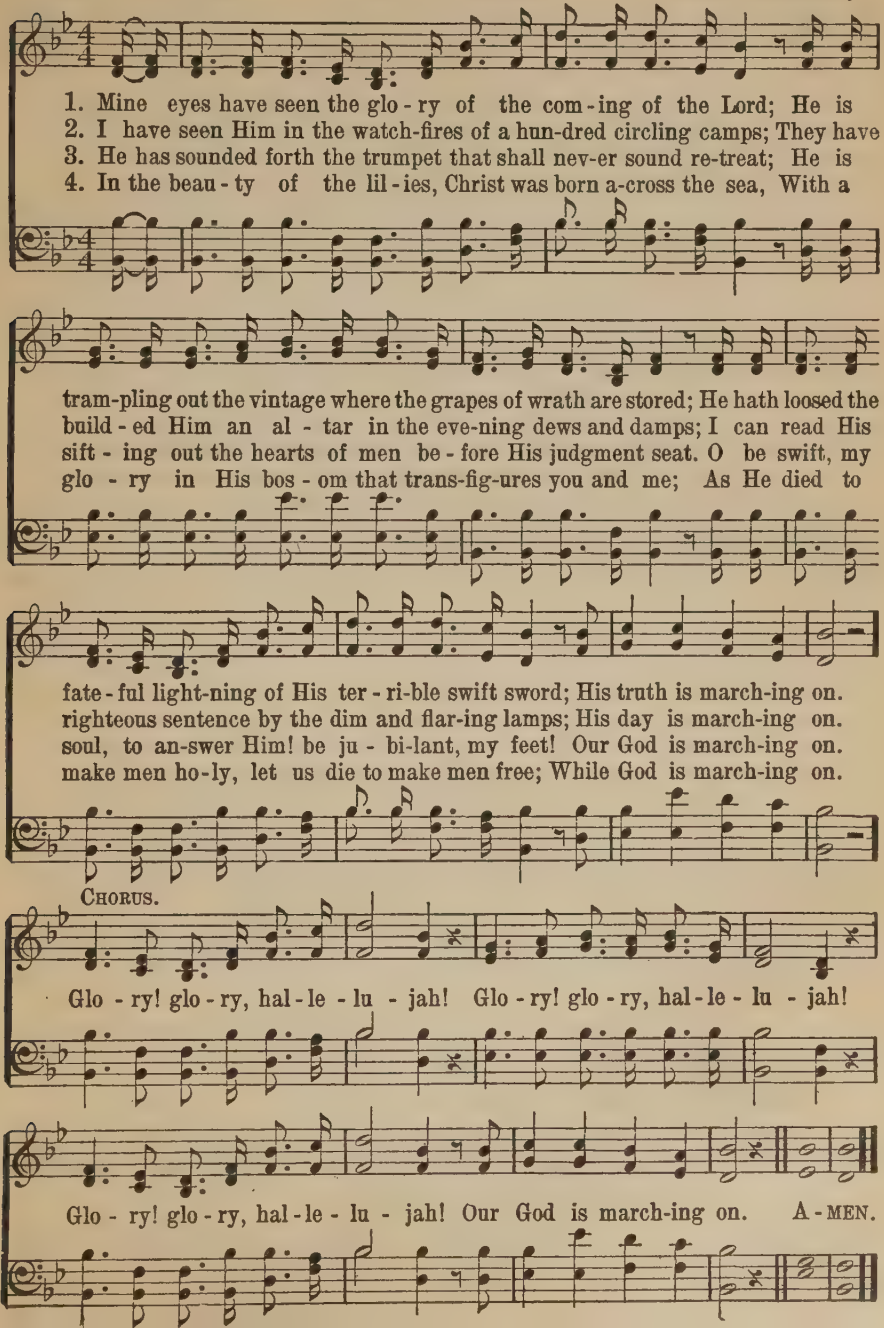

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing, Of
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble free, Thy name I love, Thy
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song, Sweet
4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing, To
thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died! Land of the pil-grims' pride!
name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills;
freedom's song: Let mor-tal tongues a-wake; Let all that breathe par-take;
Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light;
(1) ring!
From ev-'ry mountain-side Let free-dom ring! Land where my fathers died!
My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove. I love thy rocks and rills,
Let rocks their silence break, The sound pro-long. Let mor-tal tongues a-wake;
Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! Long may our land be bright
Let free-dom ring!
Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev-'ry mountain-side Let freedom ring!
Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.
Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
With freedom's ho - ly light; Protect us by Thy might, Great God our King! A-MEN.

306 America the Beautiful.

Katherine Lee Bates. *Materna. C. M. D.* Samuel A. Ward.

1. O beau - ti - ful for spa-cious skies, For am - ber waves of grain,
2. O beau - ti - ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau - ti - ful for he - roes proved In lib - er - at - ing strife,
4. O beau - ti - ful for pa - triot dream That sees be - yond the years
For pur - ple moun-tain maj - es - ties A - bove the fruit - ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A - cross the wil - der - ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer - cy more than life!
Thine al - a - bas - ter cit - ies gleam, Undimmed by hu - man tears!
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God mend thine ev - 'ry flaw,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! May God thy gold re - fine,
A - mer - i - ca! A - mer - i - ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
Con - firm thy soul in self - con-trol, Thy lib - er - ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be - no - ble-ness, And ev - 'ry gain di - vine!
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea! A-MEN.

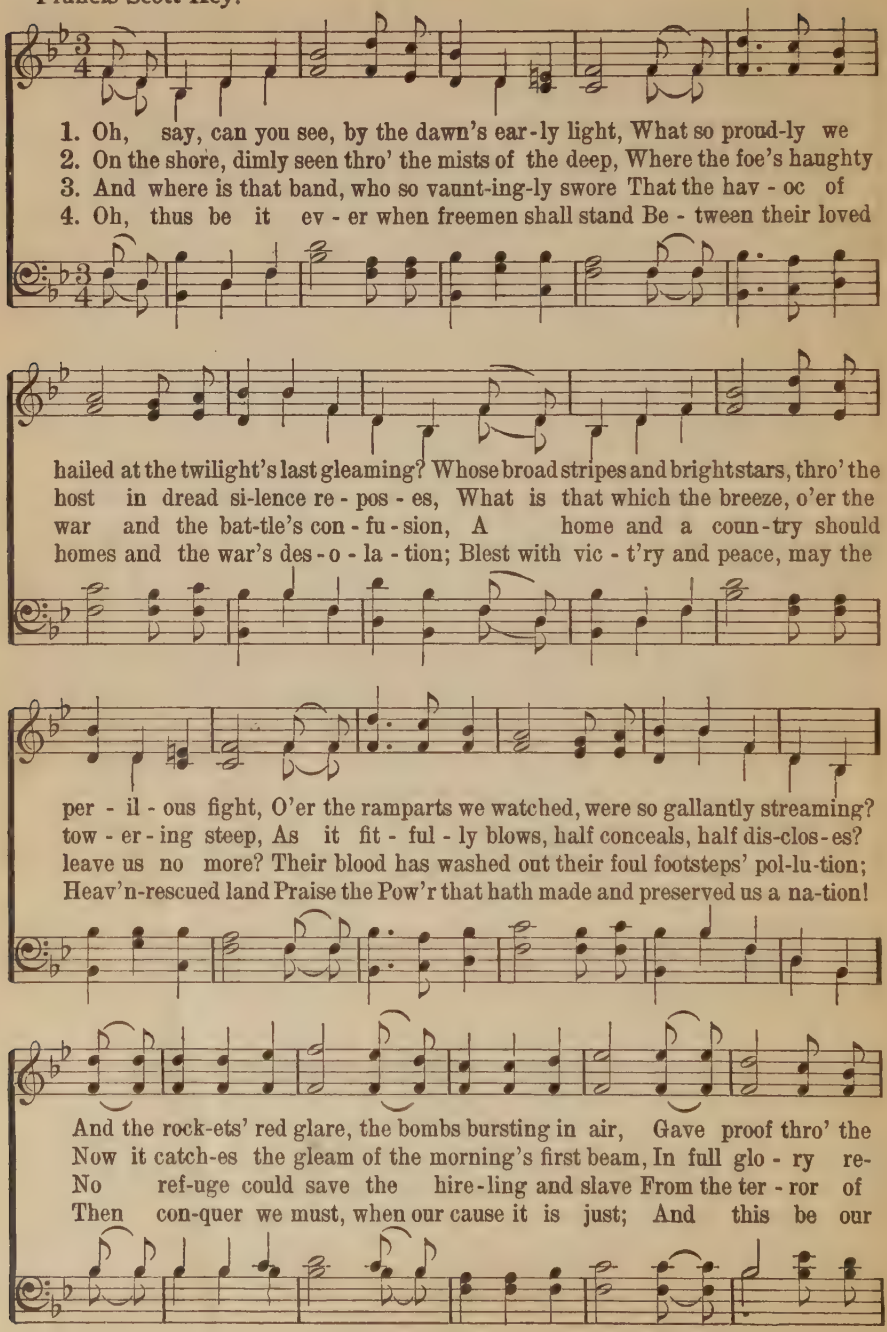
307 Battle Hymn of the Republic.

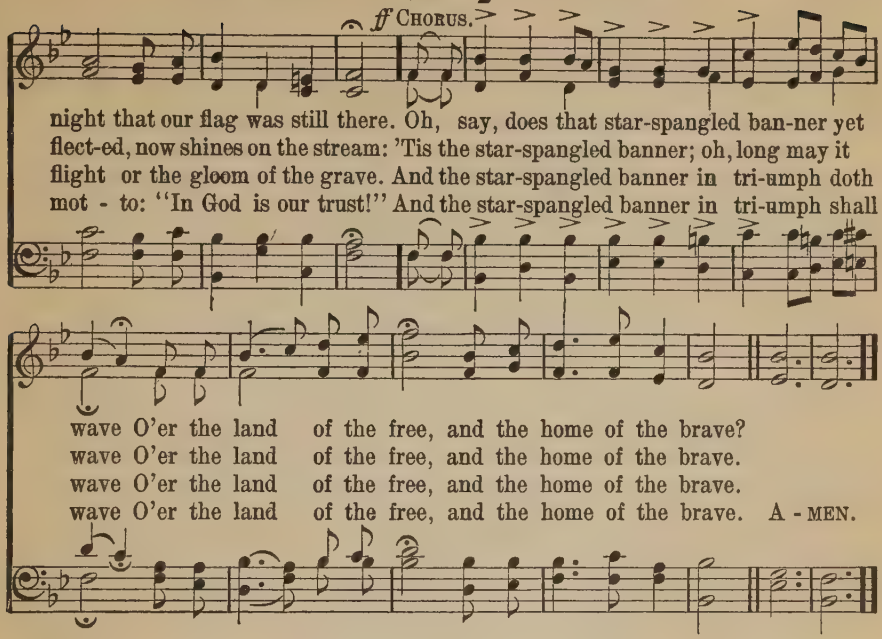
Julia Ward Howe. *Glory, Hallelujah.* Plantation Melody.


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred circling camps; They have
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall nev-er sound re-treat; He is
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a-cross the sea, With a
tram-pling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the
build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judgment seat. O be swift, my
glo - ry in His bos - om that trans-fig-ures you and me; As He died to
fate - ful light-ning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
righteous sentence by the dim and flar-ing lamps; His day is march-ing on.
soul, to an-swer Him! be ju - bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free; While God is march-ing on.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Our God is march-ing on. A - MEN.

308 The Star-Spangled Banner.

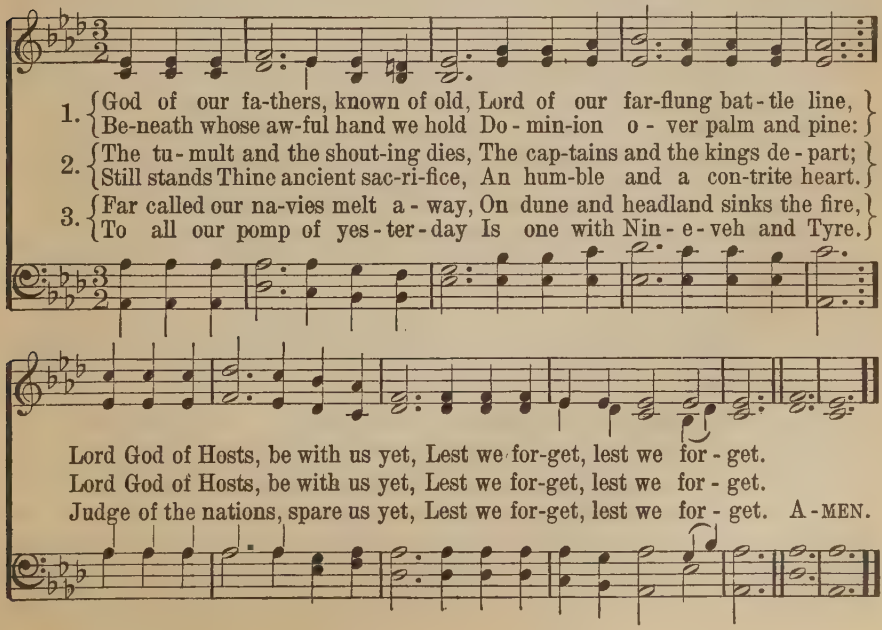
Francis Scott Key.

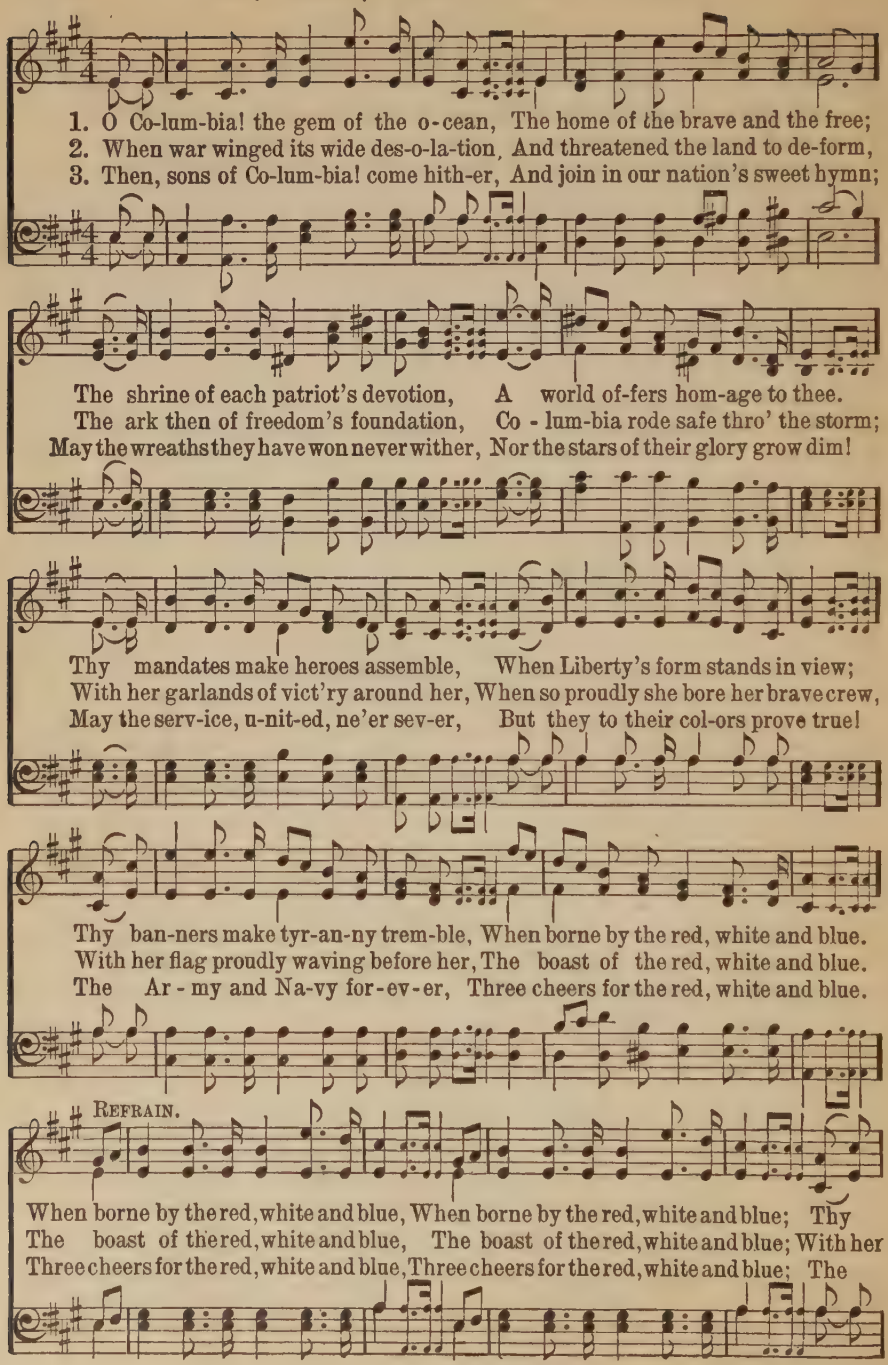

1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proud-ly we
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty
3. And where is that band, who so vaunt-ing-ly swore That the hav - oc of
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their loved
hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the
host in dread si-lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the
war and the bat-tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun-try should
homes and the war's des - o - la - tion; Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the
per - il - ous fight, O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
tow - er - ing steep, As it fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos-es?
leave us no more? Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pol-lu-tion;
Heav'n-rescued land Praise the Pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na-tion!
And the rock-ets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air, Gave proof thro' the
Now it catch-es the gleam of the morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re-
No ref-uge could save the hire-ling and slave From the ter - ror of
Then con-quer we must, when our cause it is just; And this be our

The Star-Spangled Banner.

ff CHORUS.
night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that star-spangled ban-ner yet
flect-ed, now shines on the stream: 'Tis the star-spangled banner; oh, long may it
flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph doth
mot - to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled banner in tri-umph shall
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave. A - MEN.

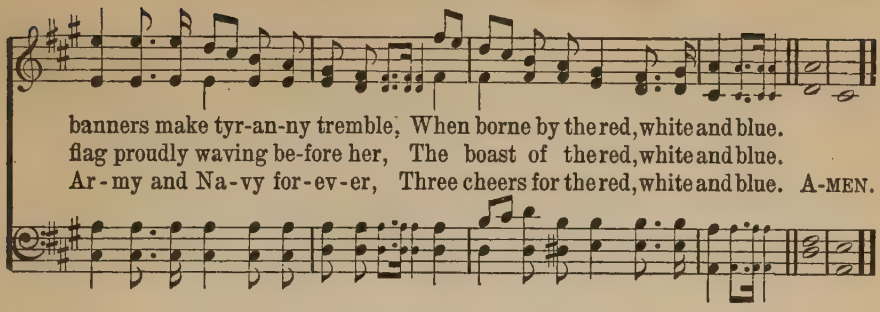
309 God of Our Fathers.

Rudyard Kipling. *Selena. L. M. 6l.* Isaac B. Woodbury.


1. God of our fa-thers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung bat-tle line,
Be-neath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o - ver palm and pine:
2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part;
Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice, An hum-ble and a con-trite heart.
3. Far called our na-vies melt a-way, On dune and headland sinks the fire,
To all our pomp of yes-ter-day Is one with Nin-e-veh and Tyre.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Judge of the nations, spare us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get. A-MEN.

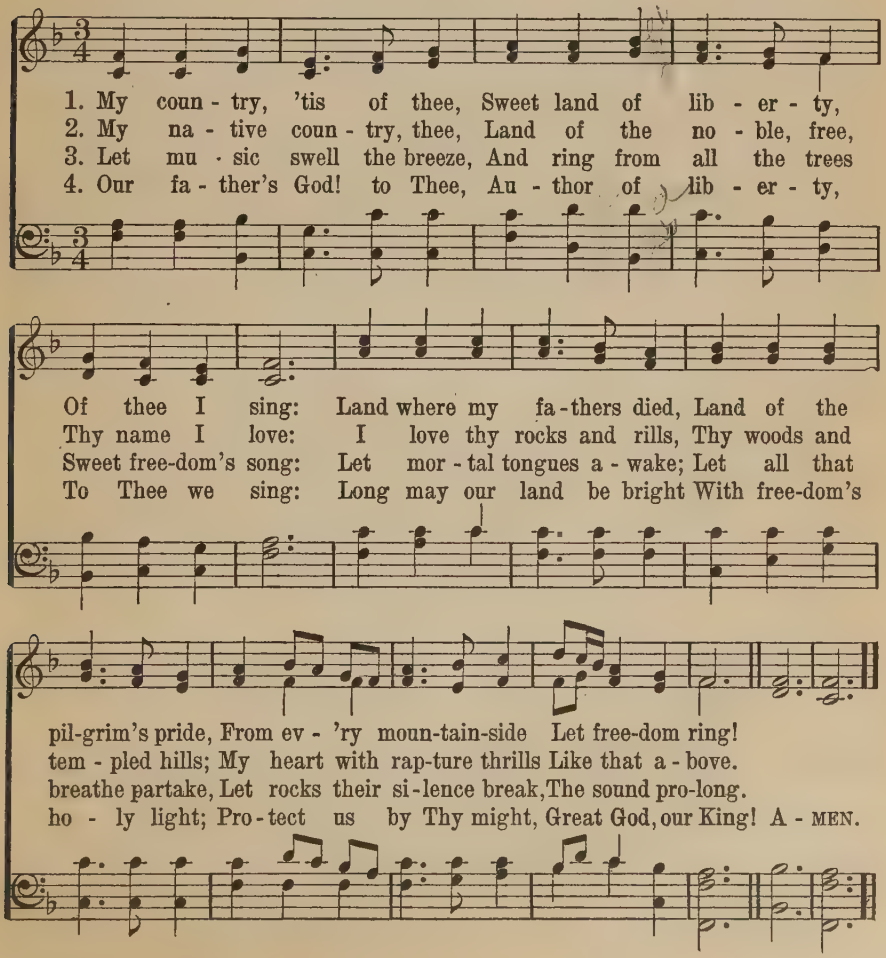

1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia! come hith-er, And join in our nation's sweet hymn;
The shrine of each patriot's devotion, A world of-fers hom-age to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co - lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!
Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Liberty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
May the serv-ice, u-nit-ed, ne'er sev-er, But they to their col-ors prove true!
Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny trem-ble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proudly waving before her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The Ar - my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
REFRAIN.
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue; Thy
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue; With her
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue; The

The Red, White and Blue.


banners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
flag proudly waving be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue. A-MEN.

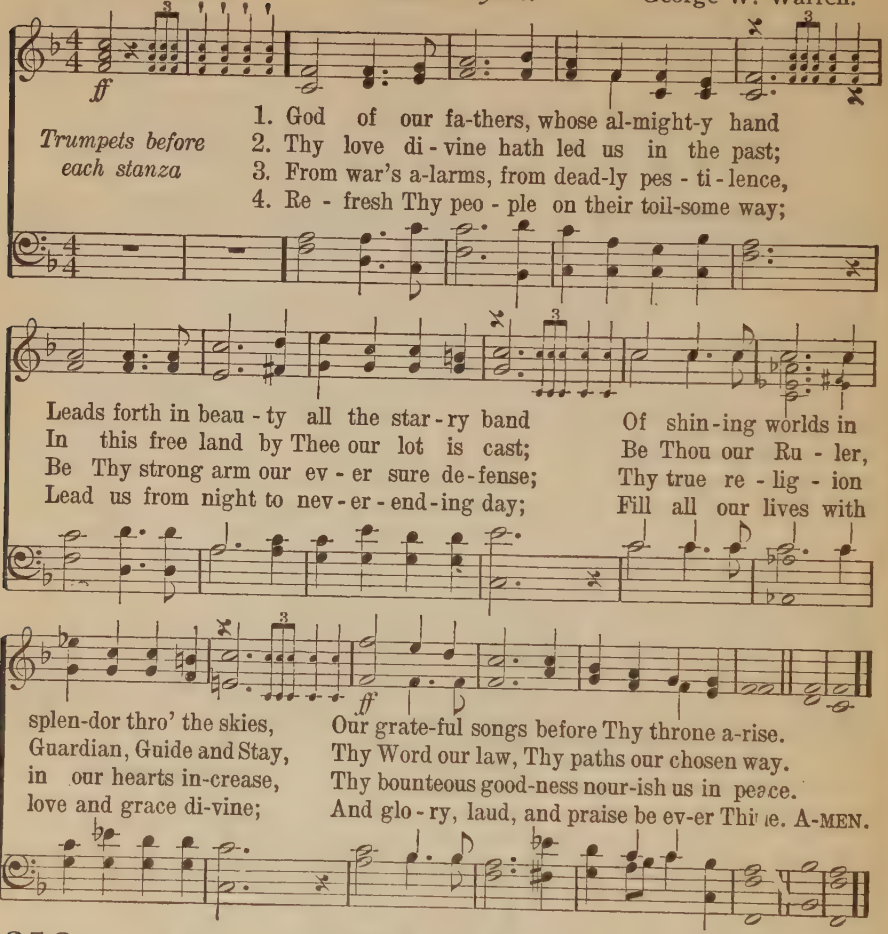
311 My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

S. F. Smith. *America.* English.


1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty,
2. My na-tive coun-try, thee, Land of the no-ble, free,
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty,
Of thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor-tal tongues a-wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
pil-grim's pride, From ev-'ry moun-tain-side Let free-dom ring!
tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! A-MEN.

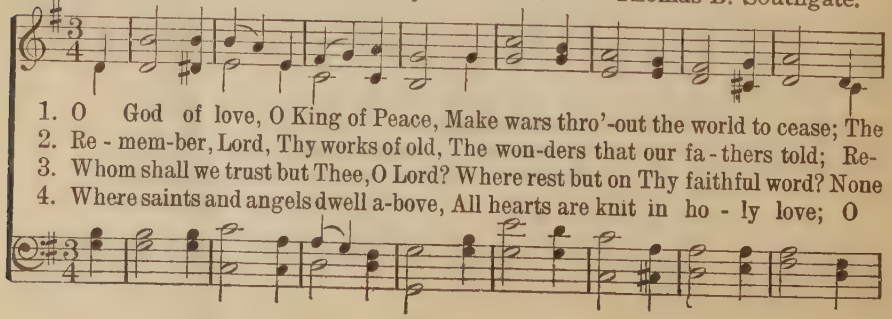
312 God of Our Fathers.

Daniel C. Roberts. *National Hymn.* George W. Warren.

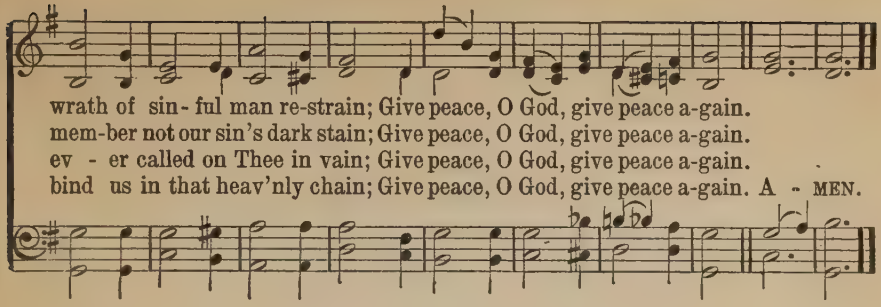

ff
Trumpets before each stanza
1. God of our fa-thers, whose al-might-y hand
2. Thy love di-vine hath led us in the past;
3. From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pes-ti-lence,
4. Re-fresh Thy peo-ple on their toil-some way;
Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry band
In this free land by Thee our lot is cast;
Be Thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-fense;
Lead us from night to nev-er-end-ing day;
Of shin-ing worlds in
Be Thou our Ru-ler,
Thy true re-lig-ion
Fill all our lives with
splen-dor thro' the skies,
Guardian, Guide and Stay,
in our hearts in-crease,
love and grace di-vine;
ff
Our grate-ful songs before Thy throne a-rise.
Thy Word our law, Thy paths our chosen way.
Thy bounteous good-ness nour-ish us in peace.
And glo-ry, laud, and praise be ev-er Thine. A-MEN.

313 O God of Love.

Henry W. Baker. *Brookfield. L. M.* Thomas B. Southgate.

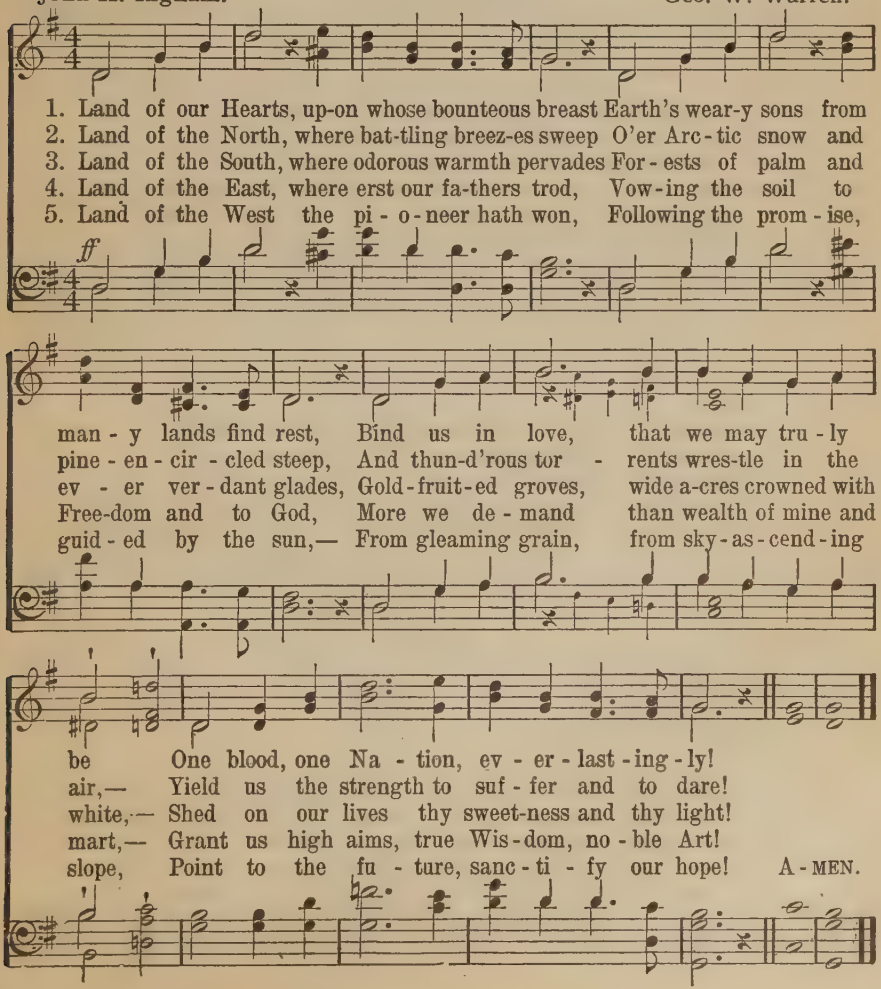

1. O God of love, O King of Peace, Make wars thro'-out the world to cease; The
2. Re-mem-ber, Lord, Thy works of old, The won-ders that our fa-thers told; Re-
3. Whom shall we trust but Thee, O Lord? Where rest but on Thy faithful word? None
4. Where saints and angels dwell a-bove, All hearts are knit in ho-ly love; O

O God of Love.


wrath of sin-ful man re-strain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain.
mem-ber not our sin's dark stain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain.
ev - er called on Thee in vain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain.
bind us in that heav'nly chain; Give peace, O God, give peace a-gain. A - MEN.

314 Land of Our Hearts.

John H. Ingham. USED BY PERMISSION. Geo. W. Warren.


1. Land of our Hearts, up-on whose bounteous breast Earth's wear-y sons from
2. Land of the North, where bat-tling breez-es sweep O'er Arc-tic snow and
3. Land of the South, where odorous warmth pervades For-ests of palm and
4. Land of the East, where erst our fa-thers trod, Vow-ing the soil to
5. Land of the West the pi-o-neer hath won, Following the prom-ise,
ff
man-y lands find rest, Bind us in love, that we may tru-ly
pine-en-cir-cled steep, And thun-d'rous tor - rents wres-tle in the
ev - er ver-dant glades, Gold-fruit-ed groves, wide a-cres crowned with
Free-dom and to God, More we de-mand than wealth of mine and
guid-ed by the sun,— From gleaming grain, from sky-as-cend-ing
be One blood, one Na-tion, ev - er-last-ing-ly!
air,— Yield us the strength to suf-fer and to dare!
white,— Shed on our lives thy sweet-ness and thy light!
mart,— Grant us high aims, true Wis-dom, no-ble Art!
slope, Point to the fu - ture, sanc-ti-fy our hope! A-MEN.

315 The Lord's Prayer

OUR FATHER, WHO ART IN HEAVEN, HALLOWED BE THY NAME. THY KINGDOM COME. THY WILL BE DONE ON EARTH, AS IT IS IN HEAVEN. GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD. AND FORGIVE US OUR DEBTS, AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS. AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION, BUT DELIVER US FROM EVIL: FOR THINE IS THE KINGDOM, AND THE POWER, AND THE GLORY, FOREVER. AMEN.

316 The Apostles' Creed

I BELIEVE in GOD THE FATHER Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth:

And in JESUS CHRIST His only Son our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost; born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven; and sitteth at the right hand of God the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the HOLY GHOST; the holy Catholic Church; the Communion of Saints; the Forgiveness of sins; the Resurrection of the body; and the Life everlasting. Amen.

317 The Ten Commandments

(For Response, to be Sung after each Commandment, see No. 376.)

GOD spake all these words, saying, I am the LORD thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love Me, and keep My commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the Name of the LORD thy God in vain; for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh His Name in vain.

IV. Remember the Sabbath-day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the LORD thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates; for in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.

V. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

HEAR also the words of our Lord Jesus, how He saith: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.

Selected Psalms

318 Psalm 1

1 Blessed *is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

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319 Psalm 2

1 Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying,

3 Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision.

5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

6 Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.

7 I will declare the decree; the Lord hath said unto me, Thou *art* my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

8 Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

11 Serve the Lord with fear and rejoice with trembling.

12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

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320 Psalm 8

1 O Lord our Lord, how excellent *is* thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

9 O Lord our Lord, how excellent *is* thy name in all the earth!

321 Psalm 15

1 LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 *He that* backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 *He that* putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these *things* shall never be moved.

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322 Psalm 19

1 THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

3 *There is* no speech nor language, *where* their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.

5 Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, *and* rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the Lord *is* perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord *is* sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the Lord *is* clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord *are* true *and* righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: *and* in keeping of them *there is* great reward.

12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins;* let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

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323 Psalm 23

1 THE Lord *is* my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

---

324 Psalm 24

1 THE earth *is* the Lord's and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this king of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift *them* up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory.

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325 Psalm 34

1 I WILL bless the Lord at all times: his praise *shall* continually *be* in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

9 O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for *there is* no want to them that fear him.

10 The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.

11 Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

12 What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?

13 Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

14 Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.

15 The eyes of the Lord *are* upon the righteous, and his ears *are open* unto their cry.

16 The face of the Lord is against them that do evil, to cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.

17 *The righteous* cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.

18 The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.

19 Many *are* the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.

20 He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken.

21 Evil shall slay the wicked: and they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.

22 The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

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326 Psalm 37

1 FRET not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.

2 For they shall soon be cut down like the grass, and wither as the green herb.

3 Trust in the Lord, and do good; *so* shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.

4 Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.

(OVER)

5 Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring *it* to pass.

6 And he shall bring forth thy righteousness as the light, and thy judgment as the noonday.

7 Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass.

8 Cease from anger, and forsake wrath: fret not thyself in any wise to do evil.

9 For evil doers shall be cut off: but those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth.

---

327 Psalm 39

1 I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I sin not with my tongue; I will keep my mouth with a bridle, while the wicked is before me.

2 I was dumb with silence, I held my peace, even from good; and my sorrow was stirred.

3 My heart was hot within me, while I was musing the fire burned: then spake I with my tongue.

4 Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.

5 Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity.

6 Surely every man walketh in a vain shew; surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.

7 And now, Lord, what wait I for? my hope is in thee.

8 Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.

328 Psalm 40

1 I WAITED patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry.

2 He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings.

3 And he hath put a new song in my mouth, *even* praise unto our God: many shall see *it*, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.

4 Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust, and respecteth not the proud, nor such as turn aside to lies.

5 Many, O Lord my God, *are* thy wonderful works *which* thou hast done, and thy thoughts *which are* to us-ward: they cannot be reckoned up in order unto thee: *if* I would declare and speak *of them*, they are more than can be numbered.

6 Sacrifice and offering thou didst not desire; mine ears hast thou opened: burnt offering and sin offering hast thou not required.

7 Then said I, Lo, I come: in the volume of the book *it is* written of me,

8 I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.

9 I have preached righteousness in the great congregation: lo, I have not refrained my lips, O Lord, thou knowest.

10 I have not hid thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy salvation: I have not concealed thy loving-kindness and thy truth from the great congregation.

11 Withhold not thou thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let thy loving-kindness and thy truth continually preserve me.

12 For innumerable evils have compassed me about: mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head: therefore my heart faileth me.

13 Be pleased, O Lord, to deliver me: O Lord, make haste to help me.

14 Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: let such as love thy salvation say continually, The Lord be magnified.

15 But I *am* poor and needy; *yet* the Lord thinketh upon me: thou *art* my help and my deliverer; make no tarrying, O my God.

329 Psalm 42

1 As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.

2 My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?

3 My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where *is* thy God?

4 When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me: for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and *why* art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him *for* the help of his countenance.

6 Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.

7 I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

8 Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

330 Psalm 46

1 God *is* our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2 Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;

3 Though the waters thereof roar *and* be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

4 There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the Most High.

5 God *is* in the midst of her; she shall not be moved: God shall help her, *and that* right early.

6 The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.

7 The Lord of hosts *is* with us; the God of Jacob *is* our refuge.

8 Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.

9 He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.

10 Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen. I will be exalted in the earth.

11 The Lord of hosts *is* with us; the God of Jacob *is* our refuge.

331 Psalm 48

1 Great *is* the Lord, and greatly to be praised in the city of our God, *in* the mountain of his holiness.

2 As we have heard, so have we seen in the city of the Lord of hosts, in the city of our God: God will establish it forever.

3 We have thought of thy loving-kindness, O God, in the midst of thy temple.

4 According to thy name, O God, so is thy praise unto the ends of the earth: thy right hand is full of righteousness.

5 Let mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Judah be glad, because of thy judgments.

(over)

6 Walk about Zion, and go round about her: tell the towers thereof.

7 Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell *it* to the generation following.

8 For this God is our God forever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.

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332 Psalms 62, 119

1 TRULY my soul waiteth upon God: from him cometh my salvation.

2 He only is my rock and my salvation; he is my defense; I shall not be greatly moved.

3 My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.

4 He only is my rock and my salvation: he is my defense; I shall not be moved.

5 In God is my salvation and my glory: the rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.

6 Trust in him at all time; ye people, pour out your heart before him: God is a refuge for us.

7 Surely men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree are a lie:

8 To be laid in the balance, they are altogether lighter than vanity.

9 Trust not in oppression, and become not vain in robbery:

10 If riches increase, set not your heart upon them.

11 God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.

12 Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth mercy: for thou renderest to every man according to his work.

13 Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

14 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

15 They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

16 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

17 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

18 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

19 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

20 I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

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333 Psalm 65

1 PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion:

2 And unto thee shall the vow be performed.

3 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

4 Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation;

6 Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

7 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

8 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

9 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens:

10 Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

11 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water:

12 Thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

13 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

14 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

15 They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

16 The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

334 Psalms 67, 111

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us; that thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

2 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

3 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth.

4 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

5 Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

6 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

7 Praise ye the Lord.

8 I will praise the Lord with my whole heart, in the assembly of the upright, and in the congregation.

9 The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein.

10 His work is honorable and glorious: and his righteousness endureth forever.

11 He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered: the Lord is gracious and full of compassion.

12 He hath given meat unto them that fear him: he will ever be mindful of his covenant.

13 He hath shewed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

14 The works of his hands are verity and judgment;

15 All his commandments are sure.

16 They stand fast for ever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness.

17 He sent redemption unto his people:

18 He hath commanded his covenant forever: holy and reverend is his name.

19 The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments:

20 His praise endureth forever.

335 Psalm 96

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song: sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

2 Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day.

3 Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people.

4 For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised: he is to be feared above all gods.

5 For all the gods of the nations *are* idols: but the Lord made the heavens.

6 Honor and majesty are before him: strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

7 Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

8 Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come into his courts.

9 O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before him, all the earth.

10 Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people, righteously.

11 Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad; let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof.

12 Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord: for he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth; he shall judge the world with righteousness, and the people with his truth.

336 Psalm 97

1 The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad *thereof.*

2 Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne.

3 A fire goeth before him, and burneth up his enemies round about.

4 His lightnings enlightened the world; the earth saw, and trembled.

5 The hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth.

6 The heavens declare his righteousness, and all the people see his glory.

7 Thou, Lord, *art* high above all the earth: thou art exalted far above all gods.

8 Ye that love the Lord, hate evil: he preserveth the souls of his saints; he delivereth them out of the hand of the wicked.

9 Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.

10 Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous; and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

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337 Psalm 100

1 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

2 Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing.

3 Know ye that the Lord he *is* God: *it is* he *that* hath made us, and not we ourselves; *we are* his people, and the sheep of his pasture.

4 Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

5 For the Lord *is* good; his mercy *is* everlasting; and his truth *endureth* to all generations.

338 Psalm 103

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, *bless* his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good *things; so that* thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep *his anger* forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, *so* great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

13 Like as a father pitieth *his* children, *so* the Lord pitieth them that fear him.

14 For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.

15 *As for* man, his days *are* as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

16 For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

17 But the mercy of the Lord *is* from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;

18 To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.

19 The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all.

20 Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word.

21 Bless ye the Lord, all *ye* his hosts; *ye* ministers of his, that do his pleasure.

22 Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

339 Psalm 104

1 BLESS the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, thou art very great;

2 Thou art clothed with honor and majesty:

3 Who coverest thyself with light as with a garment:

4 Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain:

5 Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters:

6 Who maketh the clouds his chariot: who walketh upon the wings of the wind:

7 Who maketh his angels spirits; his ministers a flaming fire:

8 Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever.

9 Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment: the waters stood above the mountains.

10 O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches.

11 So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts.

12 There go the ships: there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein.

13 These wait all upon thee; that thou mayest give them their meat in due season.

14 That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good.

15 Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled: thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust.

16 Thou sendest forth thy spirit, they are created: and thou renewest the face of the earth.

17 The glory of the Lord shall endure forever: the Lord shall rejoice in his works.

18 My meditation of him shall be sweet: I will be glad in the Lord.

340 Psalm 121

1 I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord *is* thy keeper: the Lord *is* thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth. and even for evermore.

341 Psalm 138

1 I WILL praise thee with my whole heart: before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

2 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth: for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

3 In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, *and* strengthenedst me *with* strength in my soul.

4 All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth. (OVER)

5 Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord: for great *is* the glory of the Lord.

6 Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly: but the proud he knoweth afar off.

7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

8 The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth forever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

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342 Psalm 147

1 PRAISE ye the Lord: for *it is* good to sing praises unto our God; for *it is* pleasant; *and* praise is comely.

2 The Lord doth build up Jerusalem: he gathereth together the outcasts of Israel.

3 He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.

4 He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.

5 Great *is* our Lord, and of great power: his understanding *is* infinite.

6 The Lord lifteth up the meek: he casteth the wicked down to the ground.

7 Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God:

8 Who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.

9 He giveth to the beast his food, *and* to the young ravens which cry.

10 He delighteth not in the strength of the horse: he taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man.

11 The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.

12 Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion.

13 For he hath strengthened the bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee.

14 He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat.

15 He sendeth forth his commandment *upon* earth: his word runneth very swiftly.

16 He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes.

17 He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?

18 He sendeth out his word, and melteth them: he causeth his wind to blow, and the waters flow.

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343 Psalm 148

1 PRAISE ye the Lord. Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights.

2 Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

3 Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light.

4 Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

5 Let them praise the name of the Lord: for he commanded, and they were created.

6 He hath also established them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

7 Praise the Lord from the earth, ye dragons, and all deeps:

8 Fire, and hail; snow, and vapor; stormy wind fulfilling his word:

9 Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars: beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl:

10 Kings of the earth, and all people; princes, and all judges of the earth:

11 Both young men, and maidens; old men, and children:

12 Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent;

Responsive Readings

344 Matthew 5

1 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

2 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

3 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

4 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

5 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

6 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

7 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

8 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

9 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

10 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

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345 Mark 10; Matt. 18

1 And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

2 But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.

3 Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.

4 And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.

5 At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

6 And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,

7 And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

8 Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

9 And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.

10 But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

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346 1 Corinthians 13

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge: and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

(over)

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

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347 Romans 12

1 Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good.

2 Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another;

3 Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord;

4 Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer;

5 Distributing to the necessity of saints; given to hospitality.

6 Bless them which persecute you; bless, and curse not.

7 Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

8 Be of the same mind one toward another.

9 Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.

10 Be not wise in your own conceits.

11 Recompense to no man evil for evil.

12 Provide things honest in the sight of all men.

13 If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

14 Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath:

15 For it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.

16 Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink:

17 For in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.

18 Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

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348 1 Chronicles 29

1 Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel, our father, for ever and ever.

2 Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty;

3 For all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine;

4 Thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all;

5 Both riches and honor come of thee, and thou reignest over all;

6 And in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand it is to make great and to give strength unto all.

7 Now therefore our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name.

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349 Isaiah 40

1 The everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is he weary.

2 There is no searching of his understanding.

3 He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

4 Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall; but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.

5 Fear not: for I am with thee; Be not dismayed: for I am thy God;

6 I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

7 For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour;

8 I, even I, am the Lord: and beside me there is no Saviour.

350 Isaiah 40

1 Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem.

2 And cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

3 The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.

4 Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain;

5 And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together;

6 For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

7 The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry?

8 All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness is as the flower of the field:

9 The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.

10 The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever.

11 O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength;

12 Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him: behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him.

351 Isaiah 42

1 Behold my servant, whom I uphold; mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth: he shall not cry, nor lift up, nor cause his voice to be heard in the street.

2 A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench:

3 He shall bring forth judgment unto truth.

4 He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set justice in the earth;

5 And the isles shall wait for his law.

6 Thus saith God the Lord, he that created the heavens, and stretched them forth;

7 He that spread abroad the earth and that which cometh out of it;

8 He that giveth breath unto the people upon it, and spirit to them that walk therein:

9 I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee,

10 And give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles;

11 To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison,

12 And them that sit in darkness out of the prison house.

13 I am the Lord; that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise unto graven images.

14 Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth.

352 Isaiah 52

1 How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings,

2 That publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, thy God reigneth!

3 Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing:

4 For they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.

(over)

5 Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem:

6 For the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem.

7 The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations;

8 And all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God.

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353 Isaiah 53

1 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.

2 And we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not.

3 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: Yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God and afflicted.

4 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities:

5 The chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way;

7 And the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

8 He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth.

9 He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth.

10 He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation?

11 For he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken.

12 And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death;

13 Because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.

14 Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief:

15 He hath poured out his soul unto death; and he was numbered with the transgressors;

16 And he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

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354 Romans 8

1 There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

2 For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

3 For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh:

4 That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

5 For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.

6 For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father.

7 The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

8 And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together.

9 For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.

10 Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword?

11 As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter.

12 Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us.

355 1 John 5

1 WHOSOEVER believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God: and everyone that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him.

2 By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keep his commandments.

3 For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments; and his commandments are not grievous.

4 For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

5 Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?

6 If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater; for this is the witness of God which he hath testified of his Son.

7 He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God, hath made him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son.

8 And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.

9 He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life.

10 These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life, and that ye may believe on the name of the Son of God.

11 And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us:

12 And if we know that he hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him.

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356 Galatians 6

1 BRETHREN, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself lest thou also be tempted.

2 Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

3 For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.

4 But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.

5 For every man shall bear his own burden.

6 Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.

7 Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

8 For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.

9 And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.

10 As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

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357 1 Thessalonians 5

1 LET us, who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation.

2 For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ,

3 Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him.

4 Wherefore comfort yourselves together, and edify one another, even as also ye do.

5 And we beseech you, brethren, to know them that labor among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you;

(OVER)

6 And to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake, and be at peace among yourselves.

7 Now we exhort you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble-minded, support the weak, be patient toward all men.

8 See that none render evil for evil unto any man; but ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men.

9 Rejoice evermore.

10 Pray without ceasing.

11 In everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.

12 Quench not the Spirit.

13 Despise not prophesyings.

14 Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

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358 John 10

1 Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheep-fold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.

2 But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep.

3 To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

4 And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

5 And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

6 Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

7 All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

8 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

9 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

10 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

---

359 Isaiah 55

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

8 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.

9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

10 For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater:

11 So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

---

360 John 15

1 I AM the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

2 Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

3 Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

4 Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

5 I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

6 If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

7 If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

8 Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

9 As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.

10 If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

11 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

12 This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

13 Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

14 Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

15 Henceforth I call you not servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you.

16 Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you.

17 These things I command you, that ye love one another.

---

361 John 3

1 AND as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

2 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

3 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

4 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

5 He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

6 And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. (OVER)

7 For everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reproved.

8 But he that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God.

9 He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.

---

362 Philippians 2

1 LET this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus:

2 Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God:

3 But made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men:

4 And being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

5 Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name:

6 That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth;

7 And *that* every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ *is* Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

8 Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.

9 For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of *his* good pleasure.

10 Do all things without murmurings and disputings:

11 That ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God, without rebuke, in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world:

12 Holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the way of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain.

---

363 1 John 1

1 THAT which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ.

2 And these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full.

3 This then is the message which we have heard of him and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.

4 If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie, and do not the truth:

5 But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.

6 If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

7 If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.

8 If we say that we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us.

---

364 Ephesians 6

1 FINALLY, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might.

2 Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

(OVER)

3 For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

4 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

5 Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

6 And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace:

7 Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

8 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

9 Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints.

---

365 Philippians 4

1 Rejoice in the Lord, alway: *and* again I say, Rejoice.

2 Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand.

3 Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God.

4 And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

5 Finally, b r e t h r e n, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things *are* just, whatsoever things *are* pure, whatsoever things *are* lovely, whatsoever things *are* of good report; if *there be* any virtue, and if *there be* any praise, think on these things.

6 Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you.

7 But I rejoiced in the Lord greatly, that now at the last your care of me hath flourished again; wherein ye were also careful, but ye lacked opportunity.

8 Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

9 I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.

10 I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

---

366 Romans 10

1 The word is nigh thee, *even* in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach;

2 That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.

3 For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.

4 For the scripture saith, Whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

5 For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon him.

6 For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.

7 How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?

8 And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

9 But they have not all obeyed the gospel. For Esaias saith, Lord, who hath believed our report?

10 So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God.

367 Ephesians 3

1 For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

2 Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.

3 That he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man;

4 That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love,

5 May be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height;

6 And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God.

7 Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us,

8 Unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen.

---

368 John 17

1 These words spake Jesus, and lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said, Father, the hour is come; glorify thy Son, that thy Son also may glorify thee:

2 As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him.

3 And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent.

4 I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.

5 And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.

6 I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world:

7 Thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word.

8 Now they have known that all things whatsoever thou hast given me are of thee.

9 For I have given unto them the words which thou gavest me; and they have received them, and have known surely that I came out from thee, and they have believed that thou didst send me.

10 I pray for them: I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine.

11 And all mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them.

12 And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee.

13 Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are.

14 And now come I to thee; and these things I speak in the world, that they might have my joy fulfilled in themselves.

15 I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil.

16 Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth.

17 Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word;

18 That they may all be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou has sent me.

19 And the glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be one, even as we are one;

20 I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that thou hast sent me, and hast loved them, as thou hast loved me.

369 Giving

1 Honor the Lord with thy substance and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

2 Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.

3 Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.

4 For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.

5 Upon the first day of the week let everyone of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.

6 Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

7 It is more blessed to give than to receive.

8 Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

9 He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord.

10 And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work:

11 (As it is written, He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor: his righteousness remaineth forever.

12 Now he that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown and increase the fruits of your righteousness:)

13 Being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God.

14 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

---

370 Temperance

1 Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

2 They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.

3 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

4 Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

5 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

6 Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

7 None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

8 Let us not judge one another anymore: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

9 The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

10 He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

11 Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

12 It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

371 God's House

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee.

5 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

6 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.

---

372 God's Law

1 Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

3 They also do no iniquity; they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes.

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

8 I will keep thy statutes; O forsake me not utterly.

9 Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.

10 I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.

11 Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.

12 Teach me, O Lord, the way of thy statutes: and I shall keep it unto the end.

13 O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day.

14 Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.

---

373 Wisdom

1 Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.

2 For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold.

3 She is more precious than rubies; and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

4 Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left hand riches and honor.

5 Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

6 She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

7 Get wisdom, get understanding: forget it not; neither decline from the words of my mouth.

8 Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee: love her and she shall keep thee.

9 Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.

10 She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace: a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee.

11 For the Lord giveth wisdom; out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.

12 He layeth up sound wisdom for the righteous; he is a buckler to them that walk uprightly.

13 Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

14 In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

374 Comfort

(John 14)

1 Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me.

2 In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

3 And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

4 And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.

5 Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; and how can we know the way?

6 Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.

7 If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also: and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him.

8 Philip saith unto him, Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us.

9 Jesus saith unto him, Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? he that hath seen me hath seen the Father; and how sayeth thou then, Shew us the Father?

10 Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself: but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works.

11 Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very work's sake.

---

375 Heaven

(Rev. 22)

1 And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.

2 In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

3 And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him:

4 And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads.

5 And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

6 And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to show unto his servants the things which must shortly be done.

7 Behold, I come quickly: blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.

8 And I saw these things, and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things.

9 Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God.

10 And he saith unto me, Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book: for the time is at hand.

11 He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

12 And behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

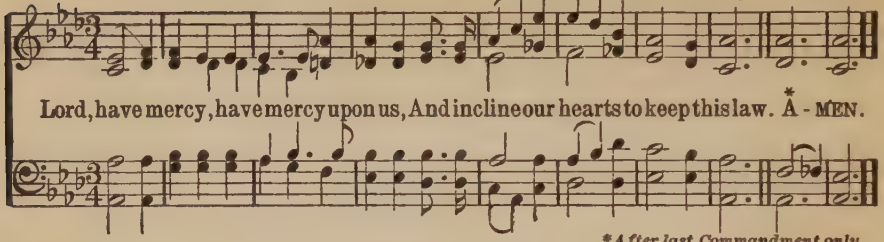
13 I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

14 Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

376 Response.

To be sung after each Commandment. (See No. 317.)

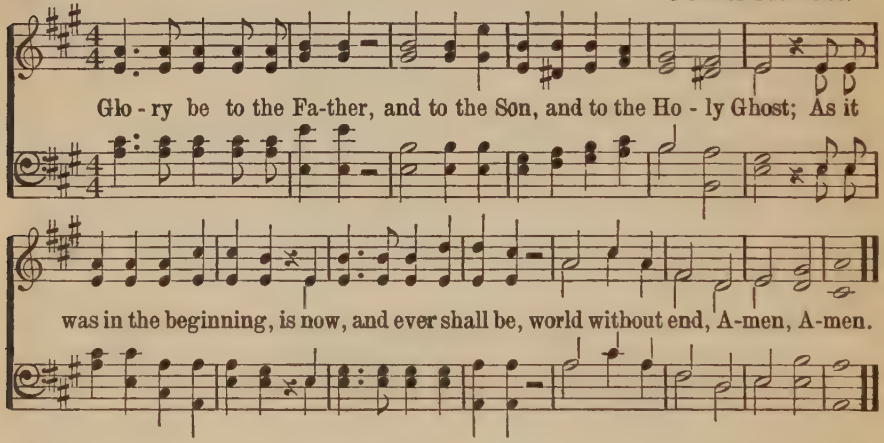
Sir George J. Elvey.



*After last Commandment only.

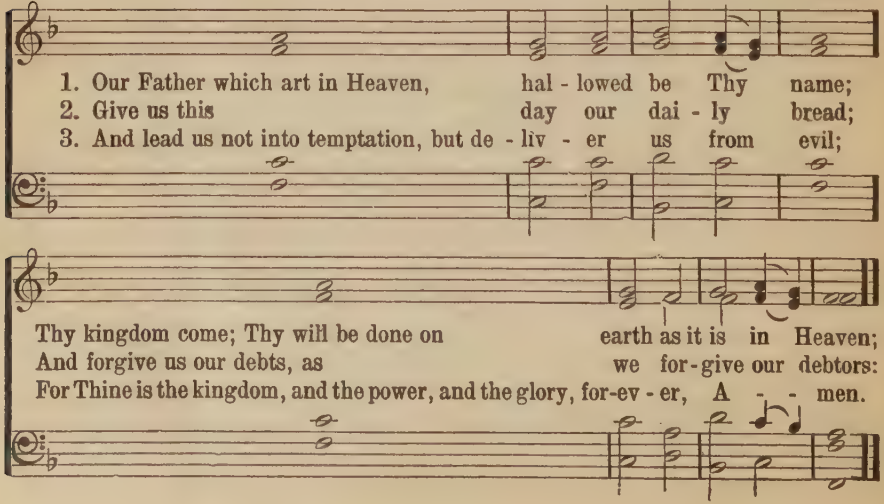
377 Gloria Patri.

Charles Meineke.


Glo - ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, A-men, A-men.

378 The Lord's Prayer.

Gregorian Chant.


1. Our Father which art in Heaven, hal - lowed be Thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;
Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven;
And forgive us our debts, as we for-give our debtors:
For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for-ev - er, A - - men.

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